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CONTENTS

TO R. F. B.	<i>F. H. D.</i> '17
THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE, a story of the French Revolution	<i>H. M. Goodwin,</i> '18
PUCK'S AUTUMNAL SONG	<i>F. A. Thompson,</i> '19
REVERIES OF A SOLDIER	" <i>M. T. C.</i> "
REVELATION	<i>H. S. McKee,</i> '18
MAGGIE — HER DISCOVERY	<i>F. B. Briggs,</i> '18
HE THAT LAUGHS LAST	<i>F. Whiting,</i> '17
THE HANDS	<i>F. H. Dowd,</i> '17
EDITORIAL	<i>F. H. D.</i>
EXCHANGES	
JOKES	

THE PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

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OCTOBER, 1916

No. 1

To R. F. B.

THIS morning as I entered that old place,
(The building where the laws of school are made;
Where punishments for laziness or greed
Are dealt) I felt no great desire
To tread again the circling stair; to see
Faces or things again that once were strange,
Who now are merely images reviewed.
Slowly I climbed—scarce conscious I had been
Even a short time absent from all this.
Before the door, then, once again I stood;
I took the key and put it in the lock
And turned it.

What was it, suddenly,
Like a grey whisper winging through the place,
Made my quick hand hold back a moment still?
I pushed the door and entered. Then I knew
That you had come from out the quiet space,
From out the dusty rows of waiting books,
To take me by the arm and talk to me
Just as you did a year ago.

And then,
Reverently, as if in some high place
Where only few may walk, I woke and stepped
Up to the empty desk and then sat down,
To ponder over your near presence. Yes, I think
That always after this, when I come in,
Before the door with full rememb'ring heart
I'll stand and think I hear your sudden step,
And then go in and start my busy day.

F. H. D.

The Princess de Lamballe

THE tragic fate of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, superintendent of the household of the queen should be of no little personal interest to the readers notwithstanding its historic value. The Princesse de Lamballe, Marie Therese Louise de Savoie-Carignan, was the daughter of Prince Louis Victor Joseph, of the house of Savoy-Carignan, one of the most aristocratic families in France. But enough for tedious naming of titles. As she grew up she received a careful education at the courts of Versailles and Turin, and before her seventeenth year, according to French custom she was married, at her father's command, to one of the greatest rakes in the French court, the Prince de Lamballe. At the age of eighteen she was left a widow by the sudden end of her husband's short but disreputable career.

After a short retirement in the Abbaye de St. Antoine, the young widow joined the group of pleasure seekers of the young queen Marie Antoinette, who found sympathy and friendship, a welcome surprise, in meeting this good, sweet-tempered, sprightly companion in a court at once formal and corrupt, and this friendship with the queen lasted until death. Then, for a short time, the princess began to have some of the pleasures, and innocent amusements, such as she had missed by her early marriage. Life began to seem but one pleasure after another, and she all but forgot the one horrible year of her married life. But such happiness can never last. Meanwhile the Revolution was approaching. The mutterings of the coming storm, long heard in the distance, sounded louder and nearer. One day a mob of women appeared, under the very palace windows, unrestrained by the king's guards, demanding that they be given bread. The royal family and the court returned to Paris. Most of the nobles hastened under assumed names to the frontier. The king decided to flee, and on the same day, persuaded by her friend the queen, the princess set out for England. She had reached Boulogne when the news of the failure of the royal flight reached her, and she all but returned to her mistress, the queen; as it was she remained close by to watch events.

As time went on, the news from Paris became blacker and blacker, and the tone of the queen's letters more hopeless. The queen continued to advise her friend to keep out of harm's way;

yet occasionally a cry escaped her which proved that she yearned for her presence. One day on receipt of a letter from the queen, the princess made her will, and set out for France.

Once more she was at her friend's side, and in little more than four months the queen had grown ten years older and her hair was gray. The princess immediately became an object of suspicion to the Jacobin party. Everything she did was watched, and misrepresented; and the public mind was inflamed against her. One night when an attack on the palace was momentarily expected she spent the long hours of the night at the sides of the queen and Madame Elisabeth; with them she listened as there broke forth from the church towers far and near the sound of the tocsin,—the death-knell of the monarchy. Then followed in quick succession the attack on the palace; the flight of the royal family to seek the treacherous protection of the National Assembly; the removal of the king and queen to the temple; and the pitiful separation between the queen and the princess. After a brief examination at the Hotel de Ville the princess was hurried to the prison of La Force. Here she remained, while the tide of the revolution surged all around her and finally caught her in its relentless sweep of human blood. She passed her days listening to the surging cries of the populace without, continually demanding more blood; to the sound of drums, as portions of the National guard marched past on their way to the frontier to save France from the horrors of a foreign invasion; occasionally heads were thrust up on spikes dripping with blood, to the narrow grated window, and as she was not allowed to change her position during the day, her dress became stained with the blood dripping through the window.

Suddenly after a month of confinement she was hurried between two guardsmen, leaning on them, for she was too weak to walk unaided, to the prison hall where the men acting as judges were seated. At the same moment loud cries of "La Lamballe! La Lamballe!" reached her ears. On entering this scene of horror she fainted away but at length she revived sufficiently to undergo her interrogation. One of the bystanders even fell in love with her as she stood there before those human bloodhounds pleading for her life.

"Your name?"

"Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy."

"Your condition?"

"Superintendent of the queen's household."

"Were you aware of the conspiracies at court?"

"If there were any conspiracies I had no knowledge of them."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king and queen and royalty."

"I will take the first oath, but not the second. It is not in my heart."

Here one of the crowd whispered in her ear, "Swear or you are a dead woman." Again the princess swooned and on coming too, she found herself being taken by two men to the door, outside of which a crowd of butchers were waiting to receive her; even then she might have escaped had her courage not failed her. But on getting outside, at the sight of the ground strewn with corpses, her senses again forsook her and she drew back in horror from her would-be rescuers. Immediately she received a blow on the head from a sabre, and then a rain of pike-thrusts brought her to the ground. Before death came to her release she had undergone tortures and indignities too horrible to relate, and after death her body was treated with unparalleled barbarity and brutality. Thus died Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy, superintendent of the household of Marie Antoinette, queen of the French.

Finis

H. M. GOODWIN

Puck's Autumnal Song

I kindled the first of the trees
That set the forest afire.
I called on the autumn wind
To fan the funeral pyre—
The flame through the withering green
Shot tongues of scarlet, and red;
The leaves were consumed to ash,
They fell, and summer was dead.

F. A. THOMPSON

Reveries of a Soldier

O H, Sergeant!"

"Yes, my son."

"The corporal wants to tie a rack, and—"

"Yes, my son, I understand."

"And he told me to ask you for three feet of skirmish line."

"Get out of here!"

It happened in every company street; the hero was always a bluff Irish sergeant from the Coast Artillery Corps, and the villain that omnipresent type of American youth. In my own company the youth of the type was induced, one afternoon when the swimming in Champlain was particularly alluring, to commit his second folly. This time he asked, not for skirmish line, nor elbow grease—but for "the keys to the Lake." The company records shed no light upon the subject—but it seems safe to say that the grand old Irishman must have given the youthful fool a ducking for to find the keys.

In justice to the Sergeant I should add that, when the stores had sold their last "O. D." shirt, and first drill was but a quarter-hour ahead, it was he who gave me one of his; it was he who in his fatherly way, told me daily when my rifle was clean enough for the Captain at Retreat. And he never told me wrongly—for many a time, after the cadet lieutenant had inspected our rear rank, that rifle, hastily swapped, saved a front rank man from a few days of police duty.

The police squad was recruited from men of common interests; a tendency to forget that "taps" is not "quarters", or to trust to the sunshine to keep the rust out of the rifle—or to appear at reveille with one shoe off and one shoe on—these were the qualifications. The duties of the squad,—well, they should be practiced to be appreciated.

The only objectionable feature of this system of recruiting the police squad lay in the occasional resorting, when violations of the "articles of war" were scarce, to the alphabetical order of the company. Many an innocent Private A— and Private B—went into his disgrace for no fault of his own.

If one might moralize, or even speak thoughtfully, without seeming trite, here would be the place to develop the much-talked-of lack of respect for authority, and its presence or ab-

sence, at Plattsburg. There is no denying that it was hard for many school and college men to be so bound with regulations and authority; it must in justice be said that General Wood exaggerated not at all when he said that the men had, in the matter of discipline, fully satisfied the "gentleman's agreement" by which the officers had control over them. The average student-soldier had in him more red blood and more good stuff than his previous life has led our elders to believe.

The fact that the camp had in it men of every sort and condition, made it only natural that in some instances undesirable incidents should occur. For instance, when my corporal crept shakily under the tent an hour after taps, aroused us all and gave special instructions to each "to inform General Washington that for no reason whatsoever could he be seen until after breakfast," a late visit to the "Old Trump" was lamentably obvious. But I am sure he was in the habit of regularly observing Saturday nights at home in such a way—for Plattsburg meant to me a place where a man's customary actions came naturally to the front. There was too much work to allow the formation of a new way of living. Perhaps, as time goes on, the influence of officers, a more active Y.M.C.A. service, or a determined position taken by the best school and college men in camp, may be made to improve conditions.

The influence of the officers is a point of which I should like to make much. "The best thing I had at Plattsburg," says many a man today, "was the contact, and in some cases the lasting friendship, with the officer at the head of the street." They were rare companions, working, teaching, leading, enthusiastic even when their companies for the moment regretted the patriotism that gave their summer to digging trenches in the hot sand of the Peru hills. The most highly prized words on my certificate are not the "Service: honest and faithful," but the signature of my Captain in the lower lefthand corner.

One of the unique experiences of the camp was the calisthenics under Captain Koehler—the man who gave to some few thousand men a first acquaintance with that unknown member—the chest. His definition of the skeleton as "a frame on which many men hang their flesh" will stay by me longer than any

geometric axiom. And the physical development, not only from those morning gymnastic drills, but also from every action of every day, made better men of us. A nine-pound rifle is a better trainer than any dumb-bell ever twirled, and a six or ten mile hike under full equipment will produce muscles an athlete might envy.

Mess — only an accomplished diplomat could write successfully of this — brings up a host of divergent opinions. The amateur cooks from the Coast Artillery made things that, to a connoisseur of the palate, were decidedly worse than the delicatessen at the "Jitney" lunchroom — but nearly everyone felt that it was good enough to keep us in motion until next time, when we might have butter, or some "extra" dainty. The protests came from the middle-aged slave to highly cooked dinners — the red-blooded youths were game for anything so long as it was clean and sweet.

The "hike", the last two weeks of camp, was the climax, the *denouement*, and everything else that ever followed Act III, Scene III, "Now might I do it pat." As we marched, a line four regiments long, south by the waters of Champlain, I had the old feeling I had so often known when, as a boy, I had stormed the last stone wall, and captured the last clump of bushes in the back pasture. Here I was going forth to battle. "Now might I do it pat", and make myself a hero. The chance came the second day out; we had to fight our way into the dustiest field north of the latitude of Sahara; somehow the vision faded and all the hero stuff was lost in the mixture of sand and "slum" that I ate for mess that noon. From that time on it was a steady round of eat, march, fight, swim in the queerest places that ever held water, eat, and sleep. Then do it again — and again. Of course things happened that broke the monotony — at the crucial moment in one day's battle, when our company held the road — but was moving back slowly before the superior force — our bone-head second-lieutenant took our platoon on the double-quick just a quarter of a mile behind the point where the captain had ordered him to halt and make a new stand. Try doing a quarter of a mile at "speed" with a thirty-five pound pack dancing above the middle of your back, a can-

teen giving you the first spanking since childhood, and a rifle just heavy enough to be uncomfortable wherever you carry it, then you will understand why even the captain wasn't half so mad as we were.

Then there was one day that made up for all that had gone before. We had waded a swamp, penetrated the usual amount of underbrush, and shot enough blank cartridges to dirty the gun, when two of us were detailed to splice some wire fence that had been cut. We made it last until the last company had marched out of sight on the five-mile march to camp for the night at Schuyler Falls. Then the pair of us set out by map across country for camp; a half-mile on the way we found a farmhouse with the only cold water that I tasted in northern New York, and having thus violated the orders for marching we took the highway north. Then a little Ford came "rambling right along," picked us up and carried us clear to camp.

* * * * *

Opinions of Plattsburg may vary — not every fellow who served there may feel as I do — but for me, at least, General Wood is the leader of a movement the importance of which is soon to be understood and appreciated. After much deliberation I am ready for universal service. My stand is beside that young man who, being made a voter soon after his return from camp, went before the Registrar of Voters in his "regimentals" — to testify to his belief in the responsibility equaling the privilege — the military obligation that goes with the right to participate in the governing.

"M. T. C."

Revelation

The portals of the east sprang open wide,
The last star flickered in the west and died.
And then the morning breezes slowly swept,
Across the earth and bathed her as she slept.
A shell-pink cloud dropt slowly down the sky
To the horizon — there it seemed to lie
While mellowed colors of the dawning shone.
Then like a golden discus deftly thrown
The sun came sliding suddenly into view,
Which meant another day — and showed me you!

HENRY S. MCKEE

Maggie — Her Discovery

MY name is Maggie, but I'm not to blame for that, and I don't know how it happened because I'm not Irish at all. I guess I'm not much of anything, but anyway I don't talk as if I was Irish do I? I'm just an ordinary girl; at least the only thing that isn't ordinary about me is my habit of collecting curiosities. My room is all decorated with queer things that I have picked up wherever I could. I have a buckle that came off the shoe of the mayor's wife one night at a ball. I have a piece of wood from the wreck of the schooner *Annie Lee*, but that was given to me by a fellow who was on board.

Well, now I guess I've talked enough about myself. I'm going to tell you about something that happened one time while I was working at Mrs. Brown's. She lived alone with her daughter, who had just graduated from some art school. They were both easy-going people, and I got along all right with them. One summer Miss Laura — that was the young lady's name — went over to Europe to keep up her studying, and then right after that war was declared. Miss Laura was right in the middle of one of the big countries at war, I forget which one though.

I never could understand why she didn't come right back, but anyway she didn't, and so she got stuck over there. Mrs. Brown received letters from her quite often. She always used to read them to me, not having anyone else, and each one showed that the girl was wishing more and more to get back.

Then for a long time there wasn't a letter. The papers were telling how the people over in Europe were starving for want of food and how every bit of news was strictly censored before leaving the country. Mrs. Brown nearly went crazy. Every day she used to go to meet the postman and come back crying. I didn't know *what* to do.

Finally a letter came. Mrs. Brown came running in with it, and it made me weep to see the way she tore it open. She brushed away the tears and glanced through it quickly. Well say, it did my heart good to see the smile that came out on her face. I don't remember Miss Laura's words, but she said they were having a fine time over there, plenty to eat and everything, and all this newspaper-talk about people starving to death was tommy-rot. She said to notice the stamp on the letter as it was a special

war stamp and might be worth something after the war. Well, that made Mrs. Brown feel pretty good, and when she left the envelope on the table, I picked it up, intending to add the stamp to my collection of curiosities. I soaked it off, and there, printed on the envelope in plain English, were the words,—WE ARE STARVING.

F. B. BRIGGS

He That Laughs Last

THE tenth anniversary of the class of 1900 Bradford University was to be typical of the class celebrating it. The enthusiasm of the former days in Football, Baseball and Track, lent itself to the occasion, and so with typical Bradford spirit the committee in charge of the celebration set out to make the Reunion a gala affair. The committee chosen were the class leaders in Science, Math., Languages, and the chairman of the committee was Dobson, the Old Class President.

When the committee met to consider preliminary preparation many were the suggestions offered as to the nature and form which the class celebration would take. Plan after plan was voiced but for the most part all were too formal and for that reason were set aside as not fit to be used at the class Reunion. Finally one evening during a meeting of the committee, Green, who took all honors in the Sciences, proposed that they go over a list of class celebrities and select characters as speakers who were famous in their days at school. In going over the list, someone happened to mention the name of Wag. Wag, be it said, was a famous man in his college days. He was famous in dormitory life for his pranks. He was famous in the classroom for recitations he never gave. He was famous throughout the whole school as the school humorist. And as his name was mentioned, it came to pass that there was not a man on the committee who could not recollect some grievance on Old Classmate Wag.

The same thought seemed to strike the minds of the committee at the same time. The joker joked! What a fine thing it would be to rope in Wag on some deal whereby not only a fine entertainment would be given, but also the whole committee and the whole class would have a splendid opportunity to turn the tables on good old Wag, the class humorist.

Now it happened that someone brought forth the information that Wag had taken a pleasure trip to Panama a few months previous. And immediately a plan suggested itself. Wag had never done anything serious in his whole life. What a fine scheme it would be to have smiling, fun-loving, satanic Old Wag appear at the Reunion and give a serious, deep, scholarly lecture on the Panama Canal. Accordingly the committee decided that Wag would be the speaker of the evening, and they further decided

to send a letter to good old Wag notifying him of his new-found prominence as a lecturer. Three days later Wag found the following letter in his mail:

Dear Old Wag:

The tenth Annual Reunion of the class of 1900 will take place at Greenwood Inn at 8:30 o'clock on Wednesday of Commencement week. Loyalty is the password of the class of 1900. It is the pleasure of the committee to notify you that you are to be the principal speaker; we feel sure that the years have blunted the edge of your humor and that you will be pleased to know that for once in your life you are to be serious. With this in mind and to keep you serious we have gone so far as to select your subject, which will take the form of a lecture on the Panama Canal. Thanking you in advance, we are yours more than ever.

The Reunion committee of the class of 1900.

DOBSON, *President*

P. S. We found out that you did make a serious visit to the Panama Canal.

Within a few days the committee received this answer:

Dear Dobson:

Yours received and carefully noted. As you implied, time marks changes. It will be a great pleasure for me, a very great pleasure to give you a lecture of my impressions of the Panama Canal.

Yours for Old Bradford,

WAG, 1900

P. S. If you had made use of your golden opportunities, you would not now be asking me to share with you the fruits of my own great love for books.

* * * * *

Greenwood Inn was a riot of color, handshakes and anticipation on Wednesday evening of Commencement week. The tip had gone through the whole class of how Wag had been roped in. And there was a great deal of speculation as to what Wag had up his sleeve. Many of the members who were on the committee thought it would be a good idea to get a glance at Wag's speech and forestall any of Wag's old work. But Dobson

on the quiet showed Wag's letter to the crowd and this argument seemed to be conclusive. The banquet which preceded the speaking was prolonged with many a college yell and song. But at length the cigars were lighted and Dobson, toastmaster of the evening, stood to introduce Mr. A. Watson Wag, dear old Wag the class humorist, who had learned, alas, to see the serious things in life and who would give to the audience an intellectual treat on the "Panama Canal". A deafening round of applause rose with dear old Wag.

LOCKED IN THE LOCKS OF THE PANAMA

"The boat was to sail from Boston, which was enough to discourage any traveler at the beginning. Our first stop was New York where the horses still shy at the automobiles. There were a few shows going on, but in preference to any cabaret, we chartered a taxi and told the chauffeur to let it go where it pleased. He informed us that his hours were from 4 to 4 and took us around Chinatown.

"With a little shopping to do next morning we saw Grant's tomb. Grant, as you know, was a famous general in the Civil War (tumultuous applause) and we saw a good many other things—(Shouts: how about Panama?)

"In the afternoon we came back to the good ship which promised to take us through the Panama Canal. The boat was being loaded with freight, some of it like ourselves. We were a little late and the people were crowding the gangplank just like animals getting on the ark, afraid they would get left. The whistle blew, the ropes commenced to slacken and we were off. All the ladies had friends but us. We met one of the fellows who had charge of things and he gave us a list all about the boat. Across the top it said: See America First, and down at the bottom it gave a picture of the ship so the passengers wouldn't get all bawled up and think they were sailing on the *Mayflower*. On the top of the next page we were told the difference between the Saloon on the ship and the Saloon on the corner. (Loud applause from the prohibition members).

"Before I continue a description of my voyage I would like to tell you of a little notice we found in our stateroom. This warned us that the company would not be responsible for any

money, valuables, lives, lifebelts or lifeboats lost in case of a storm at sea and the passengers could only protect themselves by insurance. That was a real pleasure after the boat had sailed out of sight of all the insurance offices. Soon we were steaming along off Hatteras where the boat started doing a foxtrot which forced us all below deck and after many strenuous days I awoke one morning and found we were Locked in the Locks of the Panama Canal."

F. WHITING, '17

The Hands

AFTER MIDNIGHT, TUESDAY

I have folded so many of them — these cold, mute testimonials of life — mute, but yet so appealing, so confessing! In the early morning, when it is still cool from night, I have taken them to cross them serenely on the place to which they should strain some beloved head — but on which now they only lie impassionate — still. I have placed them there in the high noon — when the thunder of the great guns miles yonder forms a mighty organ song, a terrible chant of gigantic spirits who wring blood from the earth. It is then that I am strongest — I put the hands in their final place with my own quite firm and strong, not once trembling or stopping to caress one of them. I work then with lips set, with heart and soul and mind deaf to the appeals that the hands seem to offer. I have folded them on the still breast at evening when the sky is glowing with sun and fires, when the first white stars peep out to gaze, cool-eyed upon our Massacre. It is then that I am sad — I seem to see more clearly the Place from which these hands are stretched; I catch at times, I believe, the distant sound of music, swung out from beyond the noise of battle, from far-off, somewhere in a distant land. I work tenderly then, letting my candle's light bathe the hands, to give them a last warm, earthly color before they are shut within green darkness forever. It is then that I look closest at them — trying to read the story, moulded there in flesh and bone, of their different lives and what they desired most on earth. I see there the hands of artists — longing, slim, white still under the stern dye of powder and grime, beautifully sad and mute. I try to imagine what they were seeking for in their beauty. I wonder who kissed them, whom they have held to the beating breast below. I am stirred by these hands — they mean a vague suggestion of a happiness now uncertain. Then there are the hands of toilers; brave, aggressive hands they are, strangely and newly quiet from labor. It seems that they must be restless for something to lift or something to make — I can scarcely believe that they will never do so again. I hope that in the Distance they may be given some eternal, joyous task — for that is what they sought for most here. Then, I pass to another

stretcher and I see the face of a rich young man, finely moulded, delicate, charmingly young. I look at his hands — I can find no story in them. They are as a beautiful blank manuscript; through ease, through carelessness there has been no great story written there. I take the fine hands and place them so — delicately, supremely at rest. But they are only lovely pieces of cold flesh — they tell no tales. I see the hands of the devout sometimes, lightly closed as when they seized the cross in the last moment. I am very loth to touch these hands, for I know that some great spirit has seized them and drawn them upwards into the Distance. But at last I take them carefully and place them as I place all others, crossed, peaceful. And always I find a little cross somewhere to place under those hands I deem sacred — just a piece of wood, sometimes it is, if the cross itself is lost — for I feel that they will march into the Distance more serenely so. There is a kind of hand I can not help but shudder at when I see it — it is almost always distorted and hard. I know that it was the hand of some selfish person — one who thieved, who gave nothing, who bent only to the grasping side of existence — one who murdered. I take these hands and strive to soften them by smoothing them with my own — and after I have put them in the usual place, I look at them long. Ah, if their owners could have realized their mistake in time! They seem now to lie restless, not at ease with the serenity of death. What will they find — there in the Distance? Anything beautiful — anything gratifying? Oh, I wonder.

* * * * *

AFTER MIDNIGHT, THURSDAY

It is done. The last pair of hands is folded. It is as I pictured at times. Yesterday, in the heat of noon they brought him in — another poor body to be prepared for death. They did not understand when I shrank back a moment at sight of it — they wondered if the strain of so much death had made me mad. But no, I was not mad. I was afraid — afraid to look at the dead hands — they would not let me see the face — they said it was too terribly hurt to recognize. I did not need to see it, for I saw the hands. Then I knew. Somewhere out in the seething battle they had killed him, they had numbed forever his hands. I

remember so well when I first noticed them. They were holding a brush to a canvas, on which was growing, growing a sudden intense flame, something living. What it was I never knew, I never shall know, but I shall go back to the *atelier* at Paris and put the grey cloth tenderly over the beautiful splash of color — to make sacred the memory of its birth. Then I remember when I saw his hands held up before me, long and white, clasping close in their eagerness a great bunch of grapes, plucked from the waiting vines of Burgundy. I think I see them best in that picture. He stood against the sunset I remember, his head thrown back radiantly, his mouth half smiling. "Take them," he said, "for they are the best of the harvest." Reverently, a little timidly, I reached out, I remember, and took them from his hands. Then, I remember (and I weep at this memory) how with hopeful fervor he reached out one of those hands and waved it to the sky — and with the other he pressed me close to his side while he told me of his great hopes, his art, his love of it and life. There had been great artists, he told me, and they sometimes might have been despairing of it all. "But," he had said to me, "I know I will become great — you shall some day be almost as proud of me as I am now proud of you." He was a passionate pursuer of truth always; he was eager for beauty always; he loved me. These last three words I write as I write all others. He loved me, and I loved him — and his was no selfish love, it was real, it was eternal. I am proud of that love now. I weep that he is gone for a short time — for the fruits of his love were sweeter than the grapes of Burgundy which I took from his hands. And now I cross those hands as I have crossed so many others. There under the light of my candle I see them lie. "Weep not, beloved," they say, "for we shall join each other; there is a place far distant into which we shall sail together, through which we shall wander forever. Oh, do not weep, for I have gifts for you, far greater gifts than any I gave you on earth — sweeter are these gifts than the grapes of Burgundy." The candle drips in the night, the noise of guns is far off, a star through my little pane is bright. The hands lie still at last, but they say over and over beneath the candle-light, "Sweeter shall those gifts be than the grapes of Burgundy."

To-morrow I shall go back to that city where he lived — that city where we met. Already there is a row of bodies waiting to be made ready for death. I can not touch them — I will not. To-morrow I will go back to that fair city of memories, to step over that little dim threshold and pull the grey cloth over the flaming canvas and say as I do so, "Sweeter shall those gifts be than the grapes of Burgundy."

F. H. DOWD

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

EDITORIAL BOARD

F. HARRISON DOWD, 1917, *Managing Editor*

DONALD C. TOWNLEY, 1917, *Business Manager*

Editorial

The frost comes, the leaves fall, the world is a *melée* of hues. A few weeks hence and all the color will be gone, the rusty leaves will be sleeping under a thicker covering than autumn frost.

We sit (*we* means you, too) with our books in our hands throughout these glorious days, flitting mentally, if not spiritually from grim lessons to a certain bright day on the beach — or is it a night in the hills that means the most now? Perhaps. Memories — harmonious memories these — harmonious among themselves at least, but sounding a trifle off the busy work-a-day tune here. They come winging by unexpectedly; perhaps a sight or familiar sound or scent will clearly emblazon in our minds some well loved scene.

Must we chase unmercifully away these pleasing phantones — these cinemetographic souvenirs, as it were? Is there nothing to do but put these Arcadian thoughts far from us and to bend to our tasks here in—Siberia, may I call it in gentle satire? It may seem so. But at any rate, if you find them, like the proverbial camel, asking for more and more room, close ears and eyes and hearts to their appeal for a time, till your tasks fit your immortal soul easily.

And here, we (this *doesn't* mean you) are going to ask you — *this* means *you* — to help us in keeping the *Mirror* up to the illustrious record it has had in the past years; to contribute whether you think your contributions will be accepted or not — for we decide that. Our subscription list is even larger than

last year's — that does not mean that we will refuse subscriptions, however. We know and expect that you will help us both by subscribing (if you have not done so already) and contributing to the *Mirror* and we will truly appreciate all assistance.

All the contributions sent in will be read carefully and the best will be chosen for publication. Everyone has an equal chance at having his contribution accepted. Name, or previous connection with the *Mirror* affects in no way the acceptance of material.

Go to, then, ye authors!

A pipe — a numeral hat — a glorious string of "cuss-words",—behold a type of certain youthful gentlemen generally and colloquially referred to as "Ex-Preps". Why this mushroom acquisition of buffoon masculinity and bravado in general, I wonder? The numeral hat? In Heaven's name no! — at least, we hope not. The pipe and extensive vocabulary are probably not causes — merely congenital accompaniments. It must be that that "old-man" feeling, the general superiority over the "new ones" brings about the decided change in certain individuals. We wonder, sometimes, what the folks at home say — or do said gentlemen behave in their one-time *pleasing* way at home? But we seem sometimes, as we gaze upon these swagger youths, to hear, in fond maternal tones, the words: "Jack is so worldly this year — isn't it cunning and amusing? I do hope he'll grow out of it before he gets into college — the boys would be rather harsh with him, I fear."

F. H. D.

Jokes

PATER: My son, you want to practice thrift.

FILIUS: "I know, dad, but I haven't the tools.

PATER: "What do you mean?

FILIUS: "If you'll let me have five dollars, I'll see how long I can make it last.— *Lampoon*

SHE (*proudly*): Jack got through college in three years.

HE: That's nothing. I got through in three weeks.

— *Lampoon*



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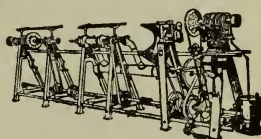
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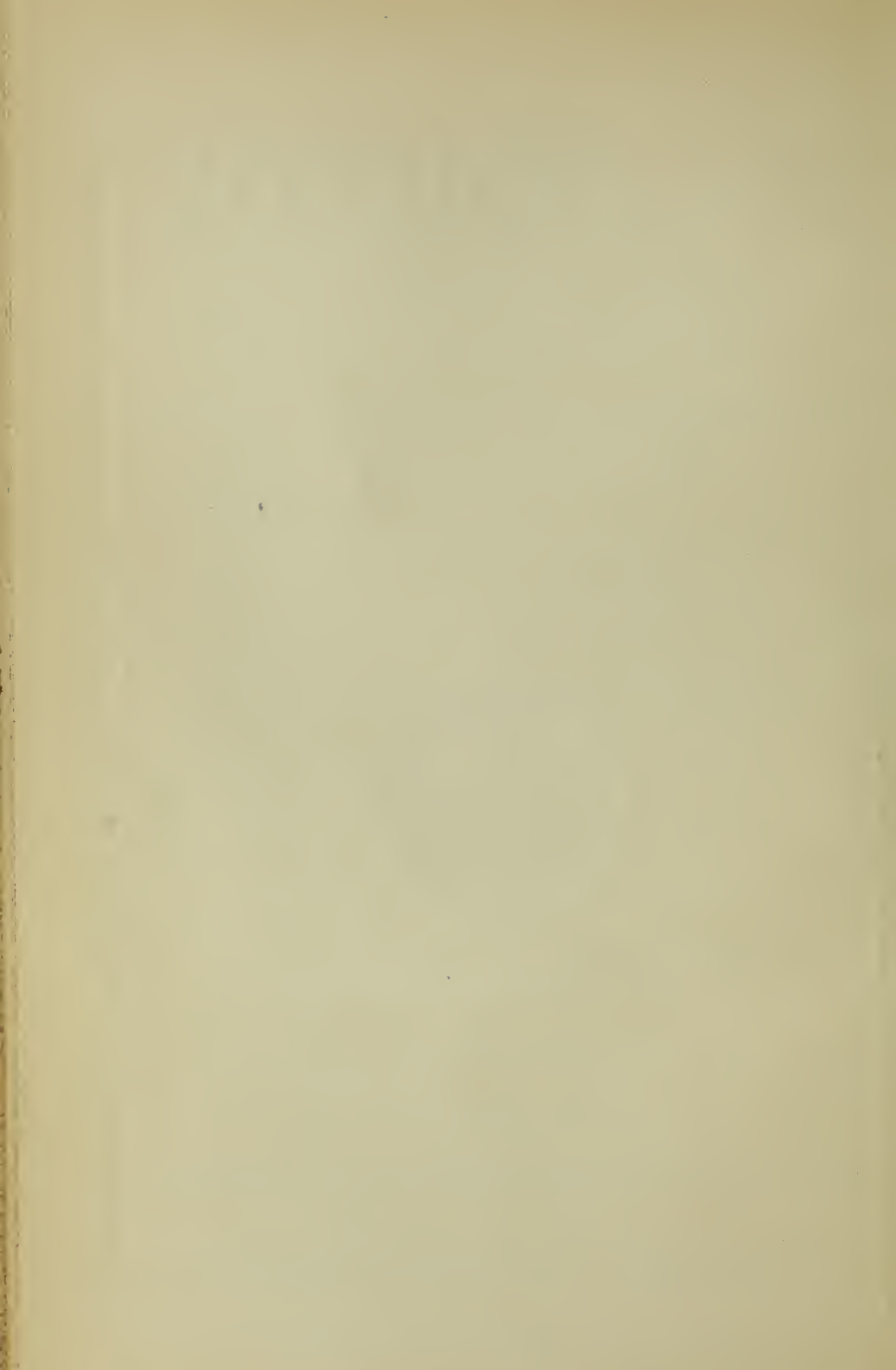
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CONTENTS

TRUTH RETURNETH NOT	<i>"Jacques"</i>
A SONG OF THANKS	<i>Harrison Dowd</i>
"DUX FEMINA FACTI"	<i>Harrison Dowd</i>
A SONNET	<i>Frederick Thompson</i>
LARCIN AND LIASON; OR HOW TO BECOME A FRENCH MAID	<i>Henry McKee</i>
JUST SMILE	<i>Fairfield Whiting</i>
AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MAJOR GENERAL J. T. P. GRIFFITH	
SQUOZENGHER	<i>Henry McKee</i>
CONQUESTS	<i>Edgar Richards</i>
EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A EUROPEAN TRAVELER	<i>Murray Goodwin</i>
EDITORIALS	
JOKES	

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No. 2

Truth Returneth Not

(THE DEVELOPMENT OF A CHARACTER, NOT OF A PLOT)

THE huge oak door creaked, and he was admitted within the high walls of the ante-chamber, where he took a last glance in the mirror and sent his card in. Ah, how all the furniture of a distinguished mansion was enviable to the eye of a chap just back from school; everything seemed modeled and painted to suit him; the delicate perfume of refined surroundings floated invisible. Certainly nothing could be more gratifying than, after three months in the wilds of school work and riot, to find one's self in the exquisite environment of a center of art and civilization,— especially to find one's self at a small, informal "about-the-table" of people who talk well together.

In a minute he had been received, introduced, served, and was already defending himself confusedly in the midst of this colored chaos of gowns and the dazzle of penetrating eyes. All his Horace, Shakspeare, and Plato seemed to crash into fragments against this vivacity of exclamations and questions. But this soon broke up into a smooth discussion, permitting Lennox to lean back and meet his friends more intimately. Dusk was gathering about the Turkish boudoir; in violet waves it crept out from the heavy tapestries, painted the outside nature into huge nightly masses, lulled over the room. From the bronze mosque lamp the incense odor still swayed back and forth, while over the cushioned divan the reflection of the bulky handle of a cimeter lent a sweet mystery to the darkening obscurity.

"You seem pensive for a school-boy." It was Juliet stooping daintily towards him with clusters of black hair that flowed over the bold yellow of an empire frock. He had hardly noticed her as yet, chatting more with Temple and Esmeralda.

"Perhaps you take interest in the sentiment of things about you? Are you possibly artistic?"

"I try to be; it's hard up at school, but I try to write."

"Are you really a writer! How I have longed to express myself by pen! It seems the only way to send forth what you feel, and I know I feel, oh, so much.— Do tell me something about this writing,— about your own attempts."

And the long candles had been lit; already the friends had bid farewell, when she glanced around and rose. After a few jokes Lennox left also.

"How did you like the little rendezvous?"

"Charming, Carlos, especially the friends; Esmeralda was delightful."

"And Juliet?"

"Oh, yes, quite attractive; well, I'll call you up," and the elevator door clicked open.

Of course, the last night in town he went to a ball; she had met him there again. Of course, he didn't know how to dance; of course she still begged him to try, and still kept imploring him, even out in the garden.

"To-morrow"— she remarked, and he almost gave up that long-desired camp-trip.

It was late when they arrived at her house.

"Good evening and farewell, Mademoiselle Juliet."

"You'll write? Ah! two months!"

The scenery, as the train sped upwards into the mountains and towards the little camp, was certainly enchanting; it was inspiring; in fact, it seemed to blur out here and there, and fragrant locks of black hair would take form, or from the depths of a valley, mists lulled up and took shape — yellow draperies — and empire frock — Juliet. "White River Junction!"

Lennox tumbled off the train, his suit-case, tennis racket, and canoe-paddle clattering down onto the platform after him. Between trains he thought it might be time for lunch,— it was nearly four.

But the next day he was rubbing his eyes in the smart cold of an early mountain morning, crouching over a crackling blaze, inhaling the smoke of spurting bacon mixed with the damp of

fallen leaves; soon the mists down below, hovering on the lake, began to turn and separate, clearing the water at intervals; soon they were leaving the craggy crests, and what lingered was pushed up and away by the outburst of the sun!

Ah! it was fine — this freedom — a life that consisted of doing what you wished, where you wished, when you wished; to spend two full months in the pines and along the sunny lake; to get up when the warm rays crept under the blanket, to exercise all morn, to swim in the open, to have an appetite and start on the afternoon tramp with a heart delivered from earthly turmoil and eyes that strained but to see the joy of things.

Sometimes, as from the path he trod would rise that perfume of damp earth and autumn leaves, or when he would pose the water-bucket to take in a breath of mountain air and glance out over the lake and hills below, a queer feeling would creep over him, and in the midst of this sun-bright nature he would be suddenly discouraged. But he would snatch up the bucket and be off; yet towards the day's end, as he would wander down through the greenish depths of the birch wood, as he would shove out the canoe towards the opalescent horizon, as the waters lapped in the vast silence, he would rest the paddle and feel like weeping.

And days dawned, and days set, leaving traces now and then of moments he had never known; big gaps in time; gaps of awe, yet curiously treasured. Towards early September when the wind swept through the camp, breaking up the order, boosting tin-plates up amongst the birds and whistling about with a boisterous note, then our young Dionysus was pulling up the stakes and collecting the pots and pans.

Perhaps the familiar walls and gates of the Grand Central didn't look so bad after all. At least, in the flux of New York's striking fashions and elegant ways, he appeared the Lennox we used to know. After he had brushed himself into the college boy again, he immediately needed company; company in New York on a September day! But Carlos was home, and he had just seen Miss Juliet, so "Rah, Rah" wasn't quite lost, and soon he was again putting a last touch to his tie while his card was being answered. This time, however, it was not a stately mansion of

carved oak and pillars nor a group of chatting friends — two French doors swayed open, and he stepped into the little salon, "Louis XV", of Miss Juliet.

"Oh, Lennox, it is delightful to have you back again. Do tell me all about that wonderful camp life."

Camp life! Oh, yes, he still remembered certain periods of it, certain queer moments. And as they laughed, he wondered, and turned things around in his mind. Juliet was, nevertheless, quite attractive, all in summer silks of white. The feminine touch to her hair, colored cheeks that dimpled into a dainty smile and the laughing sparkle of two little eyes, the exquisiteness of Japan with the elegance of New York, mingled into such a captivating harmony that he could not help, just the same, exclaiming unconsciously, "Oh! But you *are* charming!" for which he awkwardly summoned quite a series of stutters and blushes to cover it up. And she didn't seem angered — she just glanced at him inquisitively, perhaps with a singular deepness.

But she was just a maid as exists the world over; she was what he would call "cute", no more; no, there never could be that perfection of the airy ideal his thoughts and dreams had slowly modeled into divinity.

In fact, it was on a thousand varied topics, of all the dances that had ever been, of New York's wonders and Paris's beauties, Homer and Bernard Shaw, the Waldorf's new tea-room, the end of the war, of the merry-go-round of fashion, that they laughed the time away.

"Do drop in again, Lennox; I'm always at home."

"Indeed, I would be delighted," and the door closed.

It had been a pleasant change, nothing extraordinary, no philosophical depths or beating enthusiasm, just a select chat over the tea table, a dainty sip of gentle and refined pastime, the so-called elegance of city life. Indeed, Juliet did not reflect the charms and grace of the divine Beatrice, nor did he notice the smiling depths of the Joconda. Her beauty was that perfection of the feminine with that which the delicacy of society could best add. And he remembered.

"You are surely going to school in the city this year, Lennox? You can't hide in the high grass all your life! You must get used

to seeing things more and laugh with the world at large, not off by yourself."

"Well, I know, but there are ages ahead for all that. I need my diploma and a freshman's cap more than the 'Midnight Frolics' just at present. Please, good missus, may I stay out in de jungle a tiny longer?"

"Not at all, little boy! Who would pass me my tea? Now you really have the strangest ideas,—you ought to live in the city, you know it's better, you — no, you're not going back, no, no."

Yes, it had been a pleasant afternoon,— nothing unusual, just entertaining. The dreams up at camp had been funny, hadn't they; no special reason behind them. In a day or so he would be off to school with just time to shake hands here and there, to buy some college socks and ties, pack, and get "on your marks". It wasn't so bad to get down to work; then there was the new football team to be tried out, and,— well, the Pierce Arrow was already gliding up Fifth Avenue towards the Grand Central. Yet as he passed through the hordes of city life and style, as flowing gowns and ready smiles passed by in the sunlight, a queer quiver stole over him and he seemed to shudder as the car sped on towards the train. He was weak; life's joys seemed to whirl by forever; why all this, why had he to be rushed and shoved into the big Academy gates? Then the vision of a silk white frock, a blur of black hair,— and the station drew near, it loomed up before him!—"All-right master, good luck. Ah! you's is lucky to be in school, you are," and the chauffeur pushed forward a strong hand. That hearty way braced him up, and the tingle of college yells gave him a whiff of zest.

* * * * *

I think it was Tuesday that Lennox received that telegram, "Meet me to-morrow in the blue room of the Waldorf-Astoria, 3 p.m.— *Juliet*." Juliet — Juliet — J — Jul — that name had a peculiar ring to it; to-morrow, 3 p.m. Juliet. Was she going abroad, was she in trouble, what was it?— Oh, something—! What was it! As he read it over again, a passionate gush throbbed up, with the desire to leave for New York. And as he still wondered why, a little spark of the wild began to kindle; it

flamed up, the call of adventure blasted in his ears, a confusion of Don Juans, of Venetian nights, glared forth; with a bound he shouted, "Ah! a Don Juan! Risk! Escape! At last I'll have my longings; I'll give color to life!" The class-bell rang, and he was off with his books in the frenzy of his venture.

Before supper he had been down to the village, sent telegrams, written a letter, up the hill again to borrow money, down to cash the check, get the ticket and see how early he could leave; he had buzzed all over the little town, rushing about in the midst of surroundings that had completely changed, had vanished from existence by their contemptible naivete.

At last he set the alarm clock and took his rest—short, however, for he was wide awake before four, and realized that the time had come. In the moonlight he started to dress. Why had he a room so near the master's! Catching his breath at the various noises, he took up his suit-case unconsciously—it could be a voyage. He pulled on the knob, and a cold gust from out of the darkness met his drawn face; as he crept towards the banister, thoughts formed in this black stagnancy. If he were caught, his record would be disgraced, it would be the end. He couldn't do the impossible—a stir! His heart throbbed short, his strength failed. In a cold perspiration he waited his doom; the valise dragged down on his wrists. Only silence—a silence of horror! Through the black chaos of things he groped weakly down the steps—steps that mumble and grit in the night. The pang of listening in the stillness and searching in the thick night increases with the madness of the strain. "The window—where is it? The light, my door, God—Keep back you blackish monsters—the window!" At last the faint light of his goal spreads out in the cold styx of the hall-way; he clinches the knob, jerks open the door,—freedom!

He leaps into the open night, runs in the cool air past the inn, over the crossings, down the road towards Juliet! The change is complete: from all that blackish horror into the open, unlimited country he paces on. Ah! it is grand—Far above, about the infinity of blue, the stars are sprinkled and gathered,—the rose leaves scattered in heaven's zephyrs; the slumbering roofs reflect the moonlight or are lost in the shadows of some gigantic

oak; the peaceful road stretches out past the little church, by heavy laden gardens that quiver in the breeze and send forth faint odors of growing vegetables and the perfume of dewy flowers.

"Don Adventurio! I live at last!" and as he neared the station, he could hardly restrain a wild shout.

The train was soon due, and he waited outside. The warm light of an inside lantern mingled in the early-morn mists, and things about grew into shapes. The horizon was queerly clearing. A sudden streak burst wide over the firmament with the gleam of crushed opals—the heavens stirred! A whistle, some steam, and then a train swept by leaving a whirlpool of cool, oily air, and as it passed spitting and shrieking under the bridge, the big danger-lantern tinged the white smoke clouds. Just then some more smoke, and a clang of steel drew up to the platform in a hissing steam.

"All-aboard!"

"And fair thee well, schooly! No Kaiser today, I think."

Leaving Boston's Custom Tower in the clouds, he was already shooting ahead toward New York, enjoying in a sunny parlor car the delightful lull that follows a crisis. Between the scenery and what "the other fellows" were doing far behind, he let the morning freshness warm up into noon. And, as Homer would say, "White-armed Athene descended and bid sweet sleep overtake him."

"Next stop, New York!" He awoke. "125th street,—next and last stop, Gran' Central!" He pulled down his valise.

* * * *

"Ah! Where is that girl! 3 o'clock, I'm here and——"

"Well, Lennox."

It was that merry little face greeting him from a fuzz of fur. But not the girl—it was the nonchalance of a young lady that was beside him in her drooping winter pleats, a cocked hat, and a half-cut veil. They chatted.

"And now tell me, what may I do, Juliet?"

"Just talk to me."

"But why the telegram?"

"That, oh, I just wanted to see you again. I thought—no. You're just entering college, just starting out. I guess I was lonesome."

"You wanted to see me again! Well, I'm certainly charmed with the change."

"You didn't fall into any trouble by coming, Lennox?"

"No, oh no! In fact, I enjoyed the early morning breeze and also took the trip by express."

"Yes, you did have quite a trip; I suppose I will, perhaps. But do tell me something about yourself. Let's cross over to the parlors. Now, just for novelty, how would you like to be—let's say—a gallant saviour?"

"A gallant saviour—oh! there's plenty of time for knight-hood. Just at present I'm supposed to enjoy Caesar's second invasion of America."

"Oh! you need another trip, out to Bronx."

Unconsciously they had gone to dinner; they were quietly tasting their food, and he watched between her unclasped furs, the reflux of that full throat as she talked—a white throat emerging from the silky bed of a garment tinged with flowers. What were "the other fellows" doing? Ha! a little change, a little glow of color! And dinner was forgotten. The 10 o'clock left too early; it was the midnight he hustled into, and at last snuggled down for a real rest. Yet, as they drew out of some small station, he found himself still blinking at the big lights in the passageway.

* * * *

The sudden drop from the rush and risk of romance into the silence of a little village slumbering in the midst of its country highways and silent woods, the sudden change from adventure and its outbursts of the soul's enthusiasm, into the lull of frivolous school life, disheartened him; the months ahead rose upon each other into an insurpassable mountain with a crest indistinguishable; as he tumbled off the train into the school, all the surroundings, the pettiness, the existence to be lapped away behind those academic walls, the horror of it all met him like a sweeping wave and chilled him through.

A new sun came up; he could not yet get used to the school schedule; it did not seem to fit in as before. Those benches and

blackboards, had an unusual aspect, as something quite new, to which his mind had not yet become accustomed or attached, had not yet dissolved itself into the particular atmosphere. This place which before had taken on the familiarity of an old friend, a place he had grown to like, was now the foreign city and he a voyager, an outsider, not knowing those delicate beauties and not feeling that atmosphere which makes one so love his native home. Things were queer, and even studies or the noisy school meals at the "Union" did not quite succeed in jerking him back into the indifference of school-life.

But days kept on passing, and as he strode back from English, things had lost some of their first horror; they had become indifferent to him. Juliet was a vague recollection. He entered, threw down the books; hello—whose hand-writing was this?—Juliet!

"Dear Friend, now comes *my* journey. I am led away for a long time; however, I am glad that I saw you Wednesday. As you said—there is time for knighthood, yet an early touch of chivalry might have counter-balanced the break in custom. But just one word—The thought of your ideals will help greatly. —Juliet—love."

Her journey! He trembled as he remembered their meeting, his last view; it left him mute, stupefied, as when the sun dawns over a storm-wrecked land.—But this time there was no sun, the wet night remained. Suddenly out-stretched life seemed to crumple, and its former fragrance now turned against him, as multitudinous other treasures lost! The anticipated joys, his ideal temples of gold shook and left but the heaped ruins. She was the jeweled chest lost in the storm and taking down with her all the coins of life.

Ah! had it been his fault! Had he so slightly considered the sway of a soul! Was he the brute? Oh, for a few moments! for the time to save all, a few hours, and he would be there! He rushed for the door, but started back. At the threshold something sparkled, kindled, his past thoughts rose up gigantic; his past ideals took on a commanding strength and glared down as he hesitated.

Were *they* to be swept aside? Was life's cross to rust in the damp, a man's creed to be obliterated! He could not; he trembled at the fancy of violating the sacredness of that ideal he had moulded for his life. He bent low to think that he had so suddenly lost sight of that goal of higher-love towards which he had so diligently set out. He turned away.

A new day came. As he watched the sun filter through, warming up the shades of slumber, wakening all for another day of life, he pondered with awe over all that had vanished into "no man's land" at the heraldic blast of the cock. As that clarion had blown forth its salute to that which passed on forever, of what also could it be the forerunner.—

Days came. Months came, and an unknown feeling began to stir within Lennox, a feeling of gallantry; a noble chivalry day by day clasped its divine armour about him. In the sky of his thoughts, a light grew, and day by day shown forth more golden. The height of some supreme inspiration tinged his soul.

Snow had melted; the earth had begun to show spots of green, and from the pools of water and moist tree-trunks, odors of life had begun to exhale; the heart gently swelled as one breathed those perfumes in, and a stirring of something new had begun to take form. Over the waters, as the clouds rumbled and separated, Venus began to dawn.

As he lounges in the sun of his airy window seat, the blossomed boughs beneath his hand send up their deep perfume, bewildering him with a mid-spring eagerness. Ah! something to set him at ease! And the memories of Juliet's friendship scattered here and there amongst the petals of pleasing moments. He was harassed by it all; he sought to abate that curiosity, to watch once again the flowing black hair, to just glimpse at those familiar eyes. Ah! it was his right; did he have to see the joys of spring corroded by this renewed *curiosity*.

He would be off, and search the world over, he would satisfy what clawed at him as the days loomed up. As he faced the door, he realized that never had he fancied the thought of such a decision. "I have not weighed the outcome!" Yet there was no halt; he crossed the threshold.—

He had wandered and returned. In New York a few words reached him and in the last days of October, directed him towards New England, when the autumnal sentiment of her nature is most keenly felt.

He now lingers by a stone wall, vine-eaten on a bed of green. Trees rise up as cathedral columns, to twist and separate into superior galleries till at last they shimmer away as distant gothic candles stretching on into the very midst of the vast blue dome. And from these dizzy heights, from the cluster of balustrades and rosettes trickle down one by one the leaves of a passing autumn, leaves that have lived their ephemeral hour of life and, as their drama closes, filter down gust by gust; withered and rusty they fall from all about; faster and faster, their rustle increasing, thousands on thousands sweep down towards earth. It is time for the end, and in the gathering dusk they continue to fall.

As he lingers thus in contemplation, a procession of nuns glide past in solitude. One, draped in vestal silk, strays to the side as a large leaf leaves the music of summer days, the glow of autumn, and glides down over the marble bench.

Her deep black hair had fallen down over her bare shoulders and supple neck, clinging to the form of her back. Although she had not turned about, there was something in that grace as she stooped to the bench that startled him; he throbbed feverishly and trembled lest it be the very treasure he searched for. That arm undulating along the marble ridge as a lulling wave, it exhaled a feeling of intimacy; that hand—Her hand!

Then a low chant grew from whence the nuns had departed as again their ghost-like robes of white steadily approached. He hesitated and stood behind one of the great trees. The nuns passed; she joined them; the nuns penetrated into their other world of the convent and as her robe trailed across the hearth and she slipped within, the bulky doors of iron gritted, moved and locked their jaws forever between a present nun and a Juliet of days that might have been!

At each end of the marble bench the two winged lions still bulged their chests and lifted their manes, indifferent as all nature, to human agony. As the day dimmed out, the withered

leaves still fell, and with the night the faint chant of nuns ebbed away.

The next day his friend Carlos received a letter:—"Now, I realize—I—" was all it said.

"JACQUES"

A Song of Thanks

O H, heart, it is winter again!
And the grey, cold winds are awake;
The ruby fruit from the apple-tree
Has fallen for our sake.

Oh, heart, we may wander our woods,
And from browning field and side
We may gather in our harvest high
In blazing golden tide.

Oh, heart, we are fain to thank
The unseen power who gives,
And who fashions in flaming heraldry
The falling maple leaves.

Then, heart, with our fellow-men
Let us lustily praise the guide
Who in storm, in laughter, in sun or rain
Is forever by our side,
Oh, heart!
Is walking at our side!

HARRISON DOWD

“Dux Femina Facti”

[Being the tale of how Joe Lathrop, the poet, and who up to then had been a good fellow, suddenly deserted the crowd and married a dark-eyed, quiet sort of a girl, whose mother took boarders.]

* * * *

ANNA set the handle down.
“It’s just the same in the country or in the city,” she said, turning to her guest. “It’s just the same; the night always comes. Perhaps sooner in the city—does it?”

He was a bit embarrassed, for in this queer, tiny town he had not expected to find a philosopher. He had expected to see and find a dull, wintry street, homely houses lining it—nothing of beauty or delicacy. Then—he had found all this, to be sure, but in addition had found Anna; Anna of the dark eyes and hair, Anna of the face so lovely that he immediately thought of another Anna—a winged Anna, soaring nightly to the strains of music. This Anna was indeed quite like her—as to appearance at least; the other Anna would not have taken time to reflect outspokenly on the inevitability of the night’s approach. She would instead probably have taken him quickly by the hand with one of her own, while with her other would have sealed his mouth; then she would have led him to a window and pointed him the sunset beyond, as she stood like his shadow behind him.

“Supper is ready at half-past six, Mr. Lathrop. You can come down and sit in the parlor whenever you like, though. There’s a nice fire in the fire-place so you’ll be warm. It’s probably a good deal warmer there—and a great deal more cheerful!”

She was inviting him from the doorway where she stood, a slim white picture against the black of the hall behind her. And again he was minded of the other Anna, the Anna who seriously parted the black curtain behind her, bowing to the adoring audience beyond the gold-white footlights, then to slip delicately from sight.

“Oh, thank you, I think I will come down now. What time do you say supper is?” he added—to make her hesitate a moment in the door-way.

"At half-past six. I hope you'll come down and feel right at home. We don't very often have a famous person like you to stay here, so we'd like it if you'd make it your home just for to-night. I suppose I shall have to spend the coming week telling the neighbors about you and giving them your poems."

She was gone.

He aroused himself at last, shrugging his shoulders a little consciously as he thought of the theatrical effect she had unwittingly produced. She was surely an original young person—not at all self-conscious or countrified in her manner. Where had she acquired that charming attitude?

He looked in the old mahogany-framed mirror; satisfied himself that his hair had a perfect wave to it with never an untidy place in it; that his face was clear of all grime and injuries, that his tie was neat. He held his fingers to the light to see that they were properly cleaned and tapering and white as to nail. At last he blew out the wavering candleflame and walked creakingly to the door. The hall was dark; he stumbled once or twice as he groped for the balustrade. At last he found it and descended.

At the foot of it, he stepped, looking through the door-way then at a very charming scene.

There was no light in the low, large country parlor, save the fire-light which tripped rosily along the white-washed ceiling, making it glow like the walls of some eastern bazaar. The girl was drawn up in a great chair before the fire, holding in her lap something great and soft and furry. She was singing it now a little song, a child's song it seemed, with its simple cadence. His voice, well-trained as it was, seemed to jar a bit when he spoke:

"How nice!"

"Oh, Mr. Lathrop! Come over here and listen to my latest song for Juno. She's the cat you know." And she held up a great droop-pawed, blinking creature who merely hung from her hands without motion or vocal remonstrance. "*Saeva Juno*—you know—that is, I suppose you do!!

Virgil! Shades of all culture! Had he found it here in this solitary place?

"Surely. But were I Aeneas I wouldn't have need of fear—do you think so?"

"Oh, you think Juno is inadequate? Not at all. You should see her catch sparrows. Four a day—on an average. She's half asleep now, that's why she's so quiet and peaceable. But you must hear my latest song for her."

And with that the amazing girl broke into a heroic ballad of a diminutive sort, as it were, relating the romances of some youthful cat, "who would to sea—who would to sea." These were the words of the refrain. When it was done she looked at him quickly, her dark eyes shining.

"Do you like it?"

"Indeed I do. Have you more of them?"

"Oh, yes, but I couldn't sing them now—they don't last long in my memory, you see. I do them and sing them to Juno, who really *does* appreciate them, even if she seems to be asleep. Then in a day or two they all go away and I can't remember them for a week sometimes. But usually they return after a while and I just store them away with my other thought-treasures!"

Child of the muses! How had she happened to be born and raised here in the wilderness! Why, she was positively original, to say nothing of being artistic! Give her a slightly more blasé manner and she could roam the Village streets and be pointed at as a "fine type"—or as an "apostle," or as any other temperamental character that a Villager could create. And at the thought of the Village and what it was to his life, the man received an uneasiness, a feeling of foreboding that grew in him as he sat there, facing this surprising creature who seemed now more like a character from a modern novel than a human being. Why such an emotion should occur to him he could not imagine. It was not disagreeable and yet there was an uneasiness, a pain—dull as it may have been—inside him. Could it possibly be the lack—the desire of something more—something that he, ripe as he might be—was lacking? He laughed at the thought; he had acquired everything necessary to success—there was nothing fundamental lacking in life—.

He was aroused from his reflections by her silver tones singing slyly to Juno a second, more solemn ditty—a "*chanson triste*" such as cats may delight in. There was a dramatic ring to the

air; he listened keenly. It denoted a delicately sensuous strain in the singer, an oriental mysticism—a barbaric fierceness even. As she sang he forgot the pain, and he wondered, when she had stopped singing, whether it had been mere distraction or the song itself that had taken it away.

She was now holding the somnolent Juno to her white chin, her eyes lowered, showing dark lashes flat against her cheeks. At last she raised her eyes frankly to him—confession written in them.

“And that—?” he questioned properly.

“That—well that’s a Juno song, but it really shouldn’t be. It should be a dance for some oriental fete—don’t you think?”

“Yes, I do,” he answered. “Don’t you ever write any of them down—for they are bully, you know.”

“Why, yes, sometimes. But I’ve never been taught to really write music, so it’s a rather difficult and long task, you see. I took harmony at college for a year, and that helps some.”

He started. Of course that was where she had obtained correct manner—cleverness of speech—thrown in with a lot of wealthy, extravagant demoiselles who came to college with the one purpose of learning how to be amusing and attractive. She seemed to read his thoughts, for after a while she said:

“Now, I suppose you think I have only been playing and employing clever phrases to attract your attention. No, I don’t think I have. You see, I only went to college one year, so it couldn’t have spoiled me utterly. Fortunately, I saw what would surely have happened had I stayed there the four years, so I broke away after my first year. It nearly broke mother’s heart, for she had been set upon my getting what she considered an education. But I knew that had I gone through college I would, in the end, have been content to get plump and pale and teach in a girl’s boarding school. I knew it! I know it now, and I never have and never will regret having had my way about college. So—I came home, got a position for a year so as to look about for bigger work and pay mother my board at the same time. The year is nearly out—next week I am going to New York.”

New York! This Arcadian Anna in the great, marvelous mortar-bowl of humanity! At first he gasped—then regained his usual cool attitude and studied the matter seriously.

"Really!" was his rejoinder. "And do you mind telling me what you are planning to do?"

"No, I don't, though you may laugh when I tell you," she said. "You see, I have a friend—a girl who, like myself, saw college through the large end of the telescope—metaphorically speaking—and broke away before it was too late—having no money and some brains. She has gone into partnership with her mother, a woman, by the way, with one of the most brilliant minds I have ever come in contact with; the mother has a tea-shop on Fifth Avenue——"

"Not Marian's place—next to Tez's!" burst out Lathrop eagerly, but with the right amount of poise to his manner.

"Why—I suppose so. Her mother's name is Marian—the shop's on Fifth Avenue—do you know the place?" Wide eyes were searching his.

"Do I know it? Why I'm there every day—at least once a day. Marian has a fascinating liqueur—Are you to be there? As an entertainer, perhaps?"

"Yes, I'm to sing them my improvisations. Do you think they'll like it?"

Real, unconscious inquiry was in her voice—no flattery-seeking whatsoever.

"Like it! Why New York's artists and smart set will adore you! Why, I can hardly realize you'll really be there—one of us!"

And just here the pain flamed up and seemed to blind our hero for just a second's time—a terrible second—brief as it was. He struggled in a blind dark for a moment and then smiled at her.

"You'll be petted terribly! And you'll be admired terribly! You'll probably be made love to—terribly and otherwise—but just keep a cool nice head and you'll have lots of fun and no regrets out of it."

He caught himself uttering these words mechanically—even unconsciously he had said something clever. He realized it then, and smiled to himself, satisfied again that he was all right and the world was pleasant. Then—the girl again.

"Oh, do you think I'll be made love to? Really? How—how—amusing! But there is really no one in the blasé crowd whom I'd

honestly care for I imagine, so I could have peace of mind. My only duty will be that of self-defense."

Curse the girl now! She was fanning that little painful flame—making it send upward, aching little tongues to the place which he considered was the location of his heart. He listened again. She had leaned forward in her chair, a cool inquiring look was on her face.

"Mr. Lathrop, will you pardon me for being so brusque as to ask you if you find anything enchanting about the gay, free—as you call it—city life? Your poetry does not speak of it. It speaks of 'open places' of 'cold, clear rivers where the sun plays with the pebbles.' I have read a poem of yours telling about 'the passion of pure snows,' about 'stern brown limbs urging to victory.' That was a beautiful poem—you wrote it from your soul—didn't you? You had probably spent a winter in Alaska—or in the Maine woods—hadn't you?"

Alaska! Maine woods! He had never thought of going there. Visions of snowy plains, of crackling, raging ice-storms swept upon him, and he longed for them, and the pain returned, clearer and brighter was its flame now. He paused, stirred a bit in his chair, showing the least trace of uneasiness in his manner—strange display for him!

"Why no—not exactly. I got my inspiration for that poem from my boyhood. You see I was born, and for the first fifteen years of my life lived on a little farm far up in the hills of Vermont. The hills gave me a great deal of inspiration, especially in the winter when they stood silent and white above our little dwelling. When I became sixteen I inherited a little money and went to New York. The rest of my life has been made up of expansion of mind, education,—perhaps I have attained a little fame."

He was rather pleased to say these words. They made him feel more comfortable.

But perhaps they were wasted on the girl, for she became very much more interested and bent forward with shining eyes.

"And you go back there now, probably, to spend weeks at a time, roaming the rough woods and fields and loving them?" she questioned sincerely.

Despite the pain that now suddenly almost deafened him, he answered:

"No—I haven't been there but once since I left it. That was two years afterward, once when I became very homesick for it. Then after a while I forgot it in a way—the city, you know, is such a beastly demanding sort of a place. There are so many duties—so many appointments——"

"But you don't consider them of more importance in your life than the thing that *gave* you that life and the beauty it now can express because of that youthful world? You surely don't consider the polished marble of city places more lovely than the virgin ruggedness of a mountain cliff—?"

The voice was deep, thrilling, vibrant. Her long slim hands were locked about her knees, her brow was wrinkled under its swirl of brown hair.

"Why, of course not, my dear young woman! But if you should ever become socially connected in New York you would realize how difficult——"

"Why become socially connected, then, if the connection deprives you of elemental, beautiful joys? Why so complicate your existence with a thousand and one appointments which are trivial, that you can never be free to go where you please, as long as you please?"

Her rejoinder was almost automatically uttered, her fingers were gripping the arms of her chair. He felt that he was dying of the pain now; after a mental struggle he managed to rise from his chair and walk toward a window that looked down the bare village street, bare-branched, cold blue in the new dusk. At sparse intervals a meagre electric bulb struggled to splash anaemic light upon the branching elms. He shuddered—partly from the coldness inside him that the chill night produced, partly from the pain that was both ice and fire.

"Where will you go, may I ask, when you have found a suitable place for summer lodging and have departed these places?" came the girl's voice from the other side of the room.

"Go?" He actually hesitated, fingering his watch-chain.

"Go? Oh, of course, I will go back to my hotel—the Stratton."

"And what will you do?"

"Why, there is the winter campaign which will keep me occupied. You seem to be anxious about my comings and goings."

"Oh, no—at least I didn't mean to appear to be so. I was merely imagining. If you object I'll stop. But I wish you'd tell me about the 'campaign' as you call it——"

But here the supper-bell rang and he was kindly guided into the dining room, where waited a fine-faced, grey-haired woman of fifty—the girl's mother. She met Lathrop with the frank manner in which the girl had; on the whole there was a striking likeness between mother and daughter, he thought.

The supper passed pleasantly. Lathrop's pain subsided temporarily as they chatted of winter activities in the little town—of the political ring—of the new dancing class. At last, as Lathrop had been dreading throughout the meal, the grey-haired goddess at the head of the table started the subject of Anna's coming departure for the great city. The mother asked him with trust in her voice "whether the city were really a dangerous place for a young girl." He replied enthusiastically in the negative, asserting that it was perfectly safe, especially for a girl with plenty of brains and a cool head. A pleased, proud look showed itself on the mother's face as he, speaking thus, looked at Anna, who returned his gaze frankly, boyishly.

"Well, I shan't be worried about her," the mother said. "She knows right and wrong, and, as you say, I guess she's got a pretty level head for a girl. She gets that from her father, I guess, Mr. Lathrop; I was a flighty young flirt in my youth; perhaps the only thing that saved me was my passionate love of music. I fell, at last, madly in love with Anna's father who was at the time a singer of considerable repute. Five years later we were married; he lost his voice, and had to take a business position. The work always chafed him—I think it probably caused his death." The mother's eyes were burning now—they were like the girls. "Anna and I have been quite poor since, living upon such as you, who come here in the summer to board and who occasionally drop in during the winter for a week-end. We really have become 'quite the thing' among a certain class of New Yorkers, with one

of whom Anna is quite well acquainted. The girl of whom I speak is the one, at whose mother's tea-shop Anna is going to—entertain is it Anna?"

"Yes, mother," said Anna, glancing at Lathrop.

The supper was over. They were sitting in the shabby old parlor again, she kneeling before the fire, now, he just above her, both gazing long at the dancing flames against which she was crouched—a flame thing herself now, in a silky orange gown she had put on after supper. They were to attend shortly the new dancing class at the town hall.

She was rather silent now. She seemed to be thinking deeply and at last turned her face full up at him.

"Mr. Lathrop, I promise not to ask a single question more after this one. Do you really ever want to go back to the little house in the hills?"

There was silence in the old room. The fire-shadows licked and waved against the dim ceiling. The winter night-wind had risen and was in grief all about the house, painfully stirring blinds and scattering the hopeless leaves in ghostly efforts against the windows. At last Lathrop spoke—and his speech was like that of the dead.

"Don't girl—*oh, don't,*" he whispered.

He found one of his hands clutching her shoulder—the back of his hand was white and sweaty. His eyes were shut in sincere un-theatrical grief, he bowed slightly in the first genuine, unconscious emotion he had undergone for years.

At last he opened his eyes to find his hand empty and the girl standing near the door putting on her gloves. She was wrapped about in a great cloak of some rich cloth, the material of which he had never seen the like. When she saw him stir she spoke.

"Come," she said simply, "it is time."

He arose and got his wraps. Silent, they went out into the steel, freezing night. The stars seemed sparks, white and quick among the tree-tops. The cold air put new vigor into them both. Old pains were lost. They stepped briskly along the old street. The girl began to speak, but in a different, far more beautiful manner than that he had heard her use before.

"It would be quite perfect," she rambled on, "to walk so all night, being a part of it, rejoicing in it—searching for untouched places and new faces; questing a new delight. Then, as the sun comes up, to enter into some wide home, clean and bare, and sleep till the sun was noon-bright. Then on, on, always living free, always laughing—always loving! Sometimes to stop with awed feet at a great beauty but always on—on!—Ha-ha, I am chanting again!"

He was amused. She was a poet then. He wondered vaguely if she realized it—the night, perhaps could make anyone a poet—there was an almost new passion in the air—the tree-tops were inky, the poor electric bulbs seemed to crash into a splendid radiance of a sudden. Why this sudden confusion—this dazzling burst of chaotic thoughts in his brain? Oh, yes; the pain—the pain that now made him confused—that is it—now was gone—but was it? There was something there still. But it was rather new and strange——

A crash of cheap music—a medley of shouts, squeals, scuffings, and they were in the town hall, watching the progress of the dancing class. It was a moltey, pitiful sight—an almost tragic congregation of aspiring maidenhood, timid, embarrassed, ill-poised on the whole, with here and there a bold, defiant, beautiful face. There were few men comparatively; now and then sprang out a few red, grinning faces from the feminine delicacy which always exists in no matter what circumstances. As they entered, the entire assembly turned and stared at them. He immediately realized that he was the center of attraction, because he was a stranger, but strove to pay no attention to the glances cast at him, some rather defiant, some awe-struck, some rather wistful. He took her wraps and had them disposed of.

"Shall we dance?"

She was standing radiantly before him in the orange gown, her hair soft and high above her slim neck.

He put his arm about her, a white arm was on his shoulder; the music, weak as it was, was in good time. They moved off across the floor together. He did not realize for fully three minutes that he was dancing, then it came to him that he was waltzing as he had never hoped to waltz, with a creature who

danced as only he had written of anyone's dancing. She was divine—she was ethereal! He knew that it was partly accident that they should dance so well together, but there was something in the peculiar situation which only aroused in him more wonderment, more confusion—more realization of a new kind of beauty.

There was not a word between them after the music stopped—he silently got her wraps and again they stepped out-doors.

"It's a primitive night" she was saying as they neared home. "Thank God civilization has not been able and never will be able to rob the night of its beauty. The night—which one can neither see nor hear nor smell nor touch—the night, which only one can breathe! It is pure, it is democratic, it is altogether lovely! It is as beautiful in the crowded city as on the lone places—where strong joy is. Oh, to be eternally fair as the night! Eternally fair—eternally strong—eternally rugged!"

They were crossing the street; he mechanically placed a hand under her arm and was surprised to find it trembling.

"Are you cold?" was his natural question.

"Oh, no; only thrilled, only very alert to my idol—the night." She threw back her head and laughed. "Truly he is a fair idol!"

"Yes. Eternally so!"

"I could still worship him if I were in the toilsome city couldn't I?"

"Yes."

Then with a slow relaxation came back the pain—at first imperceptible, then growing steadily into a burning hunger, deep, all-consuming. He was nearly stumbling as they neared the house. He wanted to rid himself of this pain, wanted to more than he wanted to do anything else—he was frantic with the touch of it. How, how could he free himself? There seemed to be no reparation—no remedy available.

Inside the house she went straight to the fire-place again without lighting the light. There was a pile of red coals, like a huge beaming eye in the corner of the room. They sat down before it, feeling its warmth gratefully. Neither spoke for a few moments—the house about them creaked once or twice in the night.

"I suppose I will be under deep discussion among the town girls from now on," she mused, "because I took you, a handsome stranger, to the dancing class."

"Yes?" His tone was politely bored.

"And of course you know why — so don't pretend you do not understand."

"Yes, I know," he said, and here the talk seemed to fall flat.

Feeling her eyes devouring him, he turned to look at her. She was sitting in a little heap before him, like some regal bloom, glowing dim in the dark woods. He held her gaze as she began to speak, and was not surprised at her words, even though they broke her previous promise.

"I am breaking my promise," she began slowly, "but tell me — whether you — will ever — go to the little house — whether you have ever — loved the stern, cold winter — whether you have ever gone hungry, or suffered pain when you were beyond the limits of civilization. Have you ever gone out into the black night to swim the cold water of a forest stream? Oh chanter of strong people, have you ever loved loneliness?"

Her words were like opals — cold and burning they dropped from her mouth, the fiery coals behind her intensified their portent. And she would not cease:

"Have you ever loved loneliness — bareness — poverty? Have you risked greatly — have you put your life in the balance of some mad, young enterprise? Singer of liberty — tell me!"

He was silent. His fingers twisted in the rug on which he sat. His head was bowed down; tears came out on his cheeks. He was choking — he could not answer. With an impatient toss of her head the girl arose and stepped quickly to the door. He looked up and saw her slim form reddened by the last light of the dying fire. Grief burned in her voice as she spoke.

"You are *not* free! You are *not* strong! You could not live in a lonely place. You are soft — well-content — flabby. Oh, don't you see, I am hurt so by it all! It was your poems that made me believe you to be so splendid — and now — and now — something so gallant then is now so miserable. Oh, it all grieves me very much ——"

"No — No," he could whisper at last, by her side now. "You are wrong — Oh, I will show you you are wrong. I will go away alone, to the wildest places to prove you are wrong. But give me time — time to show you I am a man — a strong man! The cold shall freeze me, I will harden under it, I will become like those I sing. Only give me time, O pursuer of truth — time!"

He stood above her, gripping her arms in his hands, blazing down at her in his new passion. She looked up at him, trust dawning gradually in her face. With a sweet movement she took his hands from her arms.

"I believe you will," she said simply.

Then she turned and went upstairs. He stood for a moment with bowed head, then like a whipped animal crept up to his room.

It was long before he could go to sleep; his mind was a tumult of pictures, of scenes in which he was the lone man working out his salvation.

And before she went to sleep, Anna of the countryside sat up in bed, looking down at the weak street lights, while she whispered to the dark:

"I believe he will — Oh, I believe he will!"

* * * * *

There never had been such a Liberty party — everyone said so, both before, during and after. A monster ballroom of one of New York's most lavish hotels was chosen for a crowd of wild revelers to abandon themselves in. There were clowns, satyrs, grotesques, dolls, oriental women, dryads, wild men, mad men, personages representing every conceivable aspect of humanity, the supernatural, the animal, the impossible — all were mingled into a thunderous and bewildering revel of sound and color and movement.

In a far corner, far from the wild crash of the music stood two figures, a man and a girl.

Lathrop was a Bacchus — his tall, white body partly covered with vine leaves and clusters of crimson grapes; his hair covered with a mass of leaves, his arms and legs free and smooth and long from under the mass of gaudy fruit and foliage.

"You're *so* stupid to-night, Bacchus," she was pouting. "You haven't taken anything to make you congenial and you know you ought to be congenial. Come now, act nicely. Do you — or don't you want it — h'm?" Her arms were about his neck. "Is my poet groping under some great inspiration? And can't he express it? See, I dance for him —," and several people stared as she flew out and back in a brief improvisation to the music. She was Anna, the Dancer, and was a success.

"Oh — I'm alright — yes, I'll have my wine now if that's what you think I need. But, I assure you, I don't need it."

"Well, take it on general principles, then," was her advice.

So Terpsichore and Bacchus wended their way to a dim bower, where were divans glowing in blue velvet. As they were sipping their champagne — Anna *knew* it was bourgeois and suburban but she loved it — the orchestra changed to a queer, rapid, minor waltz, with drums resounding through it.

"Look!" cried Anna the Dancer.

It was Anna of the countryside, descending the great stair that led down into the ballroom. She was dressed all in green; a rippling, water green — but her legs instead of being bare were wrapped in something that appeared tough and hard, and it was strapped to her limbs with sinews of wild beasts. Like a faun she ran down the stairway, her head back, her arms high at her side. There was a slight hush, people gasped. Here was a new note — something rugged, something that seemed to have taken life in virgin forests miles hence and wandered in upon this luxurious throng by some trick of fate.

Anna's hair, as she approached the little bower, was long and down her back — her step was that of a person pressing on through the new wilderness. There was pure strength written in every line, in every movement of her body.

"Who is it — who is it?" was the question around.

She came up to him with the old frank way.

"Oh, here you are at last, I've looked all over for you. Marian wants to speak to you outside a moment. Come, I'll show you the way." And before he realized it, she was taking him by the hand to a far door, through which they passed unmindful of the admiration on all sides.

At last they were out on the balcony that looked down on the night swirl of the city. He could see she was impatient, eager to discover — to learn.

"I heard you were here," she began rapidly. "I wanted to see you — and look at you."

He stood silent, waiting for her to continue.

"You promised me — you said — oh, I won't believe you have failed me! I won't, I won't!"

A dance had started. From between the long windows came the sound of music, voices, feet-scufflings.

"Last week," she went on, "I went on an automobile trip. I went to your little town — they told me it was your home. I have seen your house, I have asked if it is lived in now or not. It is not, poet, it is not — and it is thirty-five miles from any house! The woods and hills around it are nearly untouched, as they were when you were there. It is waiting for you there, clean, free, beautiful. Go to it — oh, try at least to begin to live the life you aimed for once — but which perhaps has been darkened from your hopes by trivial circumstances, trivial people. Why, those," she waved a hand back at the ballroom — "those are puppets, marionettes, worked by the masters they've created for themselves out of selfishness. No — I am too bitter, there are some, I believe, who are still striving for something better." She paused, trembling a little. "Oh, poet, what have you to say?"

Just then the music stopped. A figure, a little white figure at the other end of the hall, moved. Lathrop watched it excitedly. Then the orchestra began a bacchanalian babble of sound — an incense seemed to fall from unseen heights. The white figure moved, rippled, then flung itself out into the middle of the floor, throwing itself to left — to right — bending, twisting, flying.

"It is Anna the dancer," said all the marionettes, and looked on with slightly bored eyes.

"Clever!" "Amusing" "Piquant" Dabs of conversation accompanied this marvelous display of motion and physical loveliness. Several rouged women scowled inwardly as they realized the fine suppleness of the girl's body and then thought of themselves, soft and flabby.

"Yes, poet, they tell me she is yours now. I will not disturb you longer. Only — oh, tell me you will try, at least, you will try!"

Fleeter, swifter, more lovely whirled the figure on the floor. She was calling him to her with her art, she was demanding him, commanding him! He must go!

"Oh, poet, I believe you will!"

Anna of the countryside was leaning towards him. Far, free places suddenly called him — new joys were claiming him — this life was painted, artificial — unclean!

Anna the Dancer was whirling there, laughing aloud now in the joy and abandon of her dance. He must answer her — he must go!

"Poet — I believe you will!"

The night eddied about him. Slowly he turned to face the velvet sky above him. One arm stole up about the girl's shoulders. She did not move; she stood like a comrade beside him, looking up at the stars with him. A great peace settled down — it drowned out at last the mad strain of the other Anna's dance — it enveloped the two, made them sacred — apart from the intense, bewildering world.

Anna of the countryside lifted her calm face.

"The night is fair always — in the noisome city — but even fairer out in the quiet places, where strong joy is," were her words before he kissed her.

HARRISON DOWD

A Sonnet

O H SLEEP, relentless ruler of us all,
The sceptred kings cannot withstand your might,
Nor poor men winning bread avoid your call,
And even those who riot through the night
Acknowledge thee, and shame the busy day,
While monks, who offer God their worldly strife,
Must grudge Him minutes which to thee they pay;
And thus on earth thou wasteth half of life,
Till Death, thy son, gives us eternity;
But then do we retrieve those Lethal hours
Thy strength preyed from our man's infirmity,
And spend them o'er in supernatural bowers?
Are they lost, to count forever naught
In that great void too boundless for our thought?

FREDERICK THOMPSON

Larcin and Liason; Or How to Become a French Maid

THE position of French maid is a very desirable yet difficult position to fill. She must know a certain number of French words, phrases, and idioms (see vocabulary). These must be constantly employed to give one a truly Parisian bearing. It is necessary that you understand right now that one must above all use as little English as possible and, provided it is unavoidable, try to speak with a distinctly foreign accent. It is no mean accomplishment to master the art of speaking English like a foreigner, so practise it as much as possible before applying for a position. The chances are that you will be called upon to use this form of speech a great deal, as few American women speak good French, if any at all, unless, of course, they are in the company of one who speaks no French whatsoever. Then you will be called upon to exert your newly acquired stock of the aforesaid French words, phrases, and idioms (see vocabulary), the purpose being to deceive your visitor as to your nationality, and your mistress's ability to converse in a foreign tongue.

In regard to the clothing side of the requirements you should have, or pretend to have, an eye for colors, ability with the needle and thread, and a complete knowledge of just what is the latest in women's wear. (A catalogue from Sears, Roebuck or any reliable concern will attend to the latter requirement.) You will be called upon constantly to select for "Madame" garments to wear to teas, dinners, dances, and functions of all sorts. This may be easily settled by flipping a coin or playing two hands of "show-down" poker. However, this device should be kept studiously from the eyes of your mistress, who might take it ill that you should trust so serious a matter to the gods of chance.

From time to time you will be given certain pieces of needlework. They should be entrusted to the cook or some equally skilled seamstress, who should be allowed to pursue her own way in the execution thereof. Should, by any chance, a bit of

this sewing be done inaccurately, it is an easy enough matter to explain it by "Wea, Madame, eet es done so een Paree."

The coachman and the under-gardner may be consulted with advantage in regard to the matching of clothes or selecting colors that go well together — all working-men have the inborn eye of an artist.

In large and well-to-do families the French maids form a veritable legion. They are liberally paid, courteously treated — especially by the men — and occupy a highly desirable position in society. Also in the position of maid one can gain a thorough knowledge of all that goes on in the world, as they are expected to accompany "Madame" on every sort of an expedition, from that of a slumming party to the ascent of the Nile in a canoe.

Let us say in conclusion that nothing is more important than to appear truly *Parisienne*.

VOCABULARY OF NECESSARY WORDS, PHRASES, AND IDIOMS

(Phonetic spelling used for convenience.)

Ah coup sewer. Without fail.

Aphair damour. A love affair.

Alleyvouson! Begone! (To be said to presuming gentlemen.)

Bozyeur. Pretty eyes.

Shef-du-cweezeen. Male head cook.

Duh mal on pea. From bad to worse.

Oh duh vee. Brandy.

Expouzay. An embarrassing disclosure.

Foe pa. A mistake.

Gash damour. Pledge of love.

Jushwee pray. I am ready.

Ma share. My dear.

Naw. No.

Olive oil. Till we meet again.

Salve or vive. Good breeding.

Silver plate. If you please.

Two duh sweet. Immediately.

Vwahla. See there.

Voisey. See here.

Wea. Yes.

You do. Soft glances.

Just Smile

WHEN passing along the walks at school
Don't always wait to go by rule,
And speak to only those that you
Have met and that you always knew.
But smile and have a pleasant word
For everyone ('tis not absurd).
A smile will rout the homesick looks
Of "new men", loaded down with books.
'Twill drive away dull care, you see,
From Middlers, in geometry.
And all the other students here
Will not hold you in awe and fear
If you but smile and say "Hello!"
It's beastly jolly, don't you know!

FAIRFIELD WHITING, '17

An Incident in the Life of Major-General J. T. P. Griffith Squozenger

MAJOR-GENERAL J. T. P. Griffith Squozenger was a peculiar person. He had a fishy eye, a wooden leg, a religious temperament, and a set of priceless false teeth, on which a dark-brown veneer was wont to form due to his habit of holding in his mouth certain black leaves, the juice of which, when thoroughly mixed with saliva, he expectorated on the legs of adjacent tables and chairs and on the floor near the spittoon.

His wooden leg afforded a vast deal of amusement for the forty-six dogs of Placerville. These humorous quadrupeds took it upon themselves to rip up his trousers leg on every available occasion and attempt to bear away his oaken support. This caused some embarrassment for the Major, who cursed heartily through the whole scene and scowled fiercely at the amused populace, who assembled to watch the fun.

Later it became the habit of the Major to carry with him a huge revolver with which he would blaze away at the offensive animals in a terrible and businesslike way, and in the course of three weeks killed one horse, broke the only length of sewer-pipe in the town, and wounded not a dog.

One day he complained to the sheriff, Percy Lager, about the way in which the dogs were carrying on and suggested that something be done about it. The sheriff said nothing, but walked away with a look on his face that might be translated to mean that he could take the whole canine assembly into custody should he be called upon to do so, or else that he was suppressing laughter.

It is said that the various deficiencies in Squozenger's constitution were caused by an attempt, not attended by success, to cross the tracks of a narrow-gauge in front of the locomotive; and it is also stated that when he came to in his own bed under medical supervision, he burst forth profanely and then in a few well-chosen words cast grave doubts upon the character and

former ancestry of the engineer, and relapsed into a moody silence broken only by the occasional damnation of some in-offensive citizen.

When at the end of three months our incautious friend had partially recovered he was seen one day, while limping about the street on his new wooden appendage, by a lady Christian Scientist, Miss Leola Weazen, who, wishing to put her theories to a test, secretly proceeded to give him "absent treatment", in hope that it would improve his gait.

Christian Science had been brought to the atheistic territory of Placerville some years before by this Miss Leola Weazer and the Very Reverend George Bystander, who had taken up residences there to procure for the faith as many people as they could fool.

These two people had labored heartily with the scanty population of the town and had, at length, succeeded in converting a blind Indian squaw, who was beyond aid, either spiritual or medical.

It was stated on good authority that Miss Weazen made, when the occasion demanded, trips to Truckee, where she secured the treatment of a reliable physician rather than rely upon her own and the Very Reverend's prowess in drugless healing.

For some months the devout woman, morning and evening, spent some time in working miracles on a leg of wood by concentration and imagination. To tell the truth, this commendable effort did seem to do some good, for Squozenger no longer tottered drunkenly about the town, but walked with more sedateness, as was fitting for one of his rank. However, the improvement was not due to the well-meaning female but to himself; in other words, he got used to it.

Then came the blow which shattered the faith of Placerville's inspired Scientists; *i.e.*, the blind Indian and her two teachers: the revelation that it was not faith but nature that had conquered the impediment in the Major's walk. The misguided Miss Leola Weazen, who thought that she had been practising upon and cured a leg of flesh, felt that it was a never-before-equalled insult to herself and her friends. The Very Reverend George Bystander had an article in the local paper to the effect

that such a thing had never before been done and went on with statements such that the uninformed reader would believe that Squozenger had been injured for the sole and ultimate purpose of bringing confusion among the Scientists. The Indian alone remained silent, thereby showing her superior knowledge. This, then, was the way in which Major-General J. T. P. Griffith Squozenger came into common dislike among the devout.

H. S. McKEE

Conquests

SHE was very beautiful: her dark-blue eyes, blue-black hair, and delicate, white skin formed a superb combination.

From the time she had come upon the stage until her final bow, the eyes of the audience, breathless with interest, had paid her the sincerest of compliments, undivided attention. They watched her win her lover, hold him captive, and lose him. They had awakened to love with her, had known love through her, and suffered for her. When at last he had cast her aside, suppliant and sorrowful, they too had felt themselves scorned, felt that the world was no longer worth while.

* * * * *

Taking a last look at her image mirrored in the rows of long glasses with which the star's room was graced, she turned toward the door with a smile, satisfied, expectant, a smile which meant that she on this night of nights, when he was to be presented, was at her best, at the zenith of her career and at the height of her beauty.

He was tall, aristocratic, handsome. His light, wavy hair, keen gray eyes, would contrast agreeably with her dark type of beauty. Besides these physical charms, he possessed a reputation for courage and for gallantry, which made him a favorite everywhere, gaining for him entrance into the most select of drawing-rooms. All this she knew from hearsay only, for, because of his long enforced absence, she had never known him.

The door flung open: he entered. As he crossed the room, she rose to meet him, offering her hand. Brushing it aside, and with it all convention, he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, while he whispered happy words into her ear, and pressed her gently against him. Startled by the suddenness of it all, she leaned limply against his chest — and whispered, "Dad, dear, it's been so long!"

Extracts From the Diary of a European Traveler

WITH an added puff and grunt, as if to let us know it was just as tired as we were from the long trip up from Geneva, not to mention that terrible, almost perpendicular climb from Zug, our miniature train pulled in at St. Moritz-Dorf, there being two stations, St. Moritz-Dorf and St. Moritz-Bad. Had we not previously traveled in England we might, in spite of the discomfort of being cooped up in a little ten-by-six compartment with a sort of mock-rocking chairs for seats, our heads continually dodging falling baggage, placed in racks large enough to hold umbrellas possibly,—we might, I say, have laughed at the ridiculous size of our train; but as it was, we merely wiped off enough dirt from the window to be able to faintly ascertain whether or not, by taking such a serious step as to get out of our coop, bag and baggage, we should be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire; we made our decision, and bravely trod terra firma once more.

What we beheld at first glance was a dry, cold and silent valley, thousands of feet high, hundreds long and not more than a mile wide; great glaciers glistened, and sparkled down on us from their lofty fortresses of ice and snow. Around the station were the numerous chalets turned into small stores. The center of life in the village seemed to be a much-beterraced mountain slope dotted here and there with numerous modern hotels of white cement; everywhere everything was deeply buried in snow and ice, yet the air was so dry that we hardly felt cold at all. On the terrace in front of one of the largest hotels people were skating on a large rink. Perhaps this was what decided us; at any rate, we were soon gliding toward the terrace of skaters and the Hotel Kulm.

As we entered the hotel we immediately found ourselves in the midst of afternoon tea. The guests, who were mostly women, were all talking furiously, in spite of the hotel orchestra, which was doing its best to make itself heard above the din, and paid little or no attention to us, for which we were very grateful. After all arrangements were concluded we hastened to partake of that most charming of European customs, afternoon tea.

Here we noticed that most of the guests were arrayed in sweaters, worsted caps, and hob-nailed shoes, such a marked contrast to the toilettes of the ladies and the full dress of the gentlemen for the late dinner.

The following morning we were up as early as possible, but not early enough to catch the famous sunrise of the Engadine. After breakfast we wandered out toward where we had seen the skaters the day before, but strangely enough we found the rink practically deserted, except for a few women and children; and on inquiring the reason we learned that bob-races were being held on the Cresta Run, so off we went to the Cresta Run.

The Cresta Run, where the racing took place, is about three miles in length, and the record descent, which had been made by one F. Dexter, an American, the year before, was four minutes, twelve seconds. The course was full of numerous curves to make it exciting. One of the most difficult curves to get around is one known as the hair-pin curve. For nearly one-half mile the track sinks abruptly down, and as suddenly abruptly turns and then goes down once more to the finish, thus making a perfect hair-pin; at this curve is a ten-foot bank of compressed snow; the speed of the downcoming bob is so great that the bob goes right around the edge of the bank at an extremely dangerous angle. It was at this curve that we stationed ourselves with a crowd of other guests to watch the races. We had arrived so late that when we reached the bank there were but two more bobs to come down.

Everyone was discussing the chances of winning when suddenly a horn blew. Quickly we all scrambled out of the way; that is, all except some would-be photographers who didn't mind the risk they took if only they could get a long streak on a bit of celluloid. A long, black, swiftly moving streak appeared at the top of the course. All heads strained forward; cameras clicked, they had caught the streak and quickly jumped out of harm's way. "Brakes!" The bob had disappeared in a shower of snow and ice; again it moved into view, but far too swiftly in spite of brakes, and over they turned in another shower of snow; quickly they righted themselves; all piled swiftly on again to try and make up the time lost by the spill. The crowd rush down the

bank to examine more closely the scene of action and to discuss the bob's chance of winning. Once more the horn blows, once more the crown rushes to safety and the cameras remain. Another black streak appears just where the ill-fated one had been not two minutes before. "Brakes!" "Ah! they did it." Down went the last bob, followed by an encouraging cheer from the crowd. To victory? Who knows?

After lunch we strolled down to the rink again, and this time it was actually crowded. The rink itself was in four parts; two of equal size, one extra large and one extra small. On the largest portion the hotel band played in the afternoon until tea time; experienced skaters were waltzing and doing all manner of fancy skating. One of the twin rinks was deserted, and was used for hockey while the other twin was being rapidly tumbled over by beginners and the younger generation. The last and smallest rink was being used by the older or less frivolous guests for a sport known as curling. Now, to curl successfully the ice must be absolutely smooth and about the length and width of one of our bowling alleys. Numbers are marked on the ice at each end, and players stand at opposite ends and slide smooth, round, flat-bottomed pieces of polished granite at each other; the players then follow their stone, sweeping its path with a broom in a most undignified manner to facilitate its movements; it is a very stupid game to watch, and we soon got tired of it, going back to hear the music and watch the skating. By this time people were beginning to leave for tea, but before going in we stopped a minute on the terrace to watch the beautiful sunset on the snow-capped Bernina.

Thus ended our first day in the Engadine.

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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Editorial

Let us give thanks!

The orchestra sighs, breathes into an entrancing waltz. Everywhere is yellow — yellow — yellow. The velvet curtains closing out from the gay rooms the grimy world are thick and soft and golden. The artificial flowers hung from ceiling and pillar are supposed to be yellow chrysanthemums — and indeed they are amazingly life-like. The little candle-shades, one at each table, are of a merry saffron hue and become the jovial faces above them. The liquid in tinkling glasses is clear and yellow. The floor is shining gold; golden slippers trip upon it. The snobbish waiters are clad in princely, golden clothes. Suddenly the lights go out; a strong stream of light sweeps the gay ones — more gold! Then from seemingly nowhere in particular appears a whirl of yellow — a mass of feathery frills that shrink, dart, close, expand to the music. Occasionally an arm or dainty ankle, or perhaps a golden, laughing head appears from out the dainty whirlwind. The music swims faster — then — click! — the place is brightly gold again, everybody is eating, and the golden sprite has vanished as she came. Why all this wealth of joy and mirth? Why, don't you realize it's Thanksgiving night and Healy's is doing its best to please people?

* * * * *

Let us give thanks!

A bell that never would ring correctly, held in a patient, lovely, wrinkled hand, causes much stir in the parlor yonder.

Bobby, the young scamp, jumps up and says, "Come on! Dinner's ready!" 'T isn't polite, so sister Betty grabs him and makes him wait squirmingly till Aunt Jane and Eliza and Mary, and Grandma and Grandpa Thatcher and Grandma Strong, Uncle Bob and Charlie and John and Harry, Cousin Helen and Hope and Marion and Sarah and Dick and Sam, sister Louise and her husband, brother Tom and his wife, and brother Rand and *his* wife, and sister Helen — though she's only fifteen, says Bobby disgustedly — have all gone into the dining-room in solemn, best-dressed fashion. Oh, did someone say I forgot to enumerate Mother in the list? No, I didn't forget. Mother's the one whose hand rang the bell; she'd just taken off her apron out in the kitchen where she'd been helping Violet put the finishing touches to everything, and is now standing there like Dido at her feast, smiling at everybody. She's a bit warm and tired, but she's going to rest as soon as she sits down — which she now does, hesitatingly, for fear something may be lacking at the feast. To be sure, father *is*, and everybody knows he's forgotten all about dinner and is still working out in the chrysanthemum beds, where he will stay forever unless mother sends Bobby out to fetch him. So Bobby goes out, snarling at his father for being so absent-minded and making him and mother so much trouble! Everybody waits for father who soon appears, followed by Bobby who is in a better humor. Then everybody sits and Grandpa Thatcher says grace. Bobby, during this rite, eyes his dish of sauce to see that it's no smaller than Helen's who bows her head and drops her eyes and doesn't see her impish relative opposite her. And then — well, principally, everybody eats. There's a monster turkey — oh, such an achingly tremendous fowl! And heaps of sweet potatoes and turnips and squash, bouquets of celery, white and crisp, bowls of nuts and raisins and a lot of fudge that Helen spent all morning in making. For dessert there's pies — such pies! Mince, squash, apple, tart — and everybody takes a bit of every kind — Bobby takes more than a bit of every kind. Helen has recently obtained *etiquette* and modestly refuses a second helping. And after everybody's through and Grandpa Thacher has made his annual Thanksgiving joke about the size of the demi-tasse cups — he won't call

'em that — everybody rises with full sighs of contentment to wander around in a sort of stupor all the rest of the day.

Yea, verily, let us give thanks!

Jokes

ONLY A BLUFF

“Your money or I'll throw you off the cliff!” demanded the hold-up man in the wilderness.

The millionaire chuckled and strode on, for he realized it was only a bluff.—*Lampoon*

SOFT STUFF

PUMPER—I had a subdued breakfast this morning.

MAKLE—What d'ye have?

PUMPER—Crushed strawberries on shredded wheat, scrambled eggs and mashed potatoes!—*Record*

Eels Travel only at Night.—*New York Sun*

Male clams are usually bald.

In mating season the deep-sea sponge denotes his affection by a guttural whistle.—*Record*

Cow Auctioned for \$6,150.—*New York Sun*
Some bull!

OR WAS IT ABE

FRATER—The old clothes man was here to-day.

DITTO—Oh, was he?

FRATER—No, not Wazzy; Izzy!—*Chaparral*

PROFESSOR—What were you doing in that cafe so long?

STUDENT—Why, I was only in there for a second.

PROFESSOR—Judging by personal experience, I would say you were in there long enough for three or four.—*Orange Peel*

SIMPLICITY—Is the light out in the hall?

DULLNESS—Yes; shall I bring it in?—*Burr*

ANIMALS ALL

“Gwendolyn is running a regular menagerie now, I hear.”

“Howzat?”

“Well, lately she's had social lions, parlor snakes, jack-asses and lounge-lizards at her home.”

“Gee whiz! That girl's some bear.”—*Tiger*



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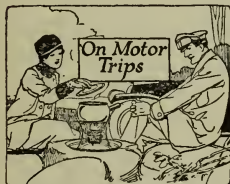
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WHEN FOOTBALL WAS PLAYED WITH WHISKERS

Most of the customs and costumes of those old boys seem quaintly old-fashioned now. But, one thing has come down to us from that time without change and growing in popularity every day—Richmond Straight Cuts, the first high-grade cigarettes made in the United States.

Even in those early days, these "bright" Virginia cigarettes were already known and valued for their characteristic and appealing taste.

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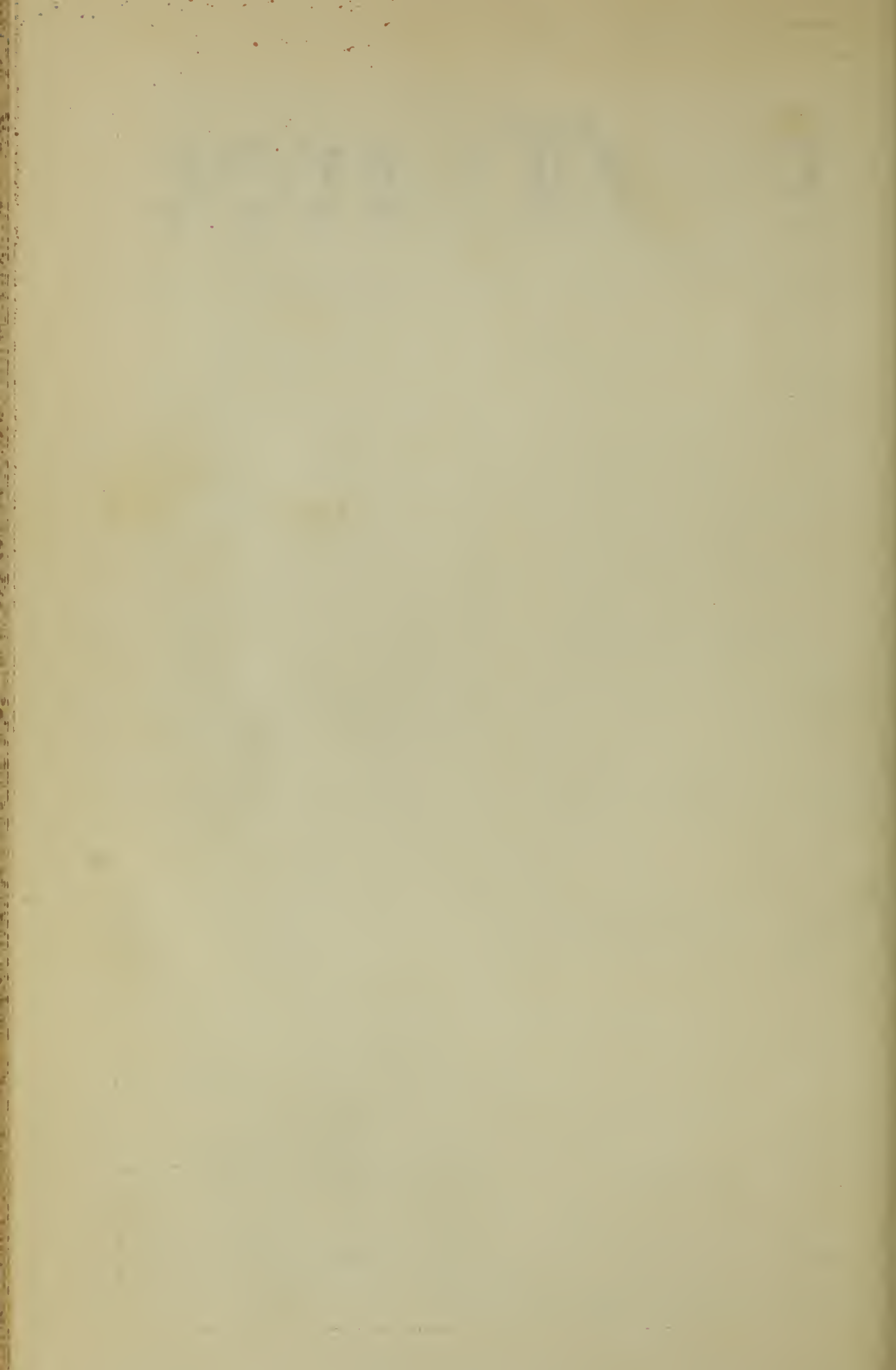
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The Mirror

CONTENTS

THE OTHER MARY — A PRELUDE	<i>Harrison Dowd</i>
PASSING INTO PAST (LAST MOMENT OF CHRISTMAS)	<i>Jack Wright</i>
AN ESSAY ON CHRISTMAS	<i>Murray Goodwin</i>
RAILROAD IMPRESSIONS	<i>Jack Wright</i>
"HONOR IS THE SUBJECT OF MY STORY"	<i>Wilbur Brown</i>
1792	<i>Jack Wright</i>
THE GREAT KING DYNAMO	<i>Ropre</i>
REVERY OF AN AGED ONE	<i>Frederick Thompson</i>
CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES	<i>Grant Littlefield</i>
THE NATURAL LAW (after de Maupassant)	<i>Murray Goodwin</i>
EDITORIALS	<i>H. D.</i>
JOKES	

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The Other Mary

A PRELUDE

(Scene: the kitchen of an inn in Bethlehem. There is an oven at the back and doors to the right and left, a window to the left of the oven. Mary is seen kneeling at the oven, just taking out some loaves. As she rises to face us, we see that she is only a little more than a child, fresh and ruddy, with a humble air, absolutely unconscious. There is a continual searching look in her eyes. Her arms are full of loaves which she lays now on a near table and says as she does so.)

SO many, many people in the inn! I don't see how master keeps 'em all, and he so queer and wild! Heaven knows, I'm kept a-going all day long! Loaves — loaves—more loaves! And Ruth always talking at my heels. Well, tax-day is past and everybody'll be gone by to-morrow. And it will be very quiet again — perhaps I won't like it so much then! There'll be no strange men and women and shouting children about to look at — they'll all be gone off to their own places. I'll be left to myself again! Who knows how long before another tax-day comes? And how long until the three inns of Bethlehem are crowded again? Ah, I like it then — everything seems new and a little frightful. The time last year, when someone came from Nazareth and said that there was a man named John who baptized people and who told of a man — a sort of king — who was going to come and be a great ruler — even greater than Augustus. Even greater than Augustus! And then the town was crowded and strange people ran about as they did to-day, and some shouted and some jeered — oh, it was strange to see.

I wonder when that new king will come? And from what country?

(Ruth enters. She is small and quick and self-important. She eyes Mary sharply, who does not see her but who stands now quietly looking out of the window. Ruth says in a high voice:)

Dreaming again? Come, come, put up those loaves neatly so that they will be ready for the feast to-night. For Cyrius — think of it — Cyrius, governor of Syria, is to dine in the next room! Ah, he is grand! So richly dressed! He wears the best of purple, and has many servants. My mother's sister was once a hand-maiden of his and she tells of the gold dishes that he has — and silken tapestries all about his house. I've just been preparing the room in which he is to sleep. It is poor compared with his own bed-chamber, probably, but I've made it look as good as possible. There, why are you so quiet? Busy yourself, there's a great deal to be done. There's food to cook, the wine to be gathered from below, the table to be spread for the night's feast — and besides you must tend the cattle in the stable yonder. Master says so, for Simon is busy with the horses and asses that have brought these strangers here. Here, here! Move yourself! Get busy!

(Mary slowly obeys, still keeping her eyes fastened to some invisible point. She says slowly:)

Ruth, have you heard of the new king, who is to be greater than Augustus — far greater even than Cyrius?

(Ruth is eagerly contemptuous and answers Mary scornfully.)

Oh, yes, but don't tell me you believe that tale!

(And Mary, a little surprised, questions:)

Why shouldn't I?

(In scorn Ruth retorts:)

Why, a madman in the market-place here — a year ago — shouting of a great *disciple* called John, who prophesied a king — a king — *(and Ruth laughs shrilly)* who is to be greater than our Augustus! Oh, no, I do *not* believe the wild story. It's the rumor of a crazyman, that's all. For who has ever been greater than our Augustus? Who is greater than Augustus now?

(Mary is silent to both these questions. Ruth continues:)

Well, who ever *can* be greater than Augustus, then. Tell me!

(And Mary answers simply:)

Oh, there may never be such a one. But there are ages to come yet. Who knows — who knows?

(Ruth goes quickly over to her and looks at her eyes, remarking:)

Are you still asleep?

(Mary smiles a little answering:)

No. Why?

(So Ruth says, decisively and cuttingly:)

Well, then, please act as though you weren't. This mumbling talk — this quietness! It isn't like a young maiden who has a great deal to do to keep her alive. Come, get a more lively manner, talk about something, at least! This silence with a few dreamy words is irritating to a busy soul.

(Mary says politely:)

I am sorry I have offended you.

(To which Ruth replies:)

Oh, the fine words of her! Where did you learn them, pray tell?

(Mary knows what she's about and says:)

I didn't learn 'em. I knew 'em.

(Ruth, despairingly derisive, answers:)

You knew them? What do you mean?

(Mary, still calm, replies:)

Why — I just knew 'em; that's all.

(Ruth flares up at this calm attitude of Mary's and threatens:)

You are an impertinent wench. Come, get to work now. Busy yourself — quick, there's much to be done here! Don't you know that this is the busiest of Bethlehem's three inns?

(Mary nods her head and says pleasantly:)

Yes; I'm glad it is!

(Now Joseph appears in the doorway. His cloak is wrapped closely about him. He knocks almost timidly on the door, through which from behind him now, streams the ruddy hue of departing day-time. At his knock Ruth trips over to the door, peering out inquisitively. Joseph says through the door:)

We went about to the front of the inn, but there were so many people crowding the door, that we had to wait a long time, and at last we became very weary.

(Ruth says quickly:)

Yes — yes. What do you want? We're very busy here.

(To which Joseph replies:)

Oh, you see we have traveled all the way from Nazareth, Mary and I, and we are both very weary. We would like to know if there is a cheap room here for us for the night. Then, to-morrow, we'll be gone, for the tax-day will be over. It is only for to-night.

(Ruth turns to Mary and says:)

Mary, run in and see if that north room was taken finally or not.

(Mary runs out the door. Ruth continues:)

I think it was taken — you'll be lucky if you can find a place anywhere here in Bethlehem to-night. The city is crowded with all sorts of strange folk — from everywhere. My! I wouldn't dare go out to-night!

(Joseph suddenly questions:)

Could I bring Mary in to sit on that bench over there? She is weary from riding all day, and a drink of cold water would do her good, too, if you could get me one.

(Ruth, eager for news, asks:)

Who's Mary?

(Joseph hesitates a mere second, then answers:)

Why, she's my wife.

(Ruth, a little disappointed at the commonplace answer, says:)

Oh, yes. Well, bring her in and I'll let her sit there for a while, though I'm most terrible busy. *(She bustles about; Joseph disappears from the door, soon returning leading Mary. She is a young girl with soft hair, wide blue eyes, and a holy expression about the carriage of her head and expression of her mouth.)*

(Ruth, examining her closely, says to Joseph:)

Seems she's pretty young to be married to you. Well, people are growing more and more light-headed every day now — seems to me. Here's this scullion of mine, always dreamin' and sayin' foolish things when she ought to be working. Sometimes I think she's going straight crazy. Here she comes now. *(Mary's step is heard; when she enters she stops short as she sees Joseph and Mary seated together on the bench. She says, sorrowfully:)*

Oh, I'm very sorry, but master says there's not any room at all left in the inn for anybody.

(Ruth's victorious and remarks:)

I thought so — I was sure of it. Well, it is too bad, but I'm afraid you'll have to go —

(Mary interrupts:)

Oh, no; please don't try to go further to-night! I'm sure all the inns are as full as this one, and you're both very weary. Listen; if you don't mind it, you can have my place in the stable back of the inn. I'll sleep here on the bench you're sitting on now. You'll be rather near the cows, but the hay is the softest in all Judea. There'll be no one to disturb you, and I'll get you anything you want. *(While she speaks, Joseph and Mary both pay close attention to her, Mary smiling softly, Joseph leaning on his staff which he holds between his knees. Mary continues.)* It's a warm night and the cows are really very quiet! The truth is, I've come to love 'em, they're so friendly to look at. And really, they wouldn't notice strangers, I'm sure —

(But Ruth is thoroughly aroused now and comes forward, saying forcefully:)

Why, Mary, you wild wench! Don't you know that master never lets strangers sleep in the stable? They might throw over the night-lamp and burn us all up!

(Mary, the scullion, seems a little timid at Ruth's tone, but Mary, wife of Joseph, looks up at her warmly and says:)

Oh, is your name Mary? My name's Mary, too. I come from Nazareth — where do you come from?

(And Mary, the scullion, smiling says:)

Oh, I'm from just anywhere. I don't belong to anyone. I'm Mary, the kitchen maid.

(Ruth is impatient now and addresses Mary, the scullion:)

When you get through talkin', your highness, have the kindness, please, to come here and make this bread.

(Joseph starts to go, followed by his wife, and he says to the kitchen-maid:)

Well, then, we will look for another place to sleep. Thank you for offering to help us.

(But Mary is persistent. She clasps her hands fervently together; denies:)

Oh, but you're dreadfully tired! And I promise that the stable's very clean and all the cows are friendly! Please, please stay and take my place!

(Joseph hesitates and looks at Mary, his wife, who after a second's pause nods her head. So Joseph turns again to Mary the scullion, saying:)

Well then, seeing you're so kind, I guess we'll use the stable. We are quite tired and rest will be welcome.

(Ruth is quite insulted and vehemently reminds:)

But Mary ——!

(But Mary is victorious at last. She tosses back her head, defying Ruth.)

No! I'm going to let them stay. And if you speak to master about it, I'll not get your meals for you any more. *(Ruth glares, but she sees that Mary means what she says so she yields.)*

Well, I suppose so, then. *(And she whispers to Mary.)* Only you watch them carefully, now! They look suspicious — she's too beautiful. She's having too easy a life — wait till she gets old, and begins to feel sorrow — she won't smile so! *(Then she turns to Joseph and Mary, his wife, and says:)* Well, I guess I'll let you stay in the manger yonder if you're careful and leave things just as you found them. Mary's pretty neat usually.

(The night comes down, making the little room dark. Mary has lit a lamp, a swinging lamp, hung from the big main beam of the room. As it sways from her lately released touch, it flings long shadows to left and right, and makes the hair of the Virgin gleam like misty gold. Mary, the scullion, says to Joseph and his wife:)

I'll get some more hay up in the loft and make another place — do you mind waiting here a minute? *(They shake their heads, she runs out; Ruth, with a suspicious look on her face, sidles out the door leading into the house, leaving the couple alone in the room. Joseph turns to his wife and looks long at her. She smiles up at him and says:)*

It is humble, but it would be madness to go further. *(She leans on him)* I am weary. *(He is very tender with her and says softly:)* My blessed Mary! You are so sweet, so brave!

(Mary is happy and speaks again:)

The little girl — the other Mary — is a loving soul, isn't she? The other woman is a little blind, I think. There are many like her. Perhaps, perhaps, some day in the future, people will learn to be more like the other Mary, and forget themselves and their creeds — *(She remains silent, looking into Joseph's eyes; she is deep in thought; Joseph puts an arm about her, leads her to the window where they stand looking out at the new night. Mary, the scullion, enters softly; seeing them standing so, she tiptoes softly across the room and begins piling linen in a great chest. Finally Joseph turns and sees her working quietly; he smiles; she looks up suddenly, rises, a little embarrassed, and says:)*

Everything is ready — if you'd like — I'll show you the way.

(Joseph assures her.)

Thank you, we'll go now.

(So Mary lights a candle, goes to the door with it. They follow her; at the door she turns and says:)

The night is still, there's no wind, so the candle will light the way. In the stable there's a large lantern lit.

(The Virgin takes the candle gently from Mary's hand and says:)

You needn't go with us, dear child. We can find our way. Joseph has been here before and knows the buildings well. So thank you very much for giving up your place to us — and good-night. *(She raises the face of Mary, the scullion, and kisses her brow, then turns and the two go out, leaving Mary half-kneeling in adoration. There is a long silence, then Mary reverently says:)*

She kissed me! The gentle Mary kissed me! Who is she? What — is going to happen? *(She goes over to the long bench, piled with rolls of cloth, and half lies down, resting her arm on the window-sill. The lamp above her flickers and gradually dies down, while the little scullion's head drops lower and lower, although at times she starts and stares wide-eyed out the black window. But she is very tired, too, and at last her head is pillowed in her curled arm and she is asleep. At last the fluttering flame of the night-lamp gives a final flare, then everything is dark.)*

HARRISON DOWD

THE END

Passing Into Past

(LAST MOMENT OF CHRISTMAS)

— And started to blow the candles out,

One by one.

One by one with a tear for each,
One by one with a smile for each,
One by one as the night of Christ
Fades to the dawn of day,
One by one as faces loved in woe
Turn to faces that come and go,
One by one as flames of blue and gold
Flicker on their little wax in amongst the cold,
Big, bending boughs from mountains bold.
One by one I'll blow them out
The faces of kings of lands of doubt,
But rather the little hand
Flaring an orange from Santy land
That's his since Christmas dawn.

Or yet the waiting soldier upon the fields of dread
Where snow is not white, and the holly's not bright,

Across the fields of France —

Where waits my Christmas soldier — the waiting of the dead.

So these tinsel angels whisper,

Glittering like the serpent head

Of the bullets of battle and blood and lust

That rake the lost that lay in their dust

Like the silent candles of Christmas Day

Of the lands where the mothers all wear black

And the children ask when he'll come back.

Then as I gave my tear for each

And one by one my smile for each,

Wasn't there something I'd forgot?

Shouldn't I, out with the fighting lot

Turn my tears to life-blood drops?

And give the smile of a death divine

For the bigger sake of the border line?

J. M. WRIGHT

An Essay on Christmas

IT IS Christmas Eve. A great castle half buried in snow, gleams down through the storm on a river beneath. Inside all is bright, warm, and merry. Outside, the wind roars and howls as if in anger at the castle's protection of the merry crowd within. All the lord's retainers and dependents, from the whole countryside, are gathered before the great fireplace in the castle hall, to celebrate, at their lord's bidding, the birth of a little child, who gave up his life that they might live. Out in the castle kitchen all is hustle and bustle; on great spits before an open fire whole animals are being turned by the underscullions; the clinking of goblets, and the crackling of browned fat makes sweet music to the ears or rather to the noses of page-boys passing continually through the crowd of scullions and servingmen on their way to various parts of the castle. Swiftly and silently servingmen arrange the long tables, piled high with bread and fruits; others bring up the kegs from the cellars below, and at last the feast is prepared. Graciously the lord of the castle leads his lady to the chairs prepared for them on a slightly raised platform before the center table; in accordance with their station, the retainers and dependents arrange themselves about their lord and lady; one by one their heads bend in prayer.

Again it is Christmas Eve. Sounds of music mingled with the laughter of happy children echo from a mansion of old Virginia. Out in the darky quarters, too, sounds of celebration are heard. In the parlor of the mansion house stands a giant Christmas tree, glittering marvelously in its brief splendor soon to be forgotten. Here too a feast is being prepared. The great kitchen of the old house is alive with the curly black heads of old mammies; now they shoo away inquisitive little pickaninnies for getting in their way; a silver-haired old lady glances anxiously in at the spreading feast. In the parlor, around the tree, bright-eyed children dance merrily, sometimes breaking away for a swift peep through the mysterious curtains which separate them from their hearts' desire. In the smoking-room the younger men are discussing the politics of the day, while the old ones sit in

groups of two before the fire, engaged in silent and solemn games of chess. In with the children are the women and young folks, laughing and talking as they help amuse the children. Out in a corridor under a bit of mistletoe sit a young man and a young girl; lovingly he takes her hand and presses it fervently to his lips; slowly their eyes meet, and by some unknown signal their lips approach one another.

Once more it is Christmas Eve. A long, dark, roofless tunnel is faintly outlined against the evening sky. Here and there the tunnel is roofed over with branches of trees, plastered down with mud and snow. At equal intervals men stand motionless, watchful, alert. Everywhere, as far as eye can see, desolation, mud, snow. The wind blows sudden, sharp, quick blasts; the men move closer to the mud for warmth. Inside the rough shelters men are sleeping, waiting their turn to return to the cold, wind, and mud. A glorious Christmas hymn bursts forth on the still night air; it is in German. Tears stand in the eyes of the hardened English soldier-men as the last note dies away. Christmas, nineteen-hundred-and-sixteen.

It is now nearly two thousand years since one, called the Christ-child, was born to die that these might be saved. Was it in vain?

MURRAY GOODWIN

Railroad Impressions

So, in the dimness of yellow light,
So, in the leadness of day-coach night,
So, through the towns of bridges and spires,
Through land where joy resounds or expires,
Jerking out of stations funny,
Grinding steady, deadly, on,
They speed me fast and sure.

Its wheels never stop
For there're miles ahead,
They're always late,
They're greedy and blind,
And hasten past the sunset skies
Of the land of summer-time.

For there're miles ahead
And night falls fast,
The search-lights glare
In the black nightmare,
Hurry me they must where the station lies
Of the land of doom and crime.

Swinging, jerking, bellowing in the night,
Smoking, steaming, increasing all the fight,
Wheels crumbling,
Whistles screeching,
Burning the bush that lies on the trail,
Scorching the steel of spike and rail,
It tears on the brakes that stop it tight.

It wrings your heartstrings
As the suit-case swings,
And you rise to meet your goal.

J. M. WRIGHT

“Honor is the Subject of My Story”

THIS story, since it is a story, must have a setting. Without hesitation, I have chosen for it a western town.

It also must have characters, so I will now present to you “Wall-eyed Pete” Martin. Pete wasn’t always “Wall-eyed”; that surname was awarded him as soon as he reached the West, owing to his manner of contorting his face when he looked along the barrel of the six-shooter, which, since he was a “bad man”, he always carried. Whether or not this mannerism helped his aim, I will not assume the province of determining, but the fact remains that he was universally conceded to be the best shot in the West. No, I almost forgot “Gunner Jim”. He — but we’ll come to him in a minute. Did I say Pete was a “bad man”? Well, he was. He lived by his “luck” in gambling and his never-failing ability to drop a cheated opponent if the aforesaid opponent showed fight. He was also hard on sheriffs. Four sheriffs of White Pine Gulch undertook to arrest him. The four were subsequently buried.

The fourth, Joe Taggerty, was hardly buried when “Gunner Jim” entered the White Pine Gulch Saloon. He was a stranger to everyone there that evening. However, as he was “a good sport”, it didn’t take long for him to get acquainted; and after he had stood in the main street of the village one night and let daylight, or rather moonlight, through four drunken, armed, and altogether dangerous Indians, he occupied the center of the public eye. Immediately afterward, upon the suggestion of old “Souise” Drennan, “that such talent ought not to be unharnessed”, they made him sheriff, and thereupon he was duty-bound to capture “Wall-eyed Pete”.

And now the point of honor. Pete, as you may have surmised, no longer plied his trade in the mining camps, but, since the sudden decease of the first sheriff, was hiding in the foothills. There the three other sheriffs had followed him, and impeded the passage of a bullet. Pete’s reputation was wide and Pete knew it upon the election of the fifth sheriff; therefore, he accepted it as a point of honor to prove his superior gunmanship over Gunner Jim.

Jim having been a desperado himself prior to his advent into Pine Gulch, correctly surmised Pete's state of mind; but, having taken his office seriously and being a man of "sand", he took up the unfinished task of his four predecessors. And the battle was on.

The day after his election, the new sheriff rode into the hills alone to bring back Pete; on the second day he hit on his trail; and on the morning of the third day a be-foamed and lathered horse, with eyes staring and nostrils distended, galloped into Pine Gulch. The figure which lay across its back with hands clutched in the mane was Sheriff Jim.

It took him five months to fully recover from the effects of that wound over his heart, and in five months a lot may happen. It did. Pete, with great bravado had entered the settlement and resumed his profession. Of course a new sheriff was thought of and the thought was abandoned. No one wanted to match his aim with that of "Wall-eyed Pete", nor yet did they think their fifth sheriff had quit, and he hadn't.

The evening of the day he found himself able to sit on a horse, he dismounted behind the "Indians' Friend", the chief and only saloon of Gold Cache. He had discovered Pete was in there. Within the saloon the revelry was at its height. Men laughed and made jests, everywhere except in one corner where Pete played and won. Then the door suddenly opened. Pete looked up, and sprang to his feet, reaching for his gun. There were two flashes of fire, two loud reports. When the other occupants of the room had recovered from their surprise enough to investigate, they found that the point of honor was settled agreeably to both. Two bullets in the eye and the heart of two men respectively can do enormous damage.

A headstone in White Pine Gulch now reads:

HERE LIES GUNNER JIM
WHO WAS FOULLY MURDERED
WHILE SHOOTING WALL-EYED PETE.
GOD BLESS HIM.

WILBUR BROWN

When yet sometimes the sun has set
Upon the spires of Paris;
When yet the heated toil of day
Has sent thee back to me,
When with the stars that saw us love we lit our little lamp,
And 'neath these rafters of our room
Within the walls that held us long,
Within the thousand little things
That blessed our love's short, gentle life,
When yet, oh, many a time we clasped and greeted
With the close of human day,
Alone in the ribbons and lights and towers and sights
Of Paris, the heart of France —
I then could call you Manon kind and gentle.
Now while yet our last supper
Is scarcely through, I hear the red-beaten drum,
And the shrieks of the maddened dumb
That bid me kiss what must now forever be
The rustling, whispering vision through my Autumn days;
The vision kind and gentle of whom I called Manon.
"Gieux, farewell, stand up for me — against the guillotine!"

J. M. WRIGHT

The Great King Dynamo

IN an engine-room whose walls were hung from ceiling to floor with switchboards, three dynamos were purring on in unison. All three were of immense size and in many ways alike, but the one in the middle was the largest of all and had a peculiar "hum" when running, like the buzz of a bumble-bee, only higher in pitch. Before it, a man, small and dark, whose face bore the unmistakable imprint of the desert, was standing, cleaning and polishing. In a darkened corner of the room were two cots, on the nearer of which a large and red-headed white-man was sprawled, drunk with native wine. For three years these men had lived together thus, the white man drunk most of the time, the other doing the work.

After he had finished cleaning the dynamo, the native walked stealthily up to the cot of the white man and, having satisfied himself that he was asleep, went back and knelt down before the great generator. All men of the desert have their gods and this man's god was the purring dynamo. For two years and a half he had worshipped it in secret; and now, as he knelt, it seemed to be talking and calling to him. All gods must have sacrifices, but he had not been able to lay any before the Great King Dynamo. Maybe it was angry with him and maybe that was why it was purring in this peculiar manner; for, of a sudden, while he was kneeling, the sound of the dynamo had changed. The white man, though asleep and half-drunk, heard the change of sound and, being every inch an engineer, woke up. Cursing and blaspheming, he first proceeded to get rid of some of his temper by kicking the native; then he went to work on the dynamo. The native slunk up behind him. As the engineer reached down to pick up a tool he felt himself pushed by a violent thrust from behind, and fell against a brush-holder. There was a vivid flash of blue-green light, a choking cry; and all was as before except for the sickening odor of burnt flesh. Before the dynamo the native knelt, praying and giving thanks. He had sacrificed and the great god was appeased, for the "purr" had changed again and was now the same as always.

But the men in the mines had complained of the flickering of the lights and an inspector was sent to find out the trouble. He found the dead man on the floor and the stoic native working as usual on the big generator. And because there was no reason to doubt his story of the accident, the dead man was carried away, another sent to replace him, and the native retained.

For a year and a half the old and the new man worked together; and because the new engineer did not drink, and because he knew his job, the big dynamo ran perfectly. But there came a time when, as he was working in another part of the room, something caused the "purr" of the motor to change. As the engineer went over to correct the tone of the dynamo, he felt himself seized by strong hands and thrown towards the whirling armature. The native heard his god calling for another sacrifice. This new man, however, was not a drunkard, was not half asleep, and in any other case would have been more than a match for the native. But now the Indian was possessed with an insane, religious fury, and so, in the glaring light of the flickering arcs these men fought on; the white against the brown, the true believer against the idol-worshipper. Suddenly the bare foot of the native slipped on the greasy floor; again there was the same flash of blue-green light, the same choking cry, the same burnt odor; and the god received another sacrifice — the great King Dynamo purred on, satisfied.

ROPRE

Revery of An Aged One

I'm old and growing older;
I smile but will not laugh;
I can no longer shoulder
The weight of life — my path
Was sweet, I near its end,
And looking back I see
Just where I let it bend;
'Tis done; there's left to me
A few brief years unspent,
In these I will — repent.

FREDERICK THOMPSON

Christmas in the Trenches

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This account of last Christmas Day in the front-line trenches is here set down exactly as it was related to me by Max Porter, who, seriously wounded, was sent home to Canada last April. He has since returned to France as a lieutenant in an infantry unit.

The Kingsley Nash, who appears in this little tale was Porter's room-mate at the school which I attended before coming to Andover.]

A VERY muddy sergeant, picking his way around the numerous mud-holes, of which the front-line trenches are mainly composed over there where the shells scream and the Maxims rattle, paused before a rude door, on which was painted in large white letters, "Dugout 14". The time was four o'clock a.m., and the day was December 25, 1915. Hammering on the door with the butt of his rifle, the sergeant shouted in stentorian tones, "Stand to". After having repeated these seemingly simple words, the sergeant proceeded to the next dugout, where he repeated the performance. The occupants of "Dugout 14", thus rudely awakened from their well-deserved rest, immediately rolled out of their blankets, for they had just two minutes in which to pull on their boots and gain the open air.

They were four in number; two were mere boys. As this tale is chiefly of the boys, let me tell you something about them. Two more totally different young men would be hard to imagine: Kingsley Nash, fair-haired, good-natured, a splendid athlete, and Max Porter, dark, clever in his studies, and something of a preacher. These two had been room-mates in a small Canadian school for nearly two years, when they decided to enlist and try their lot in the service of king and country.

Together they stumbled out into the cold, dark morning, and stood at attention. The sergeant, who has already been mentioned, then proceeded to call the roll. This having been attended to, all hands mounted the firing-step, and sent a few bullets screaming across the scant hundred yards which separated them from the Germans.

"Merry Christmas, Fritz!" grinned Kingsley as he filled his magazine, and listened to the half-hearted return fire.

This customary salute being over, both sides settled down to wait for dawn and breakfast. Truly "an army fights on its stomach".

A few hours later Max, who was on sentry-duty, noticed a dirty white flag being waved violently in the German trench. He reported this to the lieutenant in charge of the section, and was told to hoist a similar sign of peace. No sooner had he done so than the Bosches, apparently fearing no deception on the part of the British, raised their heads and scrambled out over the parapet. The Canadians followed suit, and in a few moments these men, who for weeks had been hurling death and destruction at each other, were trading cigarettes and endeavoring to carry on a conversation.

The Germans took great delight in the superiority of their equipment, and especially in the fact that German rifles will shoot British bullets, but British rifles will not shoot German bullets. The importance of this fact is evident when one considers that each side captures, almost daily, large quantities of ammunition from the other. Since most Germans talk very fair English, the conversation was carried on almost entirely in that language. After a short time in the open, all returned to their trenches. Little care was taken, however, by either Germans or Canadians, in the matter of keeping low. From time to time such pleasant compliments as "pig-eating Dutchmen" and "Schweinhund" flew back and forth, but all was done with the utmost good-will.

About noon the mail arrived, and such a mail — socks, candy, cakes, pies, canned fruits and other articles too numerous to mention scattered all over the trenches. The most notable thing, however, was the number of plum-puddings. Max declared there was at least six to a man, and of all the heavy, soggy, indigestible things in the world, an English plum-pudding is the worst. Kingsley suggested bombarding the Germans with them, but as no trench-mortar was available, the idea was abandoned.

At one o'clock dinner was brought to them. "A regular dinner, too," so Max said. It consisted of hot soup, roast beef, boiled potatoes, beans, bread and jam and coffee. This, with the puddings, made a repast which satisfied all.

And now comes an incident which I dislike very much to relate, and which Max told me with tears in his eyes.

About three o'clock the Germans shouted a warning to keep low, and the bullets began to shriek across "No Man's Land" as usual. Kingsley Nash was standing on the firing-step, smoking a cheap German cigarette at this moment. Suddenly he collapsed without a sound, and tumbled down into the trench, the top of his head literally blown off. Max remembered very little of his own conduct at the time he told me of this, except that, very white and sick, he kept saying, "What will his mother say?"

Poor Kingsley was carried to the rear, and a few days later there appeared a notice in the Canadian Casualty List which read: "Killed in action, December 25 — Bomber Kingsley Nash, Fourteenth Canadian Bombers. Next of kin at Toronto, Ontario."

After Kingsley's death things were very naturally much quieter in that section of the trench. The light-hearted chatter of the earlier hours of the day seemed to have died with Kingsley. Slowly the afternoon dragged on, until at last the sun dipped below the horizon, and Christmas Day was over.

GRANT LITTLEFIELD

The Natural Law

“**B**Y command of His Illustrious Majesty the German Emperor, all inhabitants of the village of Rochesberg are, until notice to the contrary, required to supply His Majesty’s troops with food and lodging.”

Thus read the bulletin to the gathered villagers of the little town of Rochesberg, Alsace, in the early days of the great European War. In the group around the bulletin were few men; the men had escaped to France to fight for *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. The women discussed the news with one another in low, restrained tones, until the clanking of a troop of Uhlans entering the square caused them to disperse in unconcealed mistrust of the victors. Now, out of all the crowd around the bulletin on that hot October day, one old woman, and one only, we will hear further of, for she is the one about whom my whole tale centers.

La mère Perin, for as such is she known by all the inhabitants of Rochesberg, is French born, and has one son, by a native of the village, who escaped along with the other young men, and under Gen. Pau is keeping Von Kluck from Paris. La mère’s husband has been dead so long that even Madame Mauléon, who never loses a chance of opening the door of a family cupboard, has either forgotten, or there never was anything worth telling about M. Perin, père. La mère does not live right in the village, but at a distance from it on the road to Metz, in a little thatched cottage, just like thousands of others scattered here and there throughout the country side; a little two-story affair, wood piled along the walls to keep out the winter cold, a shed at the rear for the cow, and a little garden in which she plants in the spring, potatoes, lentils, lettuce, and perhaps a few beans.

Oh yes, the mère had to do her share too; they didn’t find room enough in the village, so they quartered them wherever they could outside, and la mère got four. Nice young fellows they were too. Not like most of their countrymen. God forbid! But kind and gentle and considerate of the old woman and her eccentricities.

Three weeks have gone by since the bulletin was put up and yet the Boches get nearer Paris every day. Will they take it?

No one in the village sees la mère these days. Her young Germans are like sons to her, God bless them; they chop and saw for her; they have enlarged the shed so that now it holds wood for the kitchen, as well as the old cow; they break the ice of the brook every morning to bring her water; they go to market twice a week to get provisions and even do little odd jobs about the house for her. Ah! but la mère is lucky.

A month and a half have gone by. Winter is here for good. Paris is saved, but the Boches show no signs of slackening their hold on Rochesberg; la mère begins now to mother her young Germans; for she is one of those good old souls, who need some one to mother; and these Germans are not so bad, she thinks.

One day a dark cloud appears on the horizon; a letter edged with black arrives from Paris. With trembling hands la mère opens it. "Madame: we beg to inform you that your son, Jacques Perin died on the field of honor. M. Paul, commandant." Slowly the letter falls from her hands; a film comes over her eyes; she sits there silently in the twilight with the letter in her lap, gazing toward a distant field which she alone can see. Suddenly the film drops from her eyes, and yet she sheds no tear; she has no time for tears; she must *think, think, think*.

It was after midnight when a young soldier, returning from some carouse at the corner café, happened to notice a red glare in the sky, on the road to Metz, and gave the alarm. Quickly the silent and deserted streets filled with half-dressed villagers and soldiers; the report went around like a flash that the house of la mère Perin was in flames; all rushed madly along the road to Metz. As the first ones arrived puffing and out of breath, they saw la mère standing quietly before the burning cottage which indeed was past human aid, but, of the four young Germans who had been quartered there, there was no sign. An officer stepped forward, and roughly seized her by the arm.

"Where are the men who were quartered with you?" he asked in bad French.

"There," she answered, pointing to the ruins; a strange look of contentment appeared on her aged face.

The peasants hurriedly crossed themselves, but the officer was not so superstitious. Again he addressed her. "Did you set the fire?"

"Yes," she answered, "I did."

"Then you must pay the penalty for intentionally murdering four of his Majesty's troopers," he said.

She showed no sign of trying to escape, on the contrary she seemed to welcome death.

The first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east; slowly it grew lighter. A body of an old woman lay calm and serene in the snow before the still smoking ruins of what was her home; she was a Mother who to avenge the death of her son, broke the natural law; she has paid the penalty; we must admire, not pity.

MURRAY GOODWIN

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Editorial

It is Christmas again!

So the little, tired milliner who keeps that little shop just about the corner, puts a sign on her window to tell people who *may* come that she's living on the next block, number 24, and if they want work done to send it there. Then she tries the door to be sure it's locked well, arranges her hat to the correct angle and moves off down the bustling city street. It is Christmas again and the children are waiting with bright eyes at the prospect of a theatre party to-night and a little tinsely tree in the small front room in number 24, the next block down. The little milliner is thinking of a day years ago when Christmas meant something far different than it means now.

It is Christmas again!

So Teddy, the Radical, tunes his newest and most futuristic of ukaleles and saunters forth to Le Chat Blanc, where will be the whole Village in holiday attire and frame of mind. He will walk amongst them up to Gwen, who plays the piano, and, nodding profusely to his acquaintances—and others, for Teddy's a radical, he will launch forth into a ballad relating the habits, morals and erraticisms of the camel. Then probably Bertha with the bobbed hair will come up and assist him in his vocal efforts. Bertha is another radical and loves it. She has a crazy little studio over towards Violet's and draws weird drawings for "Vanity Fair". She's making a success out of life, too. Yes, sure enough, there is Bertha, telling a new story and laughing

loudly when she has finished it. She doesn't care if people don't like her laugh — especially to-night, for — it's Christmas, and everybody's happy, whether they're broke or not. So, about midnight, Gwen with the grey hair and long face will suddenly sit straight, hit the keyboard firmly and play the *Marseillaise*. And whether they can sing or not, from one reason or the other — everyone will proclaim fervently, "*Allons! enfants de la patrie — le jour de gloire est arrive!*"

It is Christmas again!

The frilly young girl in her frilliest gown is waiting in the country parlor, and mamma and papa and all the other relatives have subsided into Christmas afternoon tranquility and — absence. They know what to do. There's been a pretty flush on the frilly girl's face all day and a slight stretching of neck when the door-bell rings. Now it rings again — she doesn't stop to stretch her neck, but fumbles for the piano stool, reaches it and begins to play. Rosa answers the door — a strong voice inquires for her, she doesn't know whether to rise or stay where she is — she does the latter and — he enters!

"Oh, hello, John!"

"Hello there, Jenny!"

"How're you?"

"Oh, fine — nice day!"

So it goes — it is an old song and more tuneful than ever to-day because he pulls out a square little package from his pocket and says quite frankly:

"Here's — *that* Christmas present, Jenny!"

It is Christmas again!

Back in the city, a silent man is thinking in a silent room — a little room three flights above the pavement on which swarms humanity, wealthy, puffing humanity, frail, beseeching humanity, gay humanity, gypsy humanity. The murmur that reaches the man from the flood of beings below, reminds him that this is still New York, even though he is now living in a time over nineteen hundred years ago

He is on a plain, sloping down into a river and on the plain are shepherds, gazing into the heaven above them. A wonder is there, a crowd of golden forms, chanting humanity's greatest

blessing, uttering immortal words. Afar, the shepherds see forms riding over the hills to the twinkling lights of Bethlehem. A great star blazes over the little town, then all fades. . . .

The man rises pondering all this over and over in his mind. He puts on his hat and coat, descends the three long flights and out in the crowd of holiday forms and faces, he turns and disappears down the thronging avenue. He will write a great poem some day about Christmas. He will win the deaf world with it — deaf now, perhaps, but soon attentive. He is exalted in the crowds, he is transfused, elated!

It is Christmas!

Jokes

If Amy Lowell had gotten hold of the Yale Song Book.

“BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS”

Oh years, light-speared,
 College years!
 You were certainly
 Bright!
 But you went
 Faster than a dollar at the Taft;
 However,
 Whether the earth
 Is green,
 Or perhaps
 White,
 We will still
 Cultivate sentiments of affection for old Eli!
 Boola! Zang! Bing! Zip! — *Record*

YOU BET

HE: I'm debating whether to go on a party after the game or not.

SHE: I bet you win. — *Lampoon*

AT THE BALLET

SHE: Nijinsky is so vital and energetic — isn't he?

HE: You bet, I wish I could Sheherazade. — *Record*

"SO HE DIDN'T DO IT, AFTER ALL"

He was about to propose, but before doing so he wished to make sure she was a competent girl. So he asked her:

"Can you wash dishes?"

"Yes," she said sweetly. "Can you wipe them?"

— *Record*

MODERN EDUCATION

FIRST STUDE: You know Jim has gone to New York to study agriculture.

SECOND ONE: No, has he?

FIRST ONE AGAIN: Yes, he's taking a course in Winter-Gardening. — *Record*

MEMORIES

"I can never forget a joke
Once heard!" Horatius cried.

"Nor do you let your friends forget
The thing!" Hortense replied.

— *Record*

HARD HIT

"My wife managed to drive a nail to-day without hitting her thumb."

"How was that?"

"She inveigled the hired girl into holding the nail."

— *Lampoon*

AND THIS IS LOCAL

WRIGHT: See that Ford with a blanket on the hood. What's the idea? Trying to disguise itself?

McKEE: Oh, it's a sort of "Masked Marvel".



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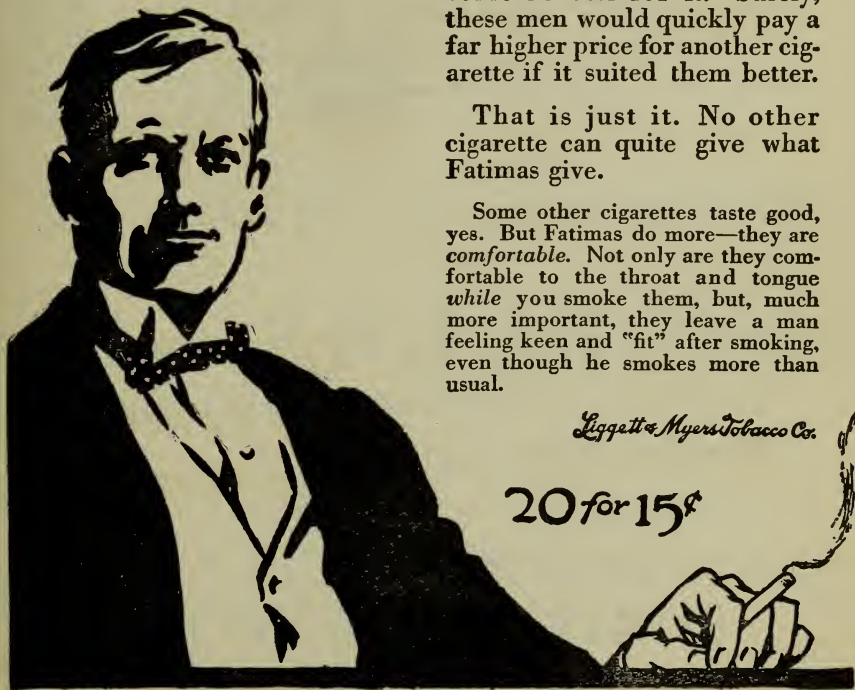
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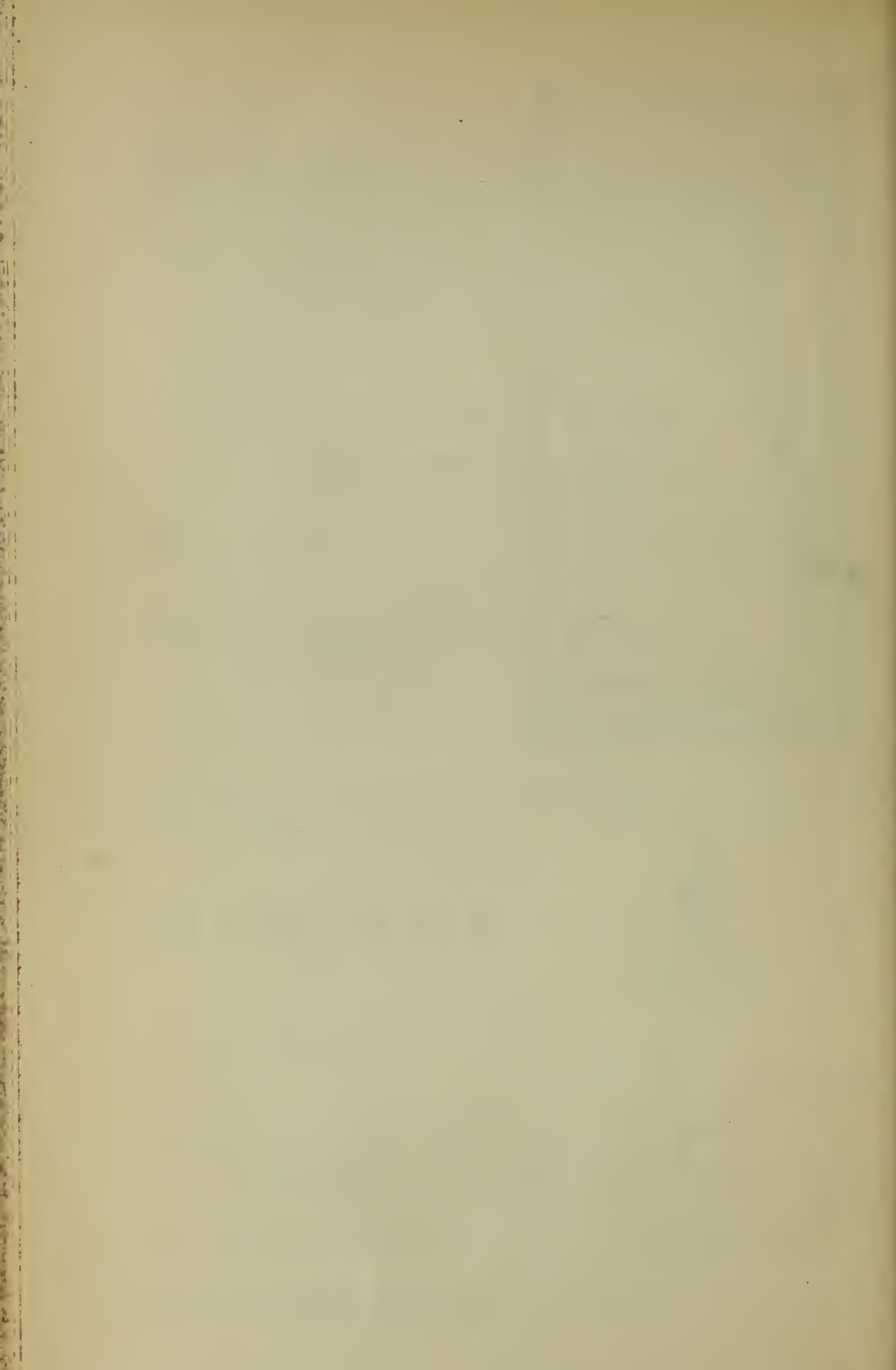
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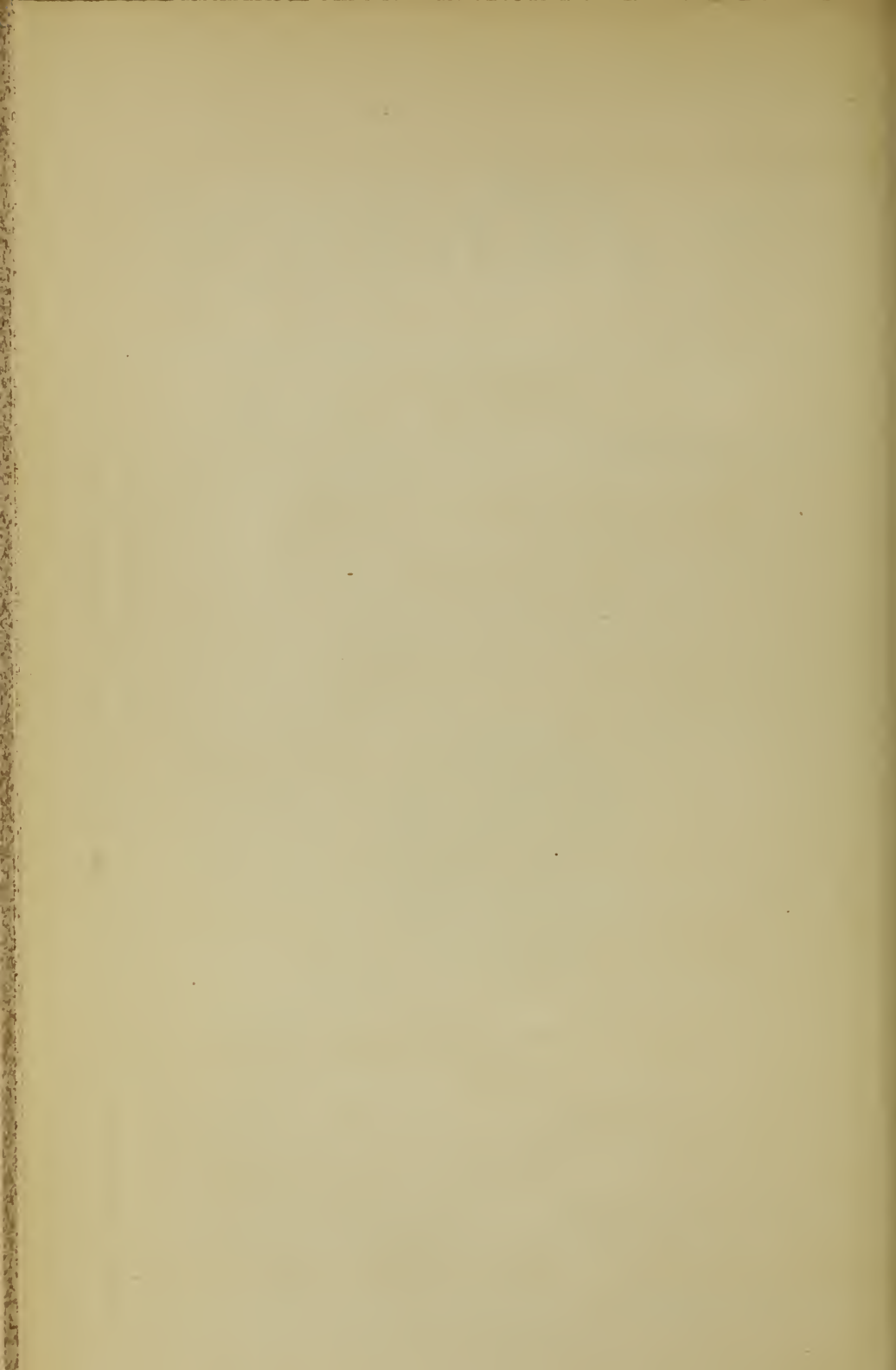
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CONTENTS

HOW TO PRODUCE A POPULAR SUCCESS (?)	<i>By Ganz le Maire</i>
THE DRAGNET (Story)	<i>D. Pinkham</i>
ONE OF THE PRICE (Story)	<i>By R. L. Bates</i>
INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL (Story)	<i>By G. Smith</i>
STARLIGHT AFTER RAIN (Poem)	<i>By H. Dowd</i>
BILL — CANADIAN SOLDIER (Story)	<i>By G. Littlefield</i>
MY JOURNEY FROM SHANGHAI TO AMERICA (Story)	<i>By C. Yu</i>
EDITORIAL	<i>H. M.</i>
EDITORIAL	<i>H. M. G.</i>

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How to Produce a Popular Success

By GANZ LE MAIRE

Co-Author as well as Producer of such musical successes as:
"Believe Me," "The Girl in Cerise," "Take It From Me," etc.

NOW absolute convictions as to what the public will swallow, are of course impossible, or else I would never have had any failures, and I must admit I have had a few. But there is a rule of a few exceptions by which the modern Musical Comedy producer can usually hood-wink his public and make them swallow his production hook and all. By constant practice during the 15 years that I have been a producer on Broadway, I have come to the conclusion that the most important element in a successful musical play is a snappy title; by a snappy title I mean something that will catch the public eye. The recent success of "Very Good Eddie" and "Nobody Home" supports my argument, while no one can say that "Flora Bella" made a real hit. Why? The music was more than catchy, the cast was excellent, Mr. Urban painted the scenery; it is simple enough, the name was too old-fashioned, and did not catch the eye of the ultra-modern public, so the play is now struggling along on the road, trying to earn money enough to bring the company back to New York for another engagement.

Next in importance comes the choice of cast. You must choose your cast according to the style of entertainment, for there are two kinds of musical shows: the kind called on the boards an Extravaganza, and the kind known as a Viennese Operetta. If your show is to be the former type, never have less than a dozen stars fighting and jostling in the wings for a chance to appear, the more the better. The female portion of your stars must have either extreme youth and beauty or wear out-

landish hats and a reputation of having done something very, very naughty, preferably in Europe; while the male portion must be handsome dancing men, or German dialect comedians. If the latter type of show, only three stars are required: two male and one female, never two female stars in a Viennese Operetta.

Now for the music and scenery. For the Extravaganza, call in the indefatigable Urban for twelve or fourteen scenes done in his most crashing, dashing style; for the Operetta, Elsie de Wolf is the woman; three scenes this time; one must be a café. Send for Irving Berlin or some other illustrious American to scrawl off some snappy rags, and let Victor Herbert do a spot-lighter or two and your Extravaganza is musically done for. Some German or Austrian, and Victor Herbert, if you can't get them on account of the War, and the latter is in a like fix.

As to the chorus, that's the hardest work in the business. For the Extravaganza type you must have at least 150 or more, if possible; for the Operetta, 80 are quite enough. In both shows they must dress just within the law; be graceful of lower extremities as well as of face and form, and in the Operetta, the chorus is expected to sing a little. The stage must never be free from some members of this histrionic organization. If you have them flow in at one door and ebb out at the other, your audience is sure to sit in a trance of delight at not being obliged to watch the antics of the comedians or to listen to the prima donna trying to reach high C. If you are obliged to open in Boston, a catastrophe to be avoided if possible, be sure to bring plenty of flannels for the chorus, for after the first performance has been duly witnessed by one of the Tammany mayors of that intellectual center, the order usually goes around that the members of the chorus must dress more warmly at that time of year, or spend Christmas behind the bars. In the Operetta, one part of the chorus must always be on the stage dressed in charming modern conceptions while the rest trip in and out in dainty bits of Hungarian negligé, and help swell up the grand finale at the beginning and end of each act.

Now you will say I have forgotten the plot. Oh my, no! that's the least of your troubles. Always make that up at rehearsals, to fit scenery, music and company; and in the Extrava-

ganza you don't even have to pretend to have one. A little swear word, I might add, delivered by one of the comedians, at that most solemn moment, for the audience, when the star is trying to reach high C, is always sure to draw one more laugh, or a laugh. I guess that's about all I have to say about successful producing, and if, when you have followed my rules about the game, you can't put it over on the public, why the public must have changed, that's all.

Address all correspondence, Care of *Andover Mirror*.

GANZ LE MAIRE

The Dragnet

"YOU stand there and laugh! When the first battalion went across, you laughed and ridiculed! Now after two years of fighting, you're beginning to realize that this war sn't a joke."

A speaker in uniform was addressing a gathering from the steps of one of the government buildings at Toronto. The scene was strikingly impressive. Pleading, arguing, haranguing,—the orator tried every method of getting recruits. Immediately I became interested; I stopped to listen.

"The first year Germany had the lead," he continued; "the second we held our own. Do we win this third year? It's up to you! We can't get ahead without men. The British Offensive started us, but we can't keep moving without men; you don't know what this Offensive means. In three hours fourteen thousand of a contingent from Dublin were killed. We made gains. Why weren't they followed up? We hadn't men! 'More men' is the cry throughout France."

"In July the first company of Canada was rushed to the front. Although out-numbered ten to one, they fought like madmen. Orders came to retreat, but they fought on. 'The first company,' they cried, 'doesn't know how to turn back.' Boys, your comrades across the water need you. It's up to you to give them a helping hand. Look at yourselves waddling around to movies and dances! Get out and show us that you're not the lunkheads you seem!

"Don't think this war is a man's war. Women can do as much as men. Two years ago I was captured and put in a German hospital, formerly a Belgian convent. Some of us poor fellows were given bed and placed at one end of the room. Towards evening the nuns, who were still living there, came into the room. First they went to the German soldiers and, kneeling beside their beds, prayed for them; then they came to see us. As a nun knelt by my bed, she took from beneath her flowing garments a little piece of chocolate and slipped it under my pillow. I protested, but she could not understand English and put her finger to her lips for silence; without a sign of emotion she walked from the room.

"Do you realize what this meant? This nun, like many others, was risking her life to give an unknown man a moment's pleasure.

"The women of Canada have also done their bit; they work in ammunition factories; they make bandages, socks, and other garments. But the English women have done still more. The French and the Belgian women have done more even than the English. But what women have done the most for their country? What women do the work of men, drive street-cars, sweep the streets, work on farms? What women, when the war first broke out, gave everything they owned to their country and have given even their wedding rings? What women rushed forward to give their very lives to their country? THE GERMAN WOMEN!"

For a few minutes longer he talked, and I, with my two companions, mounted the stairs to obtain a better view of the speaker. We could now see about twenty buglers and some drummers who presently began to play a spirited "call to arms." I was in a new world. Could there really be a war upon this peaceful sphere? My thoughts wandered to my home hundreds of miles away. It was a home. Friends there were thinking of me, wondering when I would return.

Suddenly a hand grasped my shoulder. An officer stood before me with a card in his hand. Could it be for me? It was meant for me, *me*. I took it. "I'm in uniform. Why aren't you?" it read. The dragnet was in action.

"But I'm an American!" I exclaimed.

"Don't tell us that old stuff."

"You don't believe me, do you?" I said, "but it's the truth. I'm going out on the eleven-ten to-night; I'm going to Montreal and then to New Hampshire."

"What if you are an American? We have lots of Americans go across. All you have to do is to come down and be examined, sign your name, and join. You can have ten days to finish up any matters of business," he shot at me.

"But I'm not old enough," I protested.

He laughed. "Then from now on you're twenty-one. That's easy enough. Here's a young man from the States that's just joined. Want to meet him?"

"I'd be very pleased to," I murmured submissively,—to change the subject. The next minute I found myself shaking hands with a scrawny-looking individual about thirty years of age.

"So you're an American, too?" I ventured, not knowing what to say.

"Yep. Jes' back from Mexico, but it's dead down there. I'm jes' joinin' fer the excitement. Better stick with me, feller, and yer'll see a good time."

I thanked him. What else I said or did, I do not know. A dark pit yawned beneath me. I drifted hither and thither, trying to clutch at something of stability. There was nothing. At last I was aroused from this befogged condition by the insistent tones of the recruiting officer. "Just get into our auto and we'll take you right down to be examined. It won't cost you anything and you'll have a free ride."

In spite of my predicament, I laughed. "I've had an auto ride before," I told him. Then I was conscious of something clutching my sleeves: that something proved to be the hand of one of my companions. Was he in trouble, too? At last I realized. The three of us were entangled in Canada's bewildering recruiting system.

Squarely in front of us a large touring car came to a stop. Was it for us? To take us to be examined—to be examined for soldiers? It wasn't true! It couldn't be true! It . . .

"Get in!" came the command from the officer.

"But——"

"GET IN!" he repeated.

I could hear another speaker. He was telling his audience about us, US. "Three more Americans have just joined," he was saying.

That instant a man came running up to our officer,—a man with a paper in his hand. "They won't take me," he blurted out. "I didn't pass the examination, but I got this paper. It says I tried to join.

Turning from us, the officer glanced at the scrap of paper, then at the crest-fallen figure before him; he began to talk with the would-be recruit.

Our chance had come. Quickly—silently—we threaded our way through the dense crowd. As we slipped between the knots of people gathered on the edge of the throng two girls noticed us. "What's the matter with you?" one demanded. "Why don't you join?" At this people turned and stared. Someone laughed derisively. Were we to be caught in the dragnet after all?

Suddenly all was quiet. The recruiting officer was beginning a fresh appeal. Caught by his simple eloquence, even the mere curiosity seekers, the idlers, were held spellbound now. "Look here, we're going to win, whether you help us or not."

Somehow—I shall never quite know how—we were breaking away, under cover of this spell, quietly and unnoticed, out into the open street, where breath came more freely. From back on those steps where the officer was speaking, his appeal for recruits was still dinning in our ears: "But, young men, when the boys who have volunteered come back victorious, don't cheer them. GO OFF AND HIDE!" Not an instant did we pause. Through narrow streets and wide streets, through crowds and through quiet, we sped on towards our refuge,—the Toronto station and the eleven-ten for Montreal.

DANIEL PINKHAM

One of the Price

BOOM, boom, boom, roared the tireless guns which were pouring their daily libation of death to their God—War; and after every boom, there came a crash somewhere in that front line of trenches, which told a tale all its own—that of annihilation!

Soon the signal was given and for the third time that day the soldiers surged forward with "La France" on their lips, to capture another hundred yards of trench, and bringing themselves all the nearer to the little town of M—— which they were trying to capture; so they surged on, and for the third time that day they succeeded, but at a Price. The Price lay behind them in their new position—part of it quite dead, another part almost so, and a very few creeping toward the new position. Among them was a young, fine-looking fellow who in peaceful times had been a musician. A musician in a happy home, with a beautiful wife, but now—ah well, such is war.

Another advance was ordered, and after that another, which regained the town for France, and that young man, like countless others, was forgotten, had been left far behind and forgotten even by his associates, but he was still creeping slowly, painfully, toward what had been once a farmhouse, just outside the village.

Time rolled on—the soft glow of morning was creeping into the eastern sky when he staggered up to the door, pushed it open and entered into a room, a ruined room, covered with plaster, broken glass, and brick torn from the great rent in one side, but still *his* room, no matter how ruined. He called "Marie," but only stillness answered him, so he smiled sadly and, with uncertain steps tottered to another door which, as he put his hand to the knob, fell from its hinges and showed him *his* music room, with *his* little piano in the corner all covered with dust and debris but still intact. He looked and looked at this scene as if dazed, resting his eyes first on the piano, then, on the broken bust of Chopin on the floor, then on the pile of music now torn and scattered in the corner, then on the little stool and back to the piano again, with a more sad and bewildered expression, as his

eye happened to rest on some of his relics lying broken on the floor. Suddenly he was started from his revery by the sound of many feet approaching, and growing louder, until he could distinguish voices whispering in French, such phrases as "They are too strong" or "We can resist no longer" and suddenly he realized what it was—they were retreating.

He grew deadly pale, then blushed, and supporting himself by the wall, he managed to creep to the little piano stool, where he dropped and then slowly, with a clear, loud, almost inspired voice, he began to sing "La Marseillaise" accompanying himself by his little piano, whose keys he seemed to caress as he touched them. The voices stopped outside and there was a silence, a dead silence, broken only by a distant rumbling of guns, and a voice singing—singing.

"Aux arms citoyens, formez vos bataillons."

There were hasty words of command, a rattle of guns, the steady tramp of feet slowly dying off in the same direction as they had come; but still the beautiful clear voice slowly, emphatically rose, steadily growing louder with an increased rumbling or artillery, until with the words "*Abreuve nos sillions*" it broke, there was a thud, and a soul which had saved the day, returned unto the God who had sent it.

ROBERT C. BATES

Inside the Cathedral

WHEN I went to the Choir School of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, I used to attend the eight o'clock service on Sunday mornings, regularly. Sometimes after service, when the Sunday mornings were bright and sunny, I would sit for a short time in the choir stalls and admire the glorious view which the sun, shining through the stained glass windows over the altar, gave to the oaken stalls and the white stone of the capitals and arches.

The gorgeous colors of the windows were thrown in their full splendor on the angel faces carved in the white capitals of the huge gray granite columns which surround the pale marble altar and reredos like the bars of a great cage containing something not to be harmed or defiled, but to be honored and revered by all. A glow of light, which the reredos reflected upon the tapestry high above Saint Saviour's Chapel behind the columns, threw into intenser brightness the already vivid colors of the scene which portrays Christ on the Cross, with the three Marys kneeling at his feet in anguish. One was clothed in a pure sky-blue robe, another in a crimson, and a third in a bright yellow. The dome over the altar and sanctuary was in comparative darkness, being so high up above the windows. As I slowly looked around toward the crossing, the light from the windows over the chapels became weaker and the shadows increased until finally the west side of the crossing and the main dome were just discernible. The silvery organ pipes over the choir stalls gleamed in the gaudy sunlight colors so that, when I looked at them, I could imagine that I heard music. The brown of the wooden stalls faintly reflected the bright tints of light and produced a soft harmony of colors. The many colored tiles of the chancel themselves seemed to be more resplendent than usual.

In walking out, I stopped at the main entrance to the Cathedral and looked back. I thought how the world had been in spiritual darkness just as I, being in the rear of the Cathedral, was in real darkness, and how Christ the Light, had come to all just as the sun had but recently come out and lighted up the whole Cathedral.

GEORGE SMITH

Starlight After Rain

(Memoires d'Autrefois)

All down the dripping street the gold elm leaves
Lie like the flakes of hopes long time destroyed,
Rain-glistening trunks beneath the village lights
Stand as they've stood for ages past. And now
A wine wind creeps along the silent dark
And tingles in our ears, hinting at cold,
And winter fields of blinding, flashing white
And winter nights of red and glaring fires.
Let's hasten now, make for a sure abode,
For music and a warmly waiting room!
Before we enter, though, just stay and look,
Into the air above us. See how there—
Or there—a star burns strangely out
Against the thick dull cloth of sky beyond.
As when a woman, on her gown of jet,
Places her favorite jewels to gleam apart.
But one short hour ago we sat and supped,
Hearing the crack of hail-stones on the pane,
And looking out to see the blue-white bursts
Of lightning, giddy all around the night,
Merry we sat and talked and had our fill—
The night at last picked up her drabbled train,
And quite ashamed at having shown her tears
Rose to the sky, slid back her murky veil
And set these many diamonds in her hair!

HARRISON DOWD

Bill, Canadian Soldier

“WELL, young man, why aren't you in khaki?” It's a common question in Canada in these stirring days, and the young man who is unable to answer it satisfactorily has a pretty hard time of it. Let me tell you the story of Bill, an intimate friend of mine, from the day he decided to stop dodging recruiting officers, and don the uniform, up to the present time. He went to the Armory, passed his physical examination, and was told to report next morning.

He did so, and was marched out to University Square, where, under the lashing tongue of an eagle-eyed drill-sergeant, he learned the rudiments of discipline. In short, Bill was a “rookie.” For three solid months Bill drilled and drilled and drilled. At the end of that time he knew enough to soap his socks and to turn his puttees four times when putting them on. Then for three months more, Bill marched and marched and marched; every day, rain or shine, Bill marched. At the end of that time he found that he was twenty pounds heavier and that he felt better than ever before in his life. Also he had developed a keen desire to get across the “pond” and to “get a crack at the Huns.”

Then, one day, his battalion was told to pack up and get ready to leave for Halifax. The next day, it was told to unpack, and two days later to pack again. Again they were ordered to unpack, and no further orders were given until one night a week later, at eleven o'clock. Bill was pulled out of his bunk, and given one hour to get on board the train which was on the camp-siding. The idea of all this was to puzzle any possible spies, so the officers explained it. Forty-eight hours later, Bill was on board a steamer in Halifax Harbour, and six days from that time he walked down the gang-plank with his “kit” on his back and a muffled “Thank God, at *last*” on his lips.

For three months he remained in England, first at Sandling Camp in Kentshire and then at Whitley. Bill didn't agree with the poet who wrote “Oh, to be in England, now that April's here.” Oh no, the little Cockney who marched beside him voiced his opinion of England in the spring-time in a most satisfactory way, “Hit's just one damn mud 'ole arfter hanother!”

However, it only lasted three months, and one night Bill's battalion embarked on a transport, bound for France. A few hours later they arrived at their destination, but to Bill's disappointment, they could not hear the guns at all. It was just thirty days later, when Bill's ears first caught a low muttering rumble coming from the north. During those thirty days, Bill had seen a lot of rough life. He had been hurried from one camp to another, in cattle-cars, on foot and in first class carriages, but always northward, and now at last he could hear the big guns pounding away in the awful game which we call war.

A week later found Bill just behind the firing lines and rapidly getting used to the nerve-racking whistle and scream of the big shells. Here Bill's unit remained for some weeks, and then one day the long looked-for orders came, and they packed up. They moved forward to the nearest communication trench, and rested here until nightfall. When it grew dark they moved rapidly ahead.

"Orfficers must 'ave cat's heyes," grunted Bill's little Cockney friend; "Gawd! but h'ain't it dark!"

In a little while they were halted, while a stream of muddy, panting men stumbled past them in the dark. All was done in absolute silence for the Bosches were only a few hundred yards away. Suddenly a star-shell rose, lighting up the dreary landscape with its weird light. The men "froze" but too late. They had been seen. And then a rain of bullets lashed about them, screaming and shrieking their dreadful message of death. The officers lay in the mud, and cursed. Bill lost his hat and a year's growth. The former he recovered, but he swears the latter is lost forever. However, the Germans soon stopped, and the men reached their trench in safety.

Bill has seen a lot of fighting since that night, but, so far as I know, has come through it all without mishap. I might say in conclusion that I hope he continues to dodge the bullets for he means quite a lot to me. You see, he's my brother.

GRANT LITTLEFIELD

My Journey From Shanghai to America

A LONG, unique, and interesting journey always impresses itself heavily upon one's mind with the deepest feeling far beyond, than he can ever express; so I have experienced this by my trip from Shanghai to America. We had quite a big crowd in starting, about one hundred and twenty of which being boy and girl students sent by Tsing Hua College, Pekin, China.* The setting out took place on the fifteenth of August, 1914, but previous to this day it had taken us a fortnight to complete the necessary preparations. Besides, we were busily occupied with receptions given by Federations, Clubs, Companies, and some intimates. All these were made impressive by the hosts not only in wishing us a pleasant voyage and good luck, but also in reminding us of our responsibilities during our stay in America, that we may not disappoint them of what they expect of us when we return.

As the appointed date of departure came, there gathered on the wharf before the Shanghai Custom House a great crowd of people—relatives, friends, well-wishers and what not. The scene was then a pathetic one. The joy of the trip was temporarily shrouded by the sorrow commonly engendered by the parting of those who are dear to one another. By half-past one, a small boat towed us outside Woosung to gon on board "China." This short way, which was unfortunately a rough one, made the passengers fear getting seasick.

The "China," on which we embarked for San Francisco, is a Pacific Mail liner, which was then making her 117th trip in the Pacific. Though not as large as her sister ships in the Pacific Mail Company, she has a tonnage of 10,200. It is believed that she had never had an accident, although she has met five typhoons all of which, however, she escaped without injury. It is, also, certain that she has a good reputation, for even prior to the trip we made, she had carried three educational parties of similar type. With our party, however, she had the record number of student passengers on board.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the steamer began to move, and glided smoothly into the sea, leaving us but sky above and

water beneath. Only two days after leaving Shanghai, we reached Nagasaki, a seaport of Japan, where everybody got on shore and enjoyed a few hours' sight-seeing. Up to this time there was but delight to all; seasickness was yet unknown and the new experience on sea, added by the landing on a strange Island Empire, was pleasant and enjoyable. We almost forgot ourselves at the time when we actually walked on the streets of Nagasaki, rode the real jinricksha, heard the characteristic "a-var-na-ta," sat on the Japanese floor in native fashion, and tasted the typical Japanese food.

Time seemed very short in only a few hours' sight-seeing, and soon we got on board again. The steamer resumed her journey to Kobe, where we again landed and visited some beautiful places. The pine-covered hills, wooden houses, and fantastically decorated temples attracted a great deal of our attention. Though literally absorbed in seeing the different curious things, we never liked to be left behind in Kobe, and so all hurriedly returned to the steamer in time.

Then we proceeded to Yokohama. Unfortunately the sea was getting a little rough and the "China" began to rock incessantly, which gave us the first taste of the unpleasantness of seasickness. It was fortunate, however, that the trip was not a long one and the ship soon entered Yokohama, the chief port of Japan. Immediately after landing at that place, most of us started to Tokio, the capital of Japan, which was connected with Yokohama by rail. I arrived there with some friends, late in the evening. The roads in the capital intersect here and there; the tram-cars come and go; and the strangers are generally confounded. So it was with difficulty that some got to a desirable hotel and others found the way to the Chinese Y. M. C. A., where they were very hospitably entertained. I spent that evening and the following day in visiting the Hibiya Park, the vicinity of the Imperial Palaces and other interesting places.

For the first three days after leaving Yokohama, the sea was exceedingly unfriendly to us; the mountainous surges rocked the ship as though to turn it upside down. The result was that about ninety per cent of us lay sick in cabin or on deck. The majority were in a sorrowful plight and sea voyage began to be a curse.

The sound of gong which had been ordinarily responded to by promptly going down to the dining-room then became a nuisance, for appetite had fled from the sick. It took us ten full days to get from Yokohama to Honolulu, which is a garden spot in the Pacific. On the fifth day after leaving Japan, we saw a big band of fish jumping out of the water, and passing by our ship not a mile off. During that time monotony ascended to reign supreme. Despite the swimming pool, the sand bags, the ring toss, and the shuffle-board, which occasionally afforded us amusement, the students did not feel happy. Monotony was hard to break, nevertheless our Social Committee attempted to break it away and succeeded in giving two social meetings, in which mostly the girls entertained the students at large, with songs and music.

The spell of monotony, however, was broken when we arrived at Honolulu, where, perhaps, we spent the happiest time. We were greeted at the wharf by the harmonious musical band presented by a large group of friends. After getting on shore, we were taken to special reserved street cars to see around the city. The girls were conducted by the lady entertainers, and the boys by the male representatives.

The tropical scenery of the Hawaiian Islands is really enchanting and picturesque. A love of flowers is one of the conspicuous characteristics of the native people, and it is manifested in many different, interesting ways; so everywhere there seems to be a garden with flowers and trees peculiar to the Island. The Bishop's Museum, as I have heard, is full of curious native implements, while the world-famous Aquarium exhibits the most wonderful species of motley fishes. Instead of going to those places, I went with some friends to Pali of Nuuanu, a precipitous gap among the mountains. Looking down from that steeple precipice, it seemed that the whole Hawaiian Islands were in my grasp.

After the day's touring, we were elaborately entertained by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce with a costly native banquet, which tasted particularly fine after being cut off from Chinese food for something like twenty days. Immediately after this, we were invited to a social meeting, given by the members of the Students' Federation, where we enjoyed ourselves until al-

most midnight. Thus the day at Honolulu will ever remain in my memory, for the beauty of the place and the unbounded enthusiasm displayed by our countrymen there for us cannot be forgotten. Even on the morrow when we were about to sail off many came to bid us goodbye and send us flowers.

From Honolulu to San Francisco was a six-day trip. Two full afternoons were spent in deck sports, under the direction of our Social Committee. In these sports boys and girls joined alike and made a good deal of fun. In spite of those games on board, yet we suffered the seasickness again.

Having met a dense fog we finally entered the Golden Gate on the seventh of September. First, the ship anchored in bay and was boarded by the quarantine doctors and immigration officers. We had no trouble with them, whatever, one reason, perhaps, being that this time we came on special passports issued by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of our home government and the American Legation in Peking. When the inspections were over, the ship proceeded to the wharf, where we were met by a delegation of the Chinese students and a number of American friends as well. After the baggages had been examined by the Customs Officers and turned over to the transfer company, we made directly for a restaurant, where the Chinese Consul of San Francisco extended to us a fine reception. No sooner had this been through, than we started for a social meeting given in our honor by the Chinese Students' Alliance and the Christian Association.

Before we entered upon our final passage, we had had the opportunity of spending two days in San Francisco. During that time, we visited the University of California and the grand Panama Exposition grounds. However, we were soon compelled to start for the East. On the train I was still happy to spend the first two days with the others together, but beginning the third day, here dropped a small group and there dropped a small group, until at Chicago the whole party broke up. All were then separated, going to their final destinations—the different universities, colleges, and academies in the States, and I, with only a small group, came to the East.

CHICHUAN YU, '18

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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Editorials

INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION

The proposition advanced by the new British Premier to organize some form of industrial conscription has aroused considerable adverse comment in England. His proposal is that every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty, not engaged in actual fighting, should be mobilized for some form of "war-work."

The London *Everyman* gives a clear idea of how the British public feels about it:

"In the course of his speech the Premier said, 'It is not what the nation gains, it is what it gives that makes it great.' If the industrial conscription project is applied all round to young and old it will mean that any laborer who is to be brought under its operation may be called upon to sacrifice his industrial freedom, and may be sent to any part of the country to take up any work which he is able to perform, at the command of a government department. If such a man sees that the profiteer, the food-cornerer, and the government contractor are left apparently untouched, this measure will result in nothing but bitter class feeling. The British public has shown that it does not very much mind giving up its liberties in a good cause. But it has also shown quite unmistakably that it is only prepared to sacrifice its liberties provided that the sacrifice is made all round."

As this is a new and interesting idea its outcome will bear watching.

H. M.

By right of the power so suddenly thrust upon me, I am taking the liberty, which I hope will please and not offend, of adding a new department to the *Mirror*, namely the "Theatre." The last few years the subscription list of the *Mirror* has fallen off considerably, which can be attributed to one cause, and one alone; the *Mirror* is getting old-fashioned and has ceased to please its readers. Now, in the beginning, the *Mirror* came in to existence only to give the members of this school a chance to widen their literary ability, through the added pleasure of seeing their work published, which of course adds to the zest of such pursuits. Next, the *Mirror's* first duty has been to please its patrons, consequently the time has come when the board must do something to build up the great reputation this magazine has enjoyed among sister institutions as a literary organ. By not only observation, but by actual experience, we have decided that a theatrical section, devoted to reviews of current attractions in Boston, would be popular with at least the majority of our readers and from those to whom this proposal does not meet with approval, we are most anxious to get their private suggestion, for I said before, the *Mirror's* first duty is to please. What the *Mirror* purposes to do, starting in with this number, provided it wins popular approval, is as follows: A written review of all plays on the Boston stage that are really worth while and a brief mention of those that are not in the first circle. A short biography of some leading actor or actress will be added according to space. From time to time articles and news concerning the stage will find their way into this department. If this department proves a success, other departments which will be mentioned later, will be added, in order to make the *Mirror* the most interesting as well as the most literary of school magazines.

H. M. GOODWIN,
Assistant Editor

The Mirror in a Merry Mood

NOT THIS TIME

"Quick, hand me that satchel!" yelled the physician. "A man just telephoned in a dying voice that he couldn't live without me."

"Wait," declared his wife, who had taken up the receiver, "that call is for Edith."— *Punch Bowl*

KEPT HIS WORD

One of the recruiting canvassers in an English provincial town was a well-known magistrate. In most cases he succeeded in obtaining the promises he wished, but at last he knocked at one cottage-door which was opened to him by a sturdy son of the soil.

"My son," said the magistrate, in his most persuasive tones, "are you willing to fight for your king and country?"

"No, I beant, sir," was the prompt reply. "An' I be surprised at you askin' me for to do it. Two years ago come next month you yourself fined I twenty shillings for fighting wi' Bill Smith, and you said it wor wicked to fight, an' I promised you as I wouldn't repeat the offense, an' allus kept my word."

— *Buffalo News*

TRUE PIETY

HOSTESS: "Doesn't it seem a shame, Mr. Cusp, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us?"

MR. CUSP: "Ah, yes, indeed! It does seem rather tough."

— *Ideas*

WHERE ARE THEY?

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone — pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

— *Philadelphia Ledger*

WAR-PRICES

A Tommy on furlough entered a jeweler's shop and, placing a much-battered gold watch on the counter, said, "I want this 'ere mended."

After a careful survey the watchmaker said, "I'm afraid, sir, the cost of repairing will be double what you gave for it."

"I don't mind that," said the soldier. "Will you mend it?"

"Yes," said the jeweler, "at the price."

"Well," remarked Tommy, smiling, "I gave a German a punch on the nose for it, and I'm quite ready to give you two if you'll mend it."— *Tit-Bits*

REAL PENALTY

"I have come here," said the angry man, to the superintendent of the street car line, "to get justice; justice, sir! Yesterday as my wife stepped off one of your cars the conductor stepped on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool. "Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir. I do not intend to let you off as easily as that," the other man replied. He brandished in his hand a small piece of silk. "What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."— *New York Times*

GROSS FLATTERY

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Benderley.

"Never," replied Benderley.

"Well, mine does; she flatters me."

"Often?"

"Oh, yes, frequently — particularly in winter," replied Frederick.

"Why does she flatter you so much in winter?"

"Whenever the coal-fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate'."— *Tit-Bits*

AN UNHAPPY INFERENCE

A student assistant, engaged in reading the shelves at the public library, was accosted by a primly dressed, middle-aged woman who said that she had finished reading the last of Laura Jean Libby's writings, and that she should like something just as good.

The young assistant, unable for the moment to think of Laura Jean Libby's equal, hastily scanned the shelf on which she was working and, choosing a book, offered it to the applicant, saying, "Perhaps you would like this, 'A Kentucky Cardinal'."

"No," was the reply, "I don't care for theological works."

"But," explained the kindly assistant, with needless enthusiasm, "this cardinal was a bird!"

"That would not recommend him to me," said the woman, as she moved away in search of a librarian who should be a better judge of character as well as of Laura Jean Libby's peers.

— *Harper's*

NO QUARTER

CAPTAIN: "Fifty cents to stay on this deck."

PASSENGER: "Oh, I thought this was the quarter-deck."

— *Punch Bowl*

MERELY INCIDENTAL

HOTEL VISITOR (*coming from bathroom*): "Here, I've been ringing for you for ages."

CHAMBERMAID: "Which bell, sir?"

VISITOR: "The bell over the bath."

CHAMBERMAID: "Oh, we pay no attention to that bell, sir. That's only put there in case anyone feels faint."— *Punch*

PRACTICAL

"It is no use trying to get away from the solemn fact that the woman of to-day is a most practical and resourceful creature," said the man who has known a few.

"What makes you think so?" a friend asked.

"The unsentimental attitude of a girl I know. I told her that she had inspired some of my best poems. She didn't say a word about the poems, but she wrote to my publishers for a percentage of the royalties."— *New York Times*

THAT DEPENDS

"It always gives a man confidence," remarked the popular candidate proudly, "to know that a vast body of people are behind him."

"Not if they are coming too fast," murmured the horse-thief judiciously.— *Widow*

NO OBJECTION

When Governor Head was in office in New Hampshire, Colonel Barrett, of the Governor's staff, died, and there was an unseemly scramble for the office, even while his body was awaiting burial with military honors. One candidate ventured to call upon Governor Head.

"Governor," he asked, do you think you would have any objections if I were to get into Colonel Barrett's place?"

The answer came promptly. "No, I don't think I should have any objections, if the undertaker is willing."— *Tit-Bits*

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

"Maggie, how was it that I saw a young man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress of her cook.

The girl pondered for a few moments and then answered: "Faith, an' I can't make it out mesilf; you must have looked through the keyhole."— *Harper's*

LADIES, TRY THIS

Two ladies on the other side of the Border were holding a stairhead confab one morning on the troubles of life, and husbands in particular.

"I dinna wonder at some puir wives having to help themselves out of their husbands' trouser-pockets," remarked the one.

"I canna say I like them underhand ways myself," responded the second matron. "I jist turn ma man's breeches doonside up and help masel' off the carpet."— *Tit-Bits*

Confidential Guide to the Boston Stage

Wilbur Theatre: "THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN." Mr. Louis K. Anspacher's new play is both highly interesting and perplexing to its audience. It is interesting because it is entirely different from any American drama in recent years, even in these days when so much is made of novelty. It pretends to be a thoughtful play, and does indeed go through the motions of thinking. But the spectators are also perplexed, because it has no direct message.

Caroline Knolys, wife of Hubert Knolys, a wealthy New Yorker, and herself possessed of a fortune, is chaste only because she is passionless. But she enjoys the excitement of exercising her power over men, and not least her advantage over her husband whom she refuses to divorce, even though he has been unfaithful to her. To gauge the calibre of Mr. Anspacher's Caroline Knolys one has merely to imagine in the part an actress of established intellectual capacities. She could have found herself attracted by numerous openings and confounded by their shallowness. This must be taken into account in judging the performance of Miss Emily Stevens, whose acting is greatly impaired by meaningless giggles and shrugs. The play, all considered, is to be recommended as being well worth while, and it contains some excellent bits of acting. Miss Stevens is supported by a "Typical Morosco Cast".

Tremont Theatre: "MISS SPRINGTIME." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Emmerich Kalman, book by Guy Bolton.

"Miss Springtime" is good all-through, vernal and fresh and blithesome; of the stage at times, if you

will, just sufficient unto itself, as good as anything of its kind and better than anything done for years.

Here is the gayety and artistry of Budapest, but with the limpid clarity of the Blue Danube modified, but not disturbed, by the tributary of American methods and pleasantries. Ethel Peitet, with song and dance that rebukes all thought of war, is amiability itself; she won a welcome at the Tremont that will last as long as she sojourns with us, which ought to be well into the warm weather. Her voice is pleasant, not remarkable, but she has that naturalness which is so charming when developed by the best artistry of the best foreign schools. Frank McIntyre comes next, provoking laughter in abundance, more by what he says of his own, than what he does.

As usual in comic opera the songs of sentiment are the best. Among the most piquant *A Very Good Girl on Sunday*, *This is the Existence*, *A Bid for Sympathy*, *The Love Monopoly*, and *My Castle in the Air* have the springtime of love and youth in them and are worth the while.

Julian Mitchell in staging and in arranging the dances, Joseph Urban in scenery that is locally characteristic as well as characteristic of his gripping method in giving significance to what he shows in a scheme of color, provide the distinguishing qualities of this very successful production.

Shubert Theatre: "EILEEN." A new Victor Herbert operetta. Old-fashioned but agreeably done in the Viennese manner.

Hollis: Beginning Monday, January 29, Henry Millar in a revival of "THE GREAT DIVIDE."

Plymouth: Miss Grace George in repertoire. Best acting in Boston.

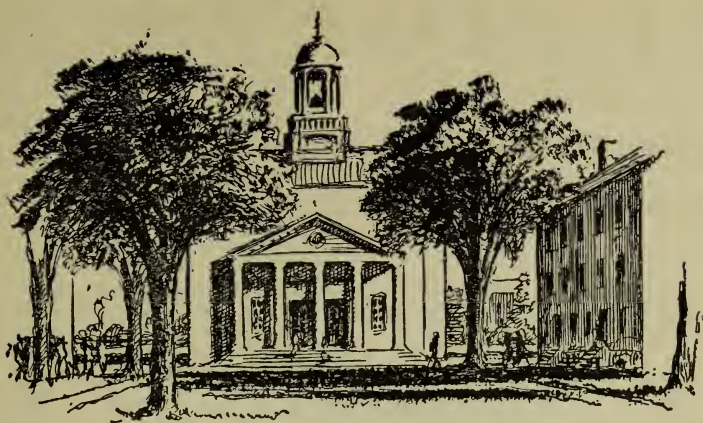
Copley: Henry Jewett Players in repertoire. Well worth seeing.

Colonial: The Cohan Revue of 1916. Diverting musical crazy-quilt, patched together, threaded with words and music, and staged by George M. Cohan. What more could a body ask for?

Majestic: "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS." Annette Kellerman as the star of one of the big and pretentious moving-picture dramas, which includes some picturesque Jamaican scenes.

Castle Square: Louisa M. Alcott's classic, "LITTLE WOMEN."

Park Square: Beginning Monday, February 5, Madge Kennedy in Every Hopwood's gale of laughter: "FAIR AND WARMER." Notice later.
H. B. GOODWIN



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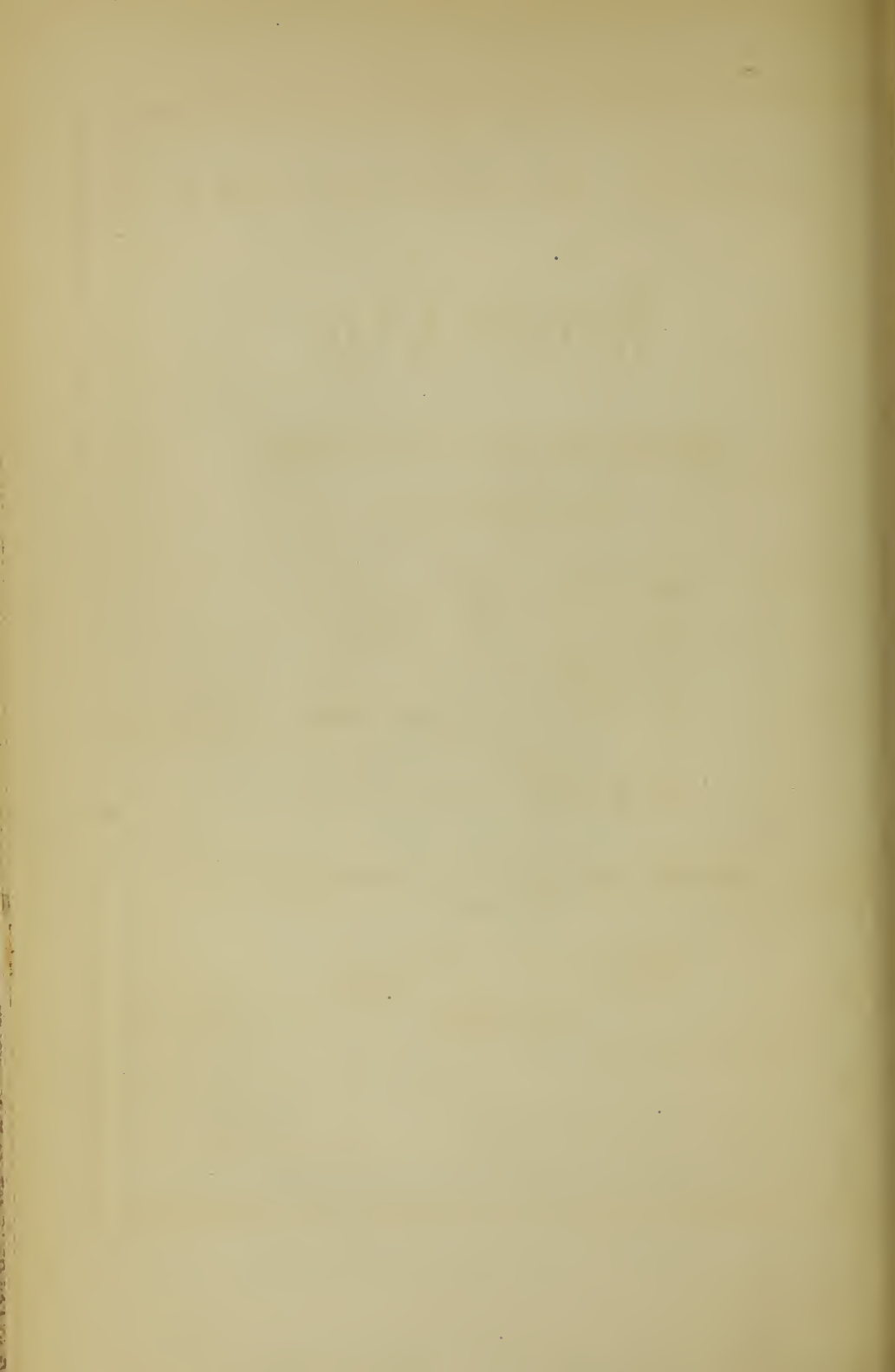
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MARCH, 1917



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CONTENTS

ACHIEVEMENTS	<i>F. Harrison Dowd</i>
BILLY SUNDAY	<i>Rolf Marsh</i>
ESCAPE (from "The Bird")	<i>F. Harrison Dowd</i>
THE CHILD	<i>Jack Wright</i>
EXAMINATION	<i>Alexander Harvey</i>
A THOUGHT	<i>Anonymous</i>
THEATRICAL SECTION	
HERE AND THERE	<i>from the "Theatre"</i>
SUPERSTITIONS OF ACTORS	<i>from the "Theatre"</i>
REVIEW OF BOSTON STAGE	<i>Murray Goodwin</i>
EDITORIALS	
COMMUNICATION	
THE MIRROR IN A MERRY MOOD	

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No. 5

Achievements

I PASSED a minstrel on the way
And heard him say:
"All day, all night I've sung
And yet I am no richer than begun!
Tho' here and there and everywhere
I stop to play a summer air —
No money get I for the sound
Of voice and violin around —
But men say it is beautiful."

Men say, my friend, men say!
And they will pay, some day —
You hearken me!
But then, you see,
We will be happy just for friends.
Who like our songs.
Money?
Pshaw!
For what great ends?

F. HARRISON DOWD

Billy Sunday

BILLY Sunday is the most conspicuous Christian leader in America. He has done more for the Church and the poor than the minister; he has done more to wipe out drink and crime than any man living. As Wilfred T. Grenfell puts it, "The man appears like a great big watershed, simply compelling everyone to take sides." Most of those who criticize Mr. Sunday have not heard him; all of those who object to him because of his methods, fail to realize that these methods attract the attention of many who would not listen otherwise, and to whom the dignified sermon would not appeal. Billy Sunday gets those who don't go to church.

Mr. Sunday has helped the poor all over the United States, both financially and morally. He has given small sums here and large sums there, wherever he thinks they will do the most good. What church in the United States can raise as much money for the needy as Mr. Sunday is doing? Besides giving the money raised by every collection, excepting the last collection which he keeps to support his family, he frequently aids the poor out of his own pocket.

His preaching is also affecting the landlords, employers and people of wealth. Hence, landlords are now doing more for tenants and improving the living conditions of the poor; employers are increasing wages and removing some of the temptations to crime; people of wealth are giving more money to the hospitals, public institutions, and the poor.

Mr. Sunday has gotten people interested in the churches. Many people go to church after he has finished talking to them whom other preachers had never even hoped to see inside a church door. In this way the churches are not only helped along, but the people themselves by going to church after Sunday has once set them right, are helped to keep to the straight and narrow path.

A writer in the "*Congregationalist*" writes, "The open saloon is the hotbed of anarchy. It is the incubator of poverty, crime and vice. It is the spawning place of degeneracy", and it is undoubtedly true. Billy Sunday's greatest work is to close

all saloons, and, in this way, lessen the evil abroad in the world. He has succeeded in Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, and other states, until at present, twenty-five of our forty-eight states have decided in favor of state wide prohibition. Of course Billy Sunday is not responsible for prohibition in the whole twenty-five states, but statistics show that many of them have decided on prohibition only after Mr. Sunday has spent some weeks in their principal cities. Many other states will undoubtedly swing with the majority, thanks to Billy Sunday.

W. T. Ellis says in his book on "Billy Sunday", that approximately two hundred and fifty thousand persons, in the past twenty-five years, have taken Sunday's hand, in token that henceforth their lives belong to the Saviour. Tens of thousands of those men were husbands—hundreds of whom had been separated from their wives and children by sin. Now, in reunited homes, whole families bless the memory of the man of God who gave them back husbands and fathers. Other tens of thousands were sons, over many of whom parents had long prayed and agonized. It would be hard to convince these mothers, whose sons have been given back to clean living and to Christian service, that there is anything seriously wrong with Mr. Sunday's language, methods, or theology. Business men who find that a Sunday revival means the paying up of the bad bills of old customers are ready to approve on this evidence a man whose work restores integrity to commercial relations.

It is possible to misinterpret nearly everything which Mr. Sunday does. It is easy to impeach his motives and to misconstrue his actions. Mr. Sunday's dominant passion is to bring sinful men to God through Jesus Christ. His theology concerning hell can be taken only for what it is worth. A great many people go to the Tabernacle only to listen to Mr. Sunday's theology. Once there, nearly all of them forget his theology and listen to his stinging, burning and wooing words with which he presses home the appeal to repent and believe.

The newspapers, as a rule, do not do Mr. Sunday justice. Their reporters pick out a word here, and a word there in his talk, until it seems as though he were swearing throughout his

sermon. As a matter of fact Billy Sunday never swears, but occasionally he uses slang, which used, as he uses it, hardly seems like slang.

ROLF MARSH

Escape. (From "The Bird")

Before the door of my cage I stand
Before the door — *before* the door!
Caught in for years behind the door
I caught but snatches of the world beyond.

Before the door!
Ah, God — ah God, the moving wind!
Wide places stretch their arms to me —
I am ready to go,
I am eager —

Before the door at last!
I am eager, I am hungry for flight.
I stretch my wings to soar

But, oh—
Can I?

F. HARRISON DOWD.

The Child [A Story Play]

ONE ACT (TWO SCENES)

Most of the time is seriously devoted to stage-effect —silence and waiting.

SCENE I

The brilliancy of day sinks down over the hills and is blotted out from the sky. Things in this gigantic room of the dilapidated remains of a former, vine-eaten summer estate grow darker more rapidly than the day, and as violet and green stain the window glass, the rafters, the oaken bookshelves, the carved masses of furniture lose form and move in their night; now and then a knob glitters like an eye. The ceiling is lost far overhead, the walls disappear, no light comes through the big window or lozange glass, as outside things become majestic and black. While a faint glow of red dies away, a star is born. In the room the aged wood, saturated with years of spring rains and of autumn leaves, with years of inhabitance, of former fetes, tapestries, rich gowns and sweet incenses — the old wood that shaped and moulded this room into a vastness and a harmony that are sacred by now, exhales its odors of ages of life and of mourning as it always does when the eventide rests a moment before changing into night.

"Light the lamp, Amy."

"Yes, mother."

When the match sets the great porcelaine lamp afire, a yellow warmth glows across the long table, lights up a very ancient mother thinking over her knitting, glitters up two tall chairs with their faded crest-rampants, mingles into the background and spreads warningly up the infinite, bare walls. A girl with round blue eyes that were once clear, and two velvet cushions of blond hair drawn simply down over her cheeks — that are white and even rigid — a girl who has been young and has once had hopes of joy and thoughts of the far beyond, a very quiet girl, sits in a very noble chair in the *penombre* of lamplight and room-dark. She is staring at the rampant-lion carved over the doorway — the lion can scarcely be distinguished and might

be rather an odd spirit of witchcraft that nests up there but for the nicks and cracks that reveal its ancient woodiness.

THE MOTHER. Light the fire, Amy.

THE DAUGHTER (AMY). A fire, mother? It is not winter yet.

THE MOTHER. I am getting colder and colder, Amy.

AMY. Mother, are you ill?

(Three knocks echo loud through the mansion.)

THE MOTHER. It is Peasant as usual. Let him in, the humble man.

(The mother coughs as Amy goes to the door and a good farmer enters.)

THE MOTHER. Good-evening, Peasant.

PEASANT. Good-evening, madam. *(He fumbles with his hat and then)* Is he there —

THE MOTHER. Yes, Peasant. *(Peasant goes upstairs.)*
Amy.

Yes, mother.

You are a brave girl, aren't you — *(silence)*. Amy, you know. Well when it does come, dear, think of me only as one long forgotten. Do not think, rather, Amy — just turn to your father. He is old and will need your care. You haven't much to care for him with, but you must have — somehow. But, Amy, my child! my bosom child! Don't — don't fall where other girls in need have fallen — oh, Amy, may God forbid — may God then send you first to the somewhere, nowhere, I soon will — there Amy, you are a brave girl, aren't you —

(Amy is kneeling by her mother in the lamplight. The curtain very slowly descends as the mother trembles, coughs and then trembles again.)

I am quite warm now, Amy.

(Change of scene.)

SCENE II

A semi-attic. Many empty trunks are roughly open and upside down in the rust and cobwebs. A chamber door to the right. In the night of it, all a funny ticking noise of some mechanical movement can be heard. Feet sound their coming up the stairs.

"It's very cold — a match."

(Peasant enters and lights an old broken lamp.)

PEASANT. Eddie!

(A child's voice from within the chamber to the right bursts out laughing and then says:)

EDDIE. Come here, Peasy, come here, hurry, hurry, quick quick —

PEASANT. What's wrong! — Eddie!

EDDIE. I painted my choo-choo all red this morning, and now I think it ought to be green!

PEASANT. Ah —

EDDIE. Well, now, just why don't you like green choo-choos?

PEASANT. Why don't you light the lamp, Eddie? You'll turn into a ground-mole, not counting how many times I've fallen over these trunks. If it wasn't for your hollering I'd dump them out the window. Why didn't you light the lamp?

EDDIE. I can't.

PEASANT. Can't what?

EDDIE. Light the lamp.

P. Then ask Amy to.

E. I can't.

P. Why?

E. I don't know. *(Silence)*

P. Ah, so your choo-choo's still going, is it.

E. Why, of course it's going! And look at all the tracks, Peasy — all the brand new tracks — it's such a lot of 'em, just piles of 'em, they're all like the pretty things on a Christmas tree. I've got arms full of 'em, Peasy — they're all new.

P. Why not run the train under the bed? You have got it laid out in the middle of the room there, so that you can't sit down.

E. I don't need to sit down, and then I wouldn't think of running it under the bed. It's dark under there and dangerous. And I wouldn't want to hurt anyone — never! You see, my passengers like me. They've been with me so long —

P. Yes — so long. Eddie, you've got to stop playing with that train all day.

E. No! Peasant—no! I can't stop my choo-choo; I mustn't stop it. Don't take it away — you won't, Peasy, you won't take it away from little Eddie, will you?

P. Well, if you'll keep a light around these trunks, I won't.

E. And, Peasy, I'm getting so many passengers I don't know what to do with 'em. I can't refuse anything, so I have to take 'em in. But there're arms full of passengers, and I must have more trains and locomotives and tenders and coaches and trucks and pullmans and wheels and smokestacks and signals — oh, Peasy, I must have signals!

P. Well, now, Eddie, I'll bring you some, but you always need more every time I give you new ones. You've got signals and flags and red lamps all over that carpet and two at every furniture leg!

E. Yes, it's all deadly dangerous! It's an awful strain on me all day, and sometimes I wake up at night to see if the little lamp-signals are still burning. You see over there, under that lady's photograph on the floor, is Devil's Hole — it's a bad place and at midnight a train would surely be wrecked!. Then under the stool is Black Valley, and out across the bright floor is Amy Land, and then it's Fairy Land, and then it's Toyland, and then it's Pieland, and — well, it goes under the table and has to go slow; then by that last little lamp, it is — it is my lady's land.

P. Yes: it's getting more mixed up each day that I come around. It's been your game for quite a while — heh Eddie? Ever since the wrecks and the lawsuits.

E. Yes.

P. Ever since the bankruptcy.

E. Yes.

P. Ever since the prison.

E. I don't remember.

P. Well, Eddie, we'll take our walk now. Come on.

E. Oh, but you're forgetting my choo-choo. My dear little choo-choo. He mustn't be left like this. See how nice I put them away — everything just so every evening.

P. And how many evenings — ever since the wrecks and the lawsuits?

E. Yes.

P. Ever since the bankruptcy.

E. Yes.

P. Ever since the prison.

E. I don't remember.

P. Well, come on. Never mind so much care tonight. I must hurry.

E. Oh, but I can't hurry. My choo-choo wouldn't let me.

(Then in the child's room a toy-chest is closed. The voice sighs—"I am so tired", and he comes out. He is an old man—little, hump-backed, with ensnarled grey locks, a face of parchment in the half-blind eyes. He is the father. His old-fashioned tail-coat is dark green, worn to shinyness, and from under its awkward sleeves two little withered hands clutch desperately to a toy locomotive as he stands blinking at the audience.)

PEASANT. You forgot to put away the locomotive, Eddie!

EDDIE. Never this one — this is the one I didn't paint red, and I never let it go — I've held it so long —

(He hobbles amongst the trunks as though looking for something and singing out of tune, "The proof — we want the proof".)

PEASANT. It was the judge who said that.

(Eddie stares at him.)

PEASANT. Yes, the judge, the man in black, between two lights, the man who swallowed his lips and never moved.

EDDIE *(who has been undergoing a metamorphosis)*. Oh! I remember — a judge, *him* — and the bankruptcy of the R. & O. railroad company — of my trains — and I am innocent and the judge, the man of wax, the man in black, he condemns me and says "for life" and — God! I remember — I remem — I — I — I — Peasant, it's fading — I thought I knew — it's lost!

(He is still a moment and then turns and sings his old, off-the-tune, "The proof — we want the proof" — till he ends in a chuckle.)

PEASANT. But why are you so happy?

EDDIE. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha —

(Peasant is standing peacefully watching him and with a slight inquisitiveness.)

PEASANT. But why are you so happy?

(Longer and shriller the little man bursts out in the night):

EDDIE. Ha, ha, ha, ha, haaa, hee, hee, heeeee —(*till he begins leaping frogily about the attic and behind the trunks; suddenly turning, he stops, half-squatted, and gleaming at Peasant; then with a laugh he points his pitchfork fingers at him and says*) Peasy — YOU ARE INSANE.

(*Throwing his head back, he laughs with a devilish screech as the curtain falls.*)

J. M. WRIGHT

Examination: Apropos of the Rating

The quiet room and many students
Assiduously writing,
The scratching pencil's noisy pens
A subdued undertone
The Teacher pacing back and forth
Or seated at his desk,
The carefree whistling of some passerby,
A whispered word for needed help,
Departing scuffle of some knowing one,
And gentle noise of soft closed door.
Are these but passing dreams
Or can it be the dread examination room?

A. D. HARVEY

A Thought

IF you think you are beaten; you are!
If you think you dare not; you don't!
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't!

If you think you will lose; you're lost!
From the story of life we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It depends on his state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed; you are!
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late, the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

ANONYMOUS

Theatrical Section

Here and There

Malicious gossip! There is no truth in the report that when Mary Garden appears in a filmed version of Anatole France's story of "the saint who sinned and the sinner who became a saint," the piece will be known as "Thighs." Movie fans will pronounce it "Thaze," just as the crowds did when Constance Collier appeared in Paul Wiltach's English version—the crowds that did not go to see the spectacle.

Did you know that Geraldine Farrar nearly had a public park named after her? The old Horace Mann School in Melrose, Mass., has been torn down and the site is being turned into a park. Miss Farrar was born in Melrose and in this very school she studied what algebra and history she knows. If the film production of "Carmen" had not come to Melrose in all probability the new park would have been named "Geraldine Farrar" Park. But after seeing her on the screen smoking cigarettes, getting mixed up in a street brawl and eloping with a Spanish soldier, the Board of Aldermen hesitated. They are still hesitating and the park is without a name.

The Shuberts have completed the cast for their forthcoming production of Oscar Straus' operetta, "The Beautiful Unknown." The principals are Sari Petrass, who sang the prima donna role when the piece was first given in Budapest last year; Daisy Irving, Maude Odell, Doris Marvin, Nora White, John Goldsworthy, Charles McNaughton, Lionel Belmore, Ned Munroe, Laurence Leonard, Lester Scharff and Selwyn Joyce.

Edith Wynne Matthison will be seen this season in a new play by her husband, Charles Rann Ken-

nedy, entitled "Rib of Man." The play is a modern comedy dealing, as one of the characters say, "with the new woman already in the world and the new warrior coming to her as fast as the devil and the European war will let him."

John Craig, for many years manager of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, has obtained a lease of the Garrick Theatre, this city, and will produce there a comedy by E. H. Sothern entitled "Stranger Than Fiction."

"The Lioness," the new play that Rupert Hughes has written for Margaret Anglin, will be seen for the first time in Atlantic City, February 1st. The cast includes Mary Bolland, Jennie Eustace, Leila Repton, Kenyon Bishop, Mary Leslie Mayo, Hortense Clement, Helen Erskine, Lester

By the way, aren't you consumed with curiosity to witness a play written by Shaw since he was "ostracized by the best London society"? Take your 'kerchief along, Hortense, because you will laugh until tears flow down your cheeks.

An importunate friend induced George Bernard Shaw to attend a feeble society concert. Bored and drowsy, the cynic found a quiet corner where he would be undisturbed. His hostess came up to him presently. "Now, Mr. Shaw, don't you think this orchestra plays beautifully? These men have been playing together for eleven years." "Eleven years!" yawned Shaw. "Have we been here so long as that?"

Students at the Belasco

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts gave its first performance of the season on January 12th last

at the Belasco. The program consisted of Jesse Lynch Williams' three-act comedy, "And So They Were Married," and a playlet by Sutro entitled "The Bracelet."

It was an interesting matinee and Mr. Williams' comedy, which is another "revolt against marriage" play, was particularly well received.

Dr. Hamilton, a physician engaged in important research work, has an assistant named Helen. The plot has to do with the efforts of her family to prevent her marrying the doctor, and later to persuade her to marry him when she threatens to become Mrs. Hamilton without the formality of a marriage ceremony. There is a capital love scene between the doctor and his assistant. They have been purposely left in each other's company and the uncle lingers expecting to find them love-making, when Helen goes up to the doctor and says: "Now tell me all about anterior poliomyelitis." When the doctor answers, "those plates you were incubating dried up and spoiled. You played the very devil with my data," you know, of course, that they are in love.

The play is clever and was particularly well acted by Mr. Sargent's students. Anne Morrison scored a hit, acting with all the poise and authority of the professional. Bryant Thomas was excellent as the Judge.

From "THEATRE" Magazine

Superstition of Actors

The most superstitious people in the world are those of the theatre. Theirs is a business of gambling and most gamblers believe in charms and hoodoos. Players, playwrights, and managers are practically all believers in their destinies. A well-known playwright was going, the other day, to a manager's office to read his

latest piece. No sooner had he reached the door when a black cat suddenly crossed his path. Instantly the dramatist turned on his heel and returned home.

In a dressing room if anybody should be caught whistling all the artists go up in the air, because they fear it would bring some kind of bad luck to the theatre. The offender is requested to go outside, turn around three times to the right and say "I am a fool."

Kitty Gordon, before she goes on the stage, kisses three fingers of her hand and then touches any part of the building painted in solid color.

Irene Franklin believes she would never make a hit if she used cosmetics for make-up. She always uses water colors.

Burt Green would never think of playing the piano unless a handkerchief were on the keyboard. If it dropped, he would stop playing.

It means "good bye" for anyone caught singing Tosti's famous song, *Good Bye* in any theatre.

Billie Burke, on opening nights, always wears somewhere on her person a small piece of new blue ribbon.

Clifton Crawford would not stay in any dressing room if shelves containing shoes were above his head.

Jack Wilson, the black-face comedian, says that all artists, when making-up, start around the mouth. He feels the house would come down if he started around the back of the neck.

Lillian Greuze always wears for good luck a small silver chain she wore as a child.

If an artist by mistake should wear an undershirt inside out he wouldn't dare leave until after the performance.

A great many managers refuse to allow anyone to wear yellow stockings on the stage.

From "THEATRE" Magazine

REVIEW OF BOSTON STAGE

Ye Wilbur Theatre: "THE BLUE PARADISE".

With Cecil Lean. An exceedingly tuneful Viennese Operetta. This musical play has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of Boston theatre-goers and lovers of light operetta music, who are finding it a most enjoyable entertainment.

Cecil Lean, the leading comedian, duplicated his former successes in this city, and continues to ingratiate himself with every audience with his pleasing style of acting and his expansive smile, which combine to make him a favorite with all.

The music was an instantaneous success and contains many melodies that are catchy and bound to prove popular. The cast supporting Cecil Lean comprises such well-known artists as Cleo Mayfield, who pleases with her charming manner, added to considerable personal beauty; Jeddy Webb, Vivienne Segal, Jed Lorraine, Frances Pritchard, Hazel Cox, Harold Crane and a chorus of charming young ladies.

Park Square: "FAIR AND WARMER".

With Madge Kennedy. This amusing tit-bit is rightfully described as "Avery Hopwood's Gale of Laughter". Hopwood's greatest claim to dramatic consideration is his ability to construct quick-stepping, amusing farces without using the eternal triangle as his theme. While not written necessarily for children, they still move in a healthy atmosphere. The characters are always likeable. Avery Hopwood is an influencing

figure in a decade which has practically freed the American theatre from the nasty French farce. Of course Madge Kennedy was just as charming and irresistible in her new role as she was in "Twin Beds" last season, and she is supported by a more than usually efficient cast.

Majestic Theatre: "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS". (Film).

With Annette Kellermann as the star of one of the big and pretentious moving-picture dramas, which includes some picturesque Jamaican scenes, and the star in her famous "back-to-nature" costume. Second month.

Shubert Theatre: "EILEEN".

Second month of Victor Herbert's and Herry Blossom's latest Operetta. Extremely tuneful musical comedy of the old-fashioned type. Vernon Stiles the featured member of a competent cast.

Colonial Theatre: "THE LOVE MILL"

The latest work of Earl Carroll, who is responsible for "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage". Alfred Francis is responsible for the music.

Copley Theatre:

Those splendid Jewett Players in plays that are worth while. The kind of plays that make you thank God that you were not born a fool.

Hollis Theatre: JULIA ARTHUR.

In the Romance of Old France by William Lindsay "SEREMONDA". The most important and most sumptuous dramatic production in years.

Tremont Theatre: "MISS SPRING-TIME".

Second month of that most delightful of musical comedies.

Plymouth: SHAW'S, "GETTING MARRIED".

With an "All-Star-Cast" including: William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Hilda Spong and Charles Cherry.

One of the real treats of the theatrical season.

Castle Square: "A FOOL THERE WAS".

With William Courtleigh in the role of the husband, and in the company will also be: Hallett Thompson as the friend and Miss Irene Leonard as the vampire.

H. M. G.

Theatrical Critic for "The Mirror"

PHILLIPS ANDOVER MIRROR

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Editorials

This is a day of sincerity, or at least we are fast approaching such a day — a day of unaffectedness — of simplicity. Old pomps and their attending trivialities are rapidly vanishing. With them go all those maddening littlenesses that so irritate any serious thinker — or would-be serious thinker. This is a day, then, of freedom — of freedom from doddering antiquities, theories that tend to molest progress, superstitions that belittle.

Of course, there are evils connected with this new movement. We see, for instance, scraps of brilliant phrases hastily thrown together and called poetry — we see mad, cubical splotches on a piece of canvas which are supposed to portray something — we hear an orchestra utter noises resembling a cross between the noise of a thousand faucets leaking, and a giant coughing. Yes, all this seems quite far from unaffectedness, simplicity, sincerity. It is. But, as said before, it is what we may call the bi-product of progress — objectionable, to be sure, but at the same time promising — like the rank, grotesque skunk-cabbages that appear before the wonderful finality of May.

* * * *

Because we never speak about the war in these pages does not mean we are not interested in it and its tremendous import to all phases of present existence, But we are not well acquainted

with its technicalities — and then, too, every writer is shouting about it, few understanding it.

* * * *

Sarah Bernhardt — a figurehead in drama — is here in the United States, making what is, without any doubt, her serious "farewell tour". But she stands for more than a wonderful actress: everywhere people are proclaiming her superwoman, heroine, wonderful. She lays rightful claim to these accords. She has made her life all that it could be,— she has given all that she could give,— she has learned all she could learn. She has conquered physical weakness by her marvelous nervous energy, her indomitable will — making the former an aid and means of preservation rather than a source of inefficiency and failure. What more could she have done?

F. H. D.

Communication

The Temporary Editor of the *Mirror*.

These few lines at the end of the next *Mirror* editorial can openly show the decadence of the modern American story which has wellnigh become a movie plot.

Taken directly from the circular of Street J. Smith, Publishers of eight leading magazines:

"Plots should be strong and quick. Simplicity of construction and clearness of style are also important. Dialect stories, character stories and stories with tragic endings are not desired. Stories with an American setting are preferable.

"Stamps to insure its return, etc."

Sincerely,

J. M. WRIGHT

The Mirror in a Merry Mood

POPULAR THIS SEASON

YOUNG LADY (with hopes)—“What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?”

MALE SHOP-WALKER —“Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one.”—*Tit-Bits*

HARD ON THE LIONS

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

“Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?”

“No, sir. Why was it?”

“Because the most of him was backbone and the rest grit.”—*Tit-Bits*.

NOTHING HAPPENED

The cub reporter assigned to “cover” a local wedding sauntered back into the editorial rooms of his paper.

“Where's your ‘story’?” called the impatient city editor. “Hand it across!”

“Sorry!” said the cub, nonchalantly, “but there was nothing to report! The bridegroom never turned up!”—*Christian Register*.

THE LIFE OF TRADE

The proprietors of two rival livery-stables, situated alongside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.

The other week one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper, bearing the words:

“Our horses need no whip to make them go.”

This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour

he neatly turned the tables by pasting the following retort on his own window:

"True. The wind blows them along!"—*Tit-Bits*.

MILEAGE PER GALLON

WILLIS—"Just think of it! Those Spanish hidalgos would go three thousand miles on a galleon!"

GILLIS—"Nonsense. You can't believe half you read about those foreign cars."—*Life*.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON HISTORY

A girl was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence:

"Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food."

"The teacher was puzzled, and called the girl.

"Where did you get that notion?"

"Why, that's what it says in the history."

The book was sent for, and the passage was found. It read:

"Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."—*Tit-Bits*.

ALL IN VAIN

"Dear Mabel, do you love me?"

"Oh, George!"

"Don't you, Mabel? Just a tiny little bit?"

"W-e-ll, y-e-s, George."

"And if I married you, would your father give us a separate establishment?"

"Yes, George."

"And would your mother keep away from us, except when I invited her?"

"Why certainly, George".

"And your brothers and sisters, too?"

"Why certainly, George."

"And, of course, the old gent would settle my debts?"

"Of course, George."

"Darling, will you marry me?"

"No, George."—*Philadelphia Record*.

IN COURT

LAWYER—"Do you drink?"

WITNESS (quite huffy)—"That's my business."

LAWYER—"Have you any other business?"—*Widow*.

NOT ON HER LIST

HE—"Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?"

SHE—"I don't think I ever met him. You know, we invite so few men to our card parties."—*Stray Stories*.

AN OPTIMIST

HE—"Good heavens, the clock just struck one, and I promised your mother I'd leave at twelve."

SHE (comfortably)—"Good! We've eleven hours yet."
—*Yale Record*.

CAPTIOUS

"Is this beef too rare for you, Mr. Simpkins?"

"Well, since you ask me, Mrs. Skinner, I would like it a little oftener."—*Christian Register*.

ONE WAY OUT

"Waiter," he said indulgently, and yet withal firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Now, in my young days, one dozen comprised precisely twelve. Why, then, varlet, dost always bring but a paltry eleven?"

The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. Likewise he went, "Ahem!"

"Sir," he said calmly and evenly, "none of our patrons care to sit thirteen at table."

It was just then that the explosion occurred.—*New York Telegraph*.

ILL-GUIDED ZEAL

William Wilberforce, the slave-liberator, had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William at the hustings and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her stump speech, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted:

"Miss Wilberforce forever!"

The lady stepped forward.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but, believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."!—*Tit-Bits*.

FIFTY-FIFTY

An Irishman who had walked a long distance, feeling very thirsty and seeing a milkman, asked the price of a quart of milk.

"Threepence," replied the milkman.

"Then give me a quart in pints," said Pat.

Pat, on drinking one pint, asked, "How do we stand?"

The milkman replied, "I owe yer a pint."

"And I owe you one," said Pat, "so we are quits."—*Chicago News*.

SILENT ACTIVITY

CALLER—"That new girl of yours seems nice and quiet."

HOSTESS—"Oh, very quiet! She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room."—*Tit-Bits*.

EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES

The sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?"

"Borrowing money, lady?" was the reply.

"But, good gracious!" she exclaimed, "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money?"

"Not ordinarily," said the man, "but I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."—*Exchange*.

ASKING TOO MUCH

BANK MANAGER—"Now please understand, Miss Jones, you must make the books balance."

MISS JONES—"Oh, Mr. Brown, how fussy you are."—*Punch* (London).

MEAOW

SHE—"What do you suppose Harold meant by sending me those flowers?"

ALSO SHE—"He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one."—*Jack o'Lantern*.

BRITISH FRIGHTFULNESS

THE HOST—"I thought of sending some of these cigars out to the Front."

THE VICTIM—"Good idea! But how can you make certain that the Germans will get them?"—*Tit-Bits*.

HIS DUTY

RECRUIT—"If you was to put the lid on, you wouldn't get so much dust in the soup."

COOK—"See, here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

RECRUIT—"Yus, but not to eat it!"—*Tit-Bits*.

NEWEST FICTION

Once a farmer, to whom had been lent a dictionary, handed it back to its owner with the remark that while the stories themselves were interesting enough in the main, they were to widely various to suit him.

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

A famous orator during the course of his speech called his hearers to notice that the whole human race was founded by a single man.

Several members of the audience subsequently assured each other that they regarded Adam as married.



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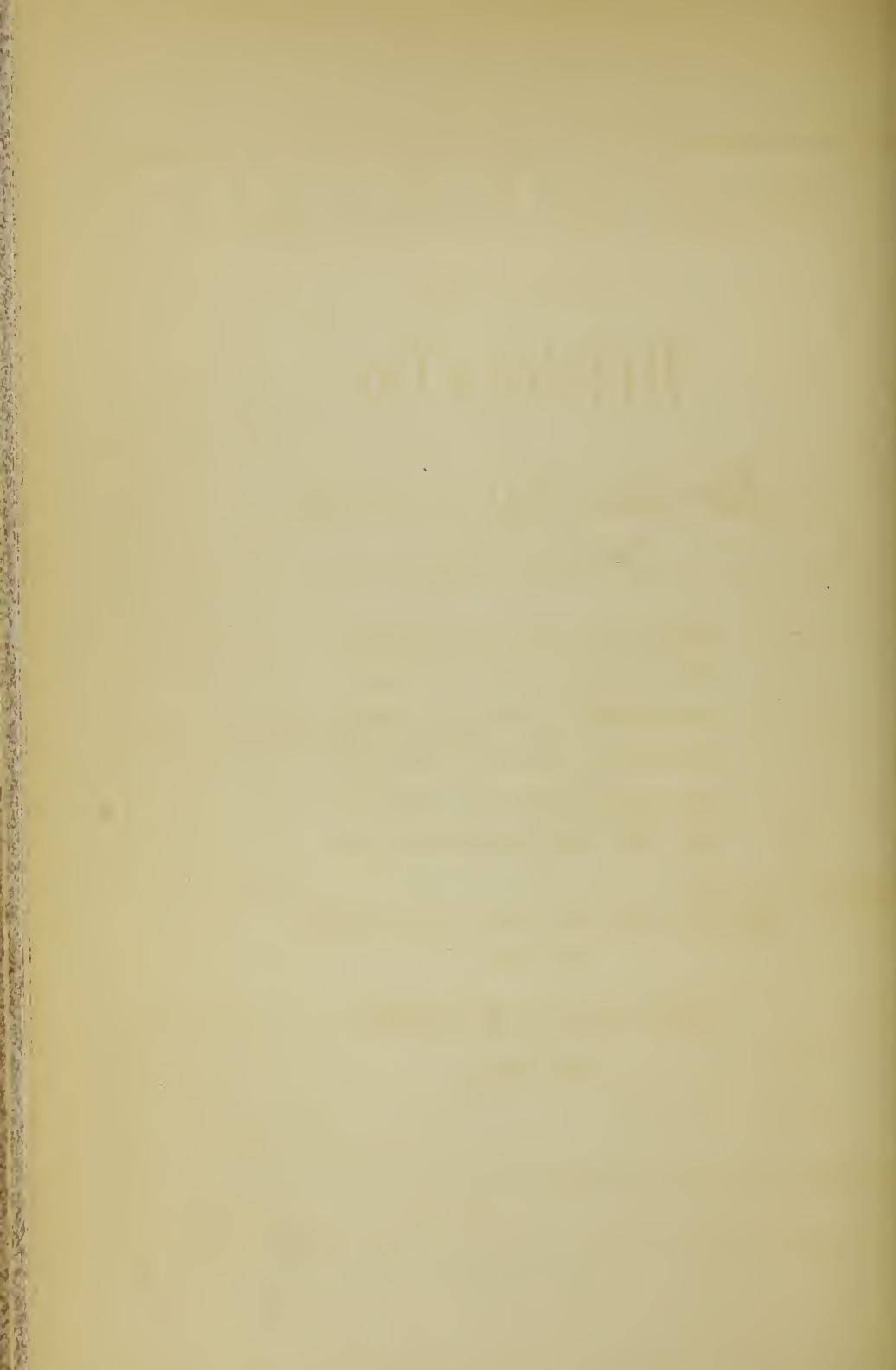
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CONTENTS

AMERICA'S BATTLE HYMN — 1917	<i>F. Harrison Dowd</i>
THE ATTITUDE OF THE UNITED STATES TOWARD WAR WITH GERMANY	<i>George V. Smith</i>
CANADIAN TRENCHES	<i>Grant Littlefield</i>
"THE FIELDS OF GLORY"	<i>Jack Wright</i>
THE AWAKENING OF RUSSIA	<i>Z. Jankauskas</i>
"INJUNS"	<i>Daniel Pinkham</i>
THE ELM THAT'S GONE	<i>F. Harrison Dowd</i>
EDITORIALS	<i>F. H. D.</i>
THE MIRROR IN A MERRY MOOD	

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America's Battle-Hymn

1917

The day of battle nears; I hear its tread
And rising from my senseless dream of ease,
Bursting the sickly shackles of delay
I spring into the place that waits ahead.

Why do I rise, why call my men to me?
To let them loose, well-trained, to seek revenge?
To gain new wealth, to bid my people gloat
Over new victories on land and sea?

Am I aroused with blood-lust in my eye?
With swagger march and false beliefs in pride?
No! I go into war's dark door with head
Heaven-held, with "Justice! Truth!" my battle-cry!

A warrior I, with limbs divinely strong,
With heart fast-set upon a pure desire
I will fight not for selfish hopes or for revenge —
With these at heart, no nation lasts for long.

I will bear into battle's din this call,
This virgin aim, undaunted in the night:
To smite the towers of tyranny and lust
Blow upon valiant blow — and watch them fall!

F. HARRISON DOWD

The Attitude of the United States toward War With Germany

[NOTE: This article was written before the "state of war" with Germany.

—ED.]

EVER since they declared their freedom and independence, have the people of these United States retained their rights, and upheld their honor by bloodshed, which in some cases could have been avoided by arbitration or even by less narrow-mindedness and rashness. When a country had given some insult or had infringed upon some right, the people did not resort to as careful consideration as they might have, but to immediate warfare. They held honor high above all other ideals. They had that spirit of recklessness and precipitousness which is distinctly characteristic of Americans. Every country holds its honor high. But every country does not have the same ideals or such advanced ideals as another may have.

And, when referring to ideals, we must here think of the leaders of a nation. What a nation thinks and does depends very much on what its leaders think and do. If a President's ideals are the same as those of the leaders of other nations, he is on a level with those leaders and cannot stand out as a conspicuous example by himself. We, the people of the United States, have over us a man whose ideals are so far ahead of our own ideals and the ideals of other nations that he raises us to a standard higher than that of other nations. President Wilson's policy of "peace at all costs" is too far ahead of the present time, but it has brought us far enough ahead of the present time to keep peace without blemish to our honor. Some people argue that our honor has been hurt and that our rights have been tampered with. They are right to a certain extent. But that alone is not sufficient reason for plunging headlong into war. Pride has enlarged facts into foolish dreams of dishonor and cowardice. When the real facts are weighed, it is evident that there has not been enough trouble to cause us to go to war. We may appear cowardly, but that is because other people have

not reached our standard of ideals. We are too proud to fight over the disagreements which have arisen thus far. Of course, we want to uphold our honor, but as yet we have had no cause for doing it by war.

Germany has severely taxed our patience. She may still tax it more but we must think carefully before taking measures for war. Our higher ideals of peace make it possible to restrain ourselves from war longer than other nations. *If finally we must fight, we will fight just as hard as our fathers did and with the same spirit of boldness and reckless courage which helped them to win their victories.* This spirit seems to have faded out, but in reality it is there. The United States has passed from youth to middle age and with this change has come careful consideration before rash action. President Wilson's ideals of peace and honor have brought ours to a place where we are almost too broad-minded to fight. The exchange of so many notes with Germany has served to ward off war so far, even though much criticism was heard, but the proof of our fidelity to President Wilson was shown when he was elected a second time to office.

We Americans have in us a set of ideals made up from the ideals of the best and worst of other nations. As we have a President of the best ideals, we ourselves are inspired by his leadership to our best ideals. In the past, American citizens have not failed when put to the trial. What we will do in the present crisis and in the future seems to be foretold by what our ancestors did in the past. If we are called upon we will rise up and fight with the words of Patrick Henry as our motto: "Give us liberty or give us death!"

GEORGE V. SMITH

Canadian Trenches

FOR two and one-half years the face of Europe has been scarred by a long series of zigzag ditches in which several million men move and live and have their being. It is not a pleasant life, and it takes real men to put up with it and not "grouse", which is the soldier's word for "kick". Everything that is possible to be done for the comfort and protection of the men has been done, but, at best, living in an open and muddy ditch is not nearly so comfortable as living here in peaceful and historic Andover. During the first months of the war, conditions in the trenches were terrible. The soldiers had no board-walks, or trench-mats, as they are called, such as they have now, and many feet were frozen in the icy water which often stood knee-deep along the hastily constructed ditches. Now, however, conditions are very different. The trenches are dug and equipped by expert "sappers", who form a separate and highly efficient unit of the allied armies. No fine residential district of the finest of our cities ever received half so much care in planning as does that ever-growing maze of rat-and-vermin-infested trenches.

The trenches are, as a rule, about five feet deep. On both sides rise sandbags laid in tiers, to the height of two or three feet. The front wall is called the parapet; the back is called the parados. Along the parapet are a series of niches about three feet wide and two feet deep. In each niche is a step known as the firing-step; on this step the soldier stands to fire out through the loophole in the parapet. With true British inefficiency the sandbags were at first issued all of the one color — white, so that the loopholes being dark showed up beautifully — a splendid mark for the German sharpshooters. The German parapets are made of black and white sandbags, arranged checker-board fashion, and thus effectively disguising the loopholes. The Canadians hit upon the idea of plastering alternate sandbags with mud so as to get the same effect as that achieved by the Bosches, and the British and French have copied their example to a large degree.

The parados of the trench is punctured at intervals by the openings into the dugouts. These are merely deep caves, floored with trench-mats and roofed with boards which are held up by posts. Sometimes an industrious soldier will build a door for his dugout, but more often they are simply left open. In these dugouts the men sleep and take refuge from shell-fire.

The walls of the trenches are kept from caving in by several different methods; "revetting" is the official term. Sometimes fine chicken-wire is used, and sometimes burlap is put inside the wire. Several different kinds of expanded metal and wooden frames have been tried, but the chicken-wire is so easy to transport from place to place, and does its work so well, that it is generally used.

Day in and day out the Canadians stand in these trenches, and the Bosches stand in theirs. From time to time they take a look over the parapet by means of a trench periscope to make sure that Fritz is up to no tricks. Once in a while they hurl a few bombs over, just to wake the Germans up a little and to relieve the monotony. For this purpose a trench-mortar is used. This is a short length of iron pipe with one end sealed shut. It is mounted on a wooden frame, and at the closed end is a tiny touch-hole. Down the muzzle of this queer-looking article the soldiers cram a quantity of powder and on top of this a bomb. A match is placed on the touch-hole and the bomb is hurled over for Fritz to play with. By means of a range-finder the bomber knows just how much powder to use, and after two or three shots he can usually drop the bombs fairly into the German trench.

With such harmless amusements the men while away their time. When the German artillery gets the range, it is, of course, a different story, for the big shells pretty well knock a trench to pieces. The men simply lie in the dugouts and trust to luck. There's nothing else to do. When the shelling stops, they usually look for a German rush, since the fortifications are always badly damaged by the shells. When the machine guns get into action, however, there isn't much charging done, and when night comes the damage is repaired. When dawn breaks,

an entirely new line of sandbags meets the gaze of the Bosches, and so the weary game drags on. How long it will last, no one can tell, but no matter how long it *does* last those northern cousins of ours will continue to play their parts with the same skill and daring which have marked their conduct ever since the valorous "Princess Pats", on the fields of Ypres and Langemarck, wrote Canada's name among the stars.

GRANT LITTLEFIELD

“The Field of Glory”

And the guns they stood
As they stood at dawn,
Brittle and bright, for British blood
Guarded them set for battle.

Set they were
As the lads had set them
And cheered for England's royal red
Till the sun had set on the Victory fed.
But their muzzle shone crooked
In the light of the moon,
And the faces that watched
In the sandbagged spoon
By the guns through the fire-lit, moon-lit night
Had whitened cheeks and tightened lips
Long struck to stone
By shot and shell,
By engines of man
Unfound in Hell.

Still by the coming of the opal dawn
The snow kept covering in the blue light hovering,
And all was still, for nothing was.
Only a gloated jackal lapping, lonely, sits
By the black, splintered guns that cross their battle bits
Over bodies that came and went too soon —
Over eyes that stare at the fading moon.

JACK WRIGHT

The Awakening of Russia

THE recent and sudden revolt in Russia, which led to the overthrow of the old regime of government, has in itself nothing new and unexpected to those who are familiar with the situation and history of the Russian Empire.

The dynasty of Romanoff began in 1613 and has been the most oppressive dynasty of the kings that ever reigned on the face of the earth.

From 858, the date of the very beginning of Russia as a dukedom, the Russian peasants or "mujiki" suffered terrible intellectual and spiritual oppression, but without showing the least sign of grief and feelings, because they thought that their lot could not be otherwise.

The early dukes and later czars and their Imperial Governments have always seen to it that the Russian mujik or clown should be ill-bred and ill-prepared for any uplift, and so they kept him through centuries in the lowest state of ignorance and serfdom.

Long and hard daily work, most servile obedience to landlords ("Coyare" and "dvoryane"), blind obedience to the church and its heads, attendance at morning and evening prayers, saluting their Imperial Highnesses and other of lower orders — were forced upon the Russian mujik through centuries. To attend schools and other educational institutions has been about entirely prohibited to Russian mujiks.

Notwithstanding all oppressions and hardships, the seed of intellectual light that for a long time reposed in a dormant state, at last, little by little, began to reflect in the Russian mujik's mind.

Inspired by great men such as Puskin, Lermantoff, Gogol, Nekrasoff, Zukovskij, Lebedeff, Plechanoff, Balmont, George Baltrushaitis (Lithuanian), Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Ivan Marodny, Maxim Gorky, and a great many other Russian geniuses, the Russian mujik gradually but surely began to understand his lot and to fight for his social, economic, educational and political freedom. About one hundred years the revolts and uprisings for the liberty, on a smaller or a larger scale, had taken place.

The great revolutionary movements of 1831, and 1905-06, were the only liberty uprisings, to overthrow Russian despotism, but they were without success.

So the Russian mujik once strove and fell; he rose on again and again; and again and again he fell; but he never lost his hope!

Exhausted and worn he never gave up his spirit. He prayed, cursed his oppressors, and waited patiently for time and chance. And when time and chance came, he awakened with all his might, struck hard blows upon his oppressors of the centuries, and freed himself at last.

Z. JANKAUSKAS

“Injuns”

AFTER supper we gathered around the campfire to tell stories for an hour before going to bed. My two friends and I had often wondered about the adventures of the quiet browned man whom we had engaged to guide us into the heart of the Cascades, but had never before succeeded in getting him to tell us any of his experiences. This evening, as there was nothing else to do, we made up our minds that he should tell us something about his past life. For half an hour we told stories and cracked jokes about every subject we could think of without “getting a rise”. Then we suddenly switched to Indians. Had “Slippery Sam” (that was the name our brown friend went by) ever seen any on the warpath? He had. Would he tell us about some of his experiences? He would. This time we had him started.

“It was 'bout twenty years ago,” he began, in his peculiar, inimitable drawl, “that I fust had any real scrap with the Injuns. I was in Montana then, actin’ as a cow-puncher on one of the big ranches. We was on the fall round-up when this perticler thing happened. The steers thet hed drifted up inter the mount’ins was what we was after then. We hed ’most all the others.

“One morning ’nother feller and I started out on our broncos fer a trip farther up a gulch than we hed been before. We hedn’t gone fur ’fore the hoss my pardner was on threw a shoe, so he went back ter camp ter put it on ag’in. I picked up a trail at the mouth of the gulch an’ started ter foller it alone; I sure wanted ter finish up that coulee. It went on all right until it come ter a river. I see it crossed over, so I follered soot an’ then tried ter pick up it ag’in on t’other side. As I did so, I happened ter glance back over the trail I’d found. Jest as I did, I see a bunch of Injuns on bronc’s ’bout half a mile back. They musta been after me frum the fust, becuz I could see they was travellin’ as though they hed an important date in my ’mediate vicinity.

“O’ course, the fust thing I does is ter reach fer my rifle. It warn’t in the holster! Then I remembers: I hed been cleanin’

it the night before, and hadn't put it back. Onyways I hed a six-shooter with me, so I warn't worrying much. I knew thar was somethin' afoot, becuz every one of the redskins was armed an' covered with warpaint. It took me about two seconds ter get started — in the same direction they was goin', but some ways ahead. My hoss was purty fresh, an' I thought it best ter clear out an' take a chance thet I could leave them, rather then ter try ter perfect myself at thet p'int frum 'bout sixty Injun with only a six-shooter and one belt er cartridges.

"I soon see thet we seemed ter be keepin' the same distance apart, so I cheers up a bit. I hed struck a trail thet I never was over before, but thet didn't bother me. It was purty good goin' an' warn't hurtin' the hoss much, 'though we was beginnin' ter climb.

"After a few miles of this goin', the trail become rougher. On one side thar was a precipice, and on the other was a cliff, so I could see I hed ter keep in it. We was gettin' up higher all the time, but I couldn't stop. The Injuns hed begun ter close up an' take pot-shots at me.

"Suddenly the trail come out on a sort of a shelf — an' stopped. On one side was a perpendicler cliff, on the other side and in front was a straight drop of over five hundred feet, and behind was the Injuns.

"As I rode out on the shelf, one of the redskins managed ter pot my bronc'. He dropped in his tracks, and I went sailin' out over his head. I gut back ter the side of the hoss as soon as I could, so as ter use him as a pertection. I couldn't be surrounded, on account of the precipice, so I felt better. I was a good shot in them days, an' I knew I could pick off at least thirty or thirty-five of the devils before they gut me if I was careful.

"The Injuns left their hosses back around a corner an' come forard slower after I hed gut a few of them. Then it gut sort of hot for me. They would wait fer me ter show myself an' then let loose a salvo or two. But in spite of their better chances of doin' damage, they only hit me once — and thet one in the left arm — while I gut one 'bout every shot.

"It didn't last very long. My supply of ammernition warn't big at fust, an' I hed ter keep busy ter stop the devils frum creepin' up close. Finally I got down ter my last gunfull. I made up my mind ter keep one fer myself if I hed ter. I warn't anxious ter let the Injuns torture me ter death, as I knew they would — if they gut a chance. The fust two shots gut two of the nearest redskins, an' they dropped in their tracks. Then the devils started a rush. I gut three of them, an' I knew I hed jest one cartridge left. I put my gun ter my head an' pulled the trigger. The only result was a click! The last shell was defective! The Injuns was almost on me! If I jumped over the cliff, I would be killed on the rocks more than five hundred feet down; if I did not jump, the Injuns would torture me ter death!"

At this point in the story, Sam stopped and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"What happened?" we shouted at him.

"Oh," came his drawl, "THE INJUNS KILLED ME!"

DANIEL PINKHAM

The Elm That's Gone

(Written to and for my grandmother)

* * * * *

The old elm's gone. Never a day hereafter
Can we walk down this village street
And see that bare, strange place
Where once our good grey monarch
Waved his kingly crown of green,
Without a little sob within ourselves
For recollections — childhood memories,
Of playful times beneath that gracious strength
That seemed to guard us as we hastened by,
Living our eager, hopeful little lives.
The old tree's gone. They've cut it down.
Birds, in their passage north or south
Will miss its beckoning top, I can believe,
And flying on, seek new lands spread out fair,
But mindful of a pain, a sense of comfort fled.
We, in our walk from youth to age, will seek
Rarest of things, but all their gleam and gold
Can not forever hide the many dreams
We've dreamed so long about you, great old tree!

F. HARRISON DOWD

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Editorials

It is almost needless to quote the reason of our present attitude toward the German Government. It is the result of a long list of outrages which we, until now, have borne with the utmost patience and dignity. But we have at last found it to be too inexcusable, too licentious. We are now a formal enemy of the German Government.

The present wave of patriotism, real and otherwise — is natural. It is the disturbance of the sea after a long-gathering storm breaks. At first it is a hectic flurry, then it settles down into long, powerful, reaching billows which mean strength.

But let us see where this time may be turned most effectually for the final victorious sweep of the nations who are combined in this great struggle for truth and right. Shall we arm heavily and drill thoroughly? Yes. For the future, if not for the present crisis. Shall we send an army to Europe? This may seem advisable to some, but it is not by any means as necessary as the following: America must stop wasting and *save*. She must stop playing and *work*. She must stop saying and *do*! And what she must do is this: to combine her farms into one great, productive enterprise; to increase the size and number of those farms. To manufacture more steel, and to facilitate this manufacture in every way possible. To clear her railroad system of wrangling and disputes, for the railroads are "the arteries of the nation".

Probably farming is the most important of all. The world is short of food; there is danger of famine here in this country. This peril is the result of America's reckless extravagance. She must now give up her dainty, costly dishes, which cost twice their material worth and which are composed of the choicest of those things which many cannot afford. She must eat simply and temperately. And she must produce as much more, indeed, in the next year or two, than she eats. Much more — for her allies are demanding food. Large estates should this summer be turned into farms instead of remaining the amazingly beautiful floral and horticultural displays they have been. Men should be enlisted for work on farms as well as in the navy or army. Everything possible must be done for the preservation of comparative prosperity here in this country, and of the fighting strength of our allies — for it is they who should fight — for they are *there* and trained. We must support them steadily, persistently, with our varied resources.

F. H. D.

The Mirror in a Merry Mood

THE REASONS MEN FAIL

EGOTISM	FEMININE TRAITS
GIRLS	GIRLS
COMPETITION	WIVES
GIRLS	GIRLS
THEMSELVES	GIRLS

—*Puck*

FORCE OF HABIT

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: In what department did you place the new arrival?

ASSISTANT: That janitor? I set him to work on the furnace.

H. S. M.: Take him off at once, or he'll be turning off the heat.

—*Puck*

AT THE BALL

DEBITANTE: Oh see what your dirty white gloves have done to my dress.

CREDITANTE: But you must forgive them, they are only kids.

—*Lampoon*

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

(With apologies to Sir Philip Sydney.)

Some stranger hath my shirt, and I have his,
By some mistake, mine for another changed:
His is too large, but mine he'll never miss,
A better swap the laundry ne'er arranged:
Some stranger hath my shirt, and I have his.

His shirt on me leaves me to grope — alone,
My shirt on him chokes up his breath, his throat;
He damns my shirt — glad that 'tis not his own,
I like not his for it on me doth float;
Some stranger hath my shirt, and I have his.

Lampoon

A QUERY

Ah! There he goes!
 Fine masterful boy, clad in
 The olive-drab uniform which marks
 His duty.
 His head is high, his chin drawn in, his
 Chest thrown out, his arms swing
 Loosely at his side, and the
 Spring and
 Rhythm of his stride show the reserve
 Strength in his powerful
 Muscles. But why, oh why
 Must he
 Spoil the entire effect
 By wearing
 Patent leather dancing shoes?

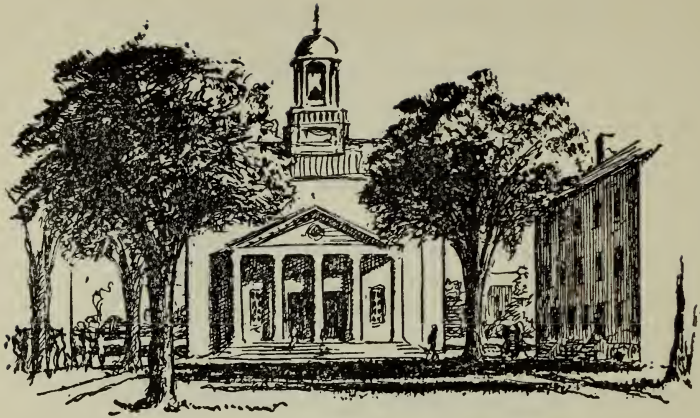
—*Lampoon*

WELL HEELED

It was a windy night, late in the fall, in the hills of North Carolina. As the traveler sat by the snapping hickory fire in the mountaineer's cabin, talking to the old grandmother, a half-grown girl came in, bare-legged and bare-footed, and stood before the fire. The old woman smoked on sleepily. Presently she drawled, "Sal, thar's er hot coal under yo' fut."

Sal never moved. "Which fut, ma?" said she.

—*The Lamb*



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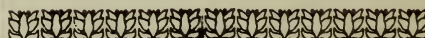
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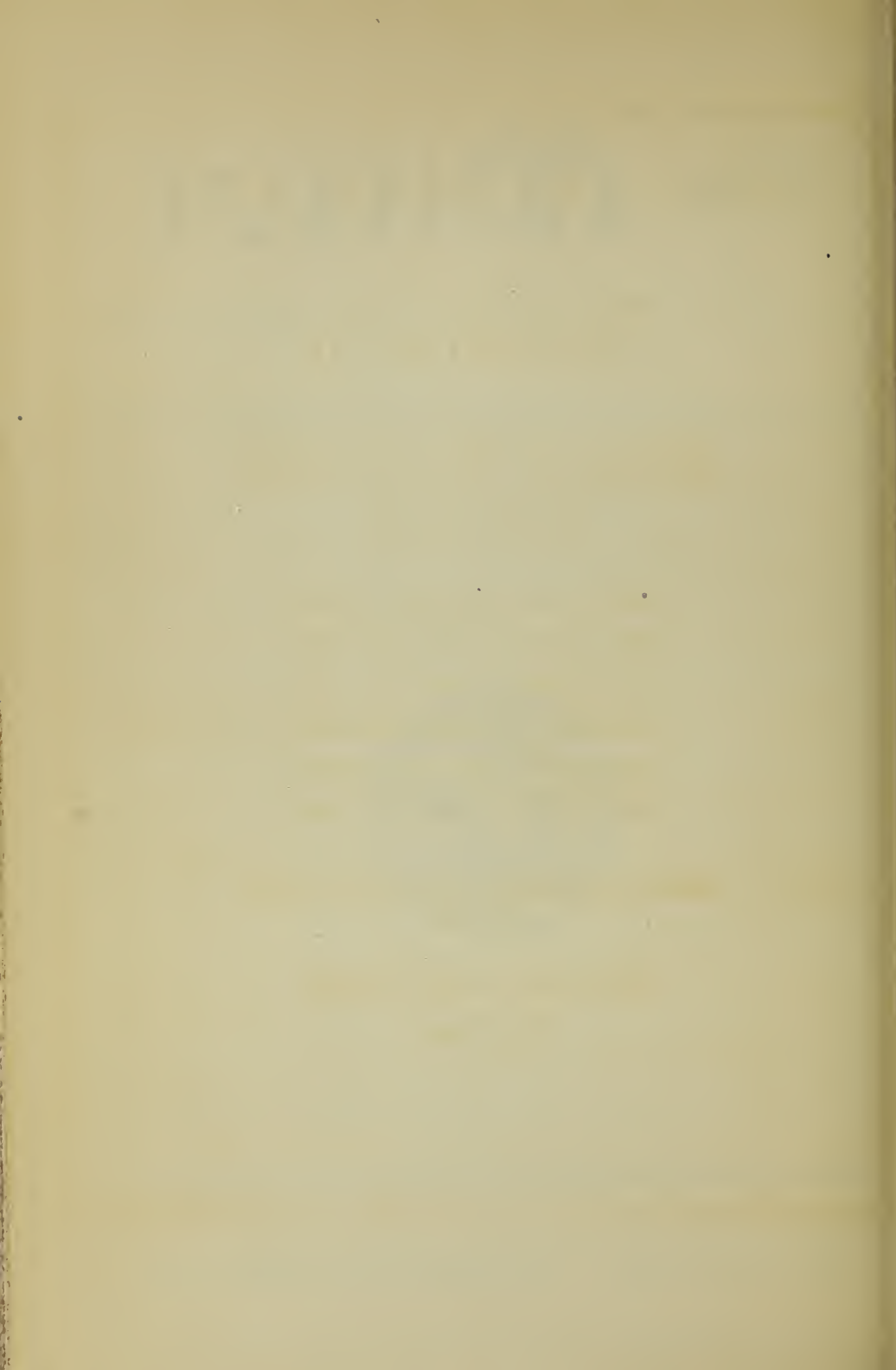
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CONTENTS

NEXT DOOR — A One-Act Play (adapted from a story)	<i>Ganz Le Maire</i>
PATROL — Poem	<i>F. Harrison Dowd</i>
AN ORIENTAL WEDDING — Article	<i>Chichuan Yu</i>
THAT SPOOK! — Story	<i>Daniel Pinkham</i>
THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD — Article	<i>George V. Smith</i>
EDITORIALS	
THE MIRROR IN A MERRY MOOD	

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Next Door

A thimbleful of life's sunshine,
To be taken when your heart is awake,
And your head is drowsy.

[A ONE-ACT COMEDY IN SEVERAL SCENES]

Dramatized from the story "Next Door Neighbors," by C. McElravy—Ed.

SCENE ONE

The large, well-appointed library of any exclusive New York apartment. It is nearly dark. The outline of a woman can be seen at a window-seat in the left background. Next to the window-seat is a door leading into a dining-room, and next to the door a fireplace, glowing softly through the dusk. On the other side of the window-seat, squarely in the middle of the stage, are double portieres leading into the main hall, with an outside door plainly visible. In the right corner is a large piano and next to the piano another door, a side door, connecting with the other apartments by a corridor. Chairs, tables, pictures, books, shelves, a north-shore couch and a large library table covered with magazines and a Chinese table-lamp. A light rapping on the right-hand door. The woman gets up quietly, and turns on table lamp. The maid's approaching footsteps are heard off-stage.

MRS. WARD: You needn't come, Mary. I'll open the door myself.

(A short, plump, rosy-cheeked, elderly little woman steps into the room. She is dressed in a dark house dress and carries a china cup.)

MRS. HOOD (*smiling pleasantly*): I have brought you some of my green-tomato pickles. (*Pause*). I'm Mrs. Hood next door.

MRS. W. (*uncertainly motioning her guest to a chair*): Oh, yes, I understand. (*Accepts the proffered pickles in some perplexity*).

MRS. H.: Needn't hurry about returning the cup. You can bring it some time when you're running over.

MRS. W. (*smiling politely but rather dubiously*): Yes, when I'm running over.

(*Mrs. H. glances eagerly about, admiring the well appointed room. Pleasure and wonderment alternate upon her wrinkled, kindly, face. Little exclamations of surprise and delight occasionally break from her lips.*)

MRS. W. (*after a puzzled interval*): I remember seeing the moving-van back up to the apartment one day last week.

MRS. H.: Yes, Frank and I moved in last week. We left Plainfield on Wednesday and landed here Thursday afternoon. Frank — that's my son — went right to his work. He's with the architects, South and Swift. My! such a job as I've had straightening round! I was afraid some of the neighbors would come popping in and find everything upset.

MRS. W.: You are strangers in the city then?

MRS. H.: Yes, indeed. We don't know a soul in this whole big place, except the gentleman Frank works with. My husband died at Plainfield three years ago, and of course when this chance came for Frank, I cut off all my old lifelong associations and came with him.

MRS. W.: No doubt you will miss your friends.

MRS. H. (*tears in her eyes*): Yes I've begun to feel that way already, though I promised Frank I wouldn't. You see, I'm used to having lots of folks about. So this morning I said to myself, I'll not stand on ceremony and wait for the neighbors to call; I'll just run in somewhere myself. So here I am! (*Mrs. W. smiles weakly*). It's not so much on my own account, you know, as on Frank's. I'm a sort of a home-body myself, but I sort of want to get Frank acquainted with the right sort of folks. He's a good boy, Frank is, and I think he's going to do well with his

work. I noticed a very nice-looking girl coming out of this house yesterday. Is she some kin of yours?

MRS. W. (*gasps and stiffens a little*): Yes; if you mean Elsie. She is my daughter!

MRS. H. (*her features light up with pleasure*): Ain't that nice, now! I said to myself when I saw her, there's a sweet good girl we've got for a neighbor; she might make a good friend for Frank. He's not much of a girl-boy, you know, but I've tried to improve his manners and bring him up right. Perhaps if your daughter is having some friends in some evening, she'll invite him. (*Mrs. W. has difficulty in framing her reply and luckily the clock on the mantle saves her the trouble by striking half-past five.*)

MRS. H.: Land! Half-past five already! I must be going. 'Twouldn't do to wear out my welcome first visit, would it? (*Goes toward the door and then suddenly turns and looks at Mrs. W.*) My, but you've a rosy little face! It takes me back to my younger days. You must come over and see me when you've time. (*Exits*).

(*Mrs. W. walks over to the table in the center of the room; she really doesn't know whether she is pleased or displeased at her visitor's last words. A smile and it is the former. The sound of a key being turned in a lock; she turns quickly. At the center door appears a tall, slim, rather pretty girl, followed by a young man buried in bundles.*)

MRS. W: Elsie, my child, what has happened?

ELSIE: Nothing serious, Mother. I had a little fall from the car, and this gentleman —

FRANK HOOD (*reddening deeply*): Had the pleasure of catching your daughter, Madame.

ELSIE: This is Mr. Hood, Mother. They live in the next apartment.

MRS. WARD (*much relieved, signals Frank to put the packages on the center table*): Oh yes. I have just met your mother. She is a dear little woman!

FRANK: Yes, there aren't many like *her*. (*Glancing like his mother around the room*). Why, you've got quite a nice place here!

MRS. W: You must come over and see us, Frank. (*The name comes easily with the feeling of gratitude that surges over her.*) Come over to-night if you like; it is Elsie's evening at home.

FRANK: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Ward. I'd like to come! I must go now. Good-night, Mrs. Ward! Good-night, Miss Ward!

ELSIE AND MRS WARD: Until this evening, Mr. Hood! (*Frank exits*).

MRS. WARD: You're awfully late Elsie dear! Go right up and get dressed. I must go and see the cook about to-night. It's time your father were here. (*Looks at the clock*).

ELSIE: All right, dear. I'm going right now. My! but I'm excited! (*Both exit, Elsie by main hall to the left, Mrs. W. to the right*).

CURTAIN

SCENE II

SAME ROOM AS SCENE I

About seven months later. Just after supper. Elsie is reading a book over by the window but drinking in every word of her parents' conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are taking coffee to the right foreground.

MRS. W.: It is odd how that little woman gets on with everybody. She has been here less than a year and knows everybody around us. We have been here ten years and would scarcely be missed if we moved to another part of the city.

MR. W.: It's the neighborly spirit, dear. There's just a good, honest streak of human kindness in Mrs. Hood, and she "makes good" wherever she goes. (*A silence for a few minutes, Mr. W. begins figuring on an old envelope which he takes out of his pocket and Mrs. W. seems lost in thought*).

MRS. W: It is a pretty good way to live, after all, isn't it, Harrison? Of course, one doesn't stand for much in a social way, but there is a certain dependability about that kind of people.

MR. W. (*looking up from his figures with a worried expression on his face.*): I'm afraid we'll have to think about giving up our vacation-trip, dear.

MRS. W. (*getting up, and running over to her husband*): Oh, Harrison! You can't mean it!

ELSIE (*getting up likewise*): Oh, Papa! No!

MR. W.: Yes, dear, we've got to continue our policy of retrenching some time longer, I'm afraid. We may even have to cut down on Elsie's summer clothes.

MRS. W.: That's — that's pretty bad. We've already given up our car and so much besides. It will break Elsie's heart if there is to be no outing this year. She and her friends have counted so much on at least two weeks at the shore.

MR. W.: I know, dear, but the stock situation, when I came up from the office to-night was considerably wild. I am expecting a call from Bainbridge any moment. The K. and E. has passed its dividend, and the new investments are demanding every cent I can earn or borrow to keep them afloat. I could use a thousand dollars to advantage this very minute, and for the life of me I don't know where to turn for it. As it is, some of my creditors are becoming uneasy.

MRS. W. (*beginning to be worried too*): Why don't you go to Jasper Allen, Harrison? We've known the family all of these years, and Hughey being so — so intimate with Elsie, I'm sure his father would favor you with so small a loan.

MR. W. (*with a faint smile*): You're not up on business matters much, my dear. My experience is that, for various reasons, personal and business relationships are better kept separate. (*A telephone rings in the next room*).

ELSIE: Isn't it just too mean, Mother? We — we aren't really *poor* are we? (*The maid calls Mr. W. to the phone*).

MRS. W.: No, we're not exactly poor, Elsie, but just at this moment we are — are out of funds. The tide may swing our way any day, Harrison says, but until it does we must economize. (*A light rap sounds at the side door*). Oh! dear! Mrs. Hood I suppose. (*Opens the door and lets her in*).

MRS. H. (*looking from one to the other*): Why what is the matter my dears! Don't be afraid to tell an old friend. (*She takes a rocking chair and draws it up beside Mrs. W.*) There now!

MRS. W. (*glad to find a confider of her troubles*): It's just too bad, Mrs. Hood. Just for the lack of a little ready money we've

got to give up our new clothes and perhaps our summer outing! I don't mind it so much on my own account, but it will be so hard for Elsie. The child needs to get out for a while.

MRS. H.: It does seem too bad, doesn't it? I was just trying to plan for a vacation-trip for Frank and myself the other day. Mr. South knows a nice resort not far from the city, near a little lake, which he said was very inexpensive. He keeps a boat there and said if we wanted to go there for a few weeks this summer, Frank could use it. Of course, the place isn't fashionable, but —

MRS. W.: But it would be better than not going anywhere.

MRS. H.: Wouldn't it be nice if we could all go up to this little lake together? Everybody wears old clothes there and goes in for a genuine enjoyment, so Mr. South told Frank. His family seem to like it much better than the dress-up places.

MRS. W. (*leaning forward graciously*): It does have a pleasant sound.

MRS. H.: Well, my dear, I *must* hurry right off. I've something *very* important to do. Don't you fret now! Everything will turn out all right, I just know it will. (*Exits.*)

MRS. W: I hope and pray it will, Elsie. Isn't Mrs. Hood a dear? (*Mr. Ward returning from telephoning.*) Well, Harrison!

MR. W: Things are worse than before, dear. I simply *must* get hold of a thousand dollars before the last of the week, or matters will be in a very serious shape for us.

MRS. W: Have you tried to borrow it anywhere?

MR. W: Yes, I got to thinking over your advice about asking Jasper Allen, and I just called him up on the 'phone.

MRS. W: Did you speak to him?

MR. W: Yes, I told him I needed a little help just at present and asked him for a small loan.

MRS. W. (*anxiously*): What did he say?

MR. W: Why the old fox actually laughed at me. He said he knew all along I was in a fair way to lose on that Zinc Consolidated stock. He's in with the other bunch on that deal, and of course would be glad to see me go under. (*Setting his teeth grimly.*) But I won't go under! If I can just manage to pull through this week, I can liquidate on some other securities the first of the

month, and then I'll be ready for them. I'm not done yet! (*They both sit still for several moments; Elsie goes over to the piano and plays softly; suddenly the telephone rings and the maid announces that it is for Miss Elsie. Mrs. W. gets up and goes to the window, but Mr. W., his head in his hands, remains where he is.*)

ELSIE (*suddenly returning in tears*): Oh, Mother, they're going without me. Hughey Allen says they've made up their party for the beach vacation. It's to be at Fairpoint, which of course is very expensive. Hughey said that—that Ethel Brighton was going! I know he said it just to make me jealous. He knows I dislike her!

MRS. W. (*wrathfully and catching Elsie up into her arms*): It does seem to me Hughey might have left that out. (*A light raps sounds on the side door again*). Oh! Can that be Mrs. Hood again? I forgot to say, Harrison dear, that Mrs. Hood came in while you were telephoning. (*Opens the door.*)

MRS. HOOD (*smiling sympathetically*): I'm bringing good news. I thought it wouldn't keep till morning, so I told Frank I'd just run over a few minutes to-night.

MRS. W. (*rather puzzled*): Sit down, Mrs. Hood. We are always glad to see you, day or night.

MRS. H.: That's a nice way to put it, dear. It makes a body feel sort of welcome like. (*She sits down and begins folding and refolding her handkerchief, the members of the Ward family watching her in a sort of hopeless expectancy.*) I don't know whether I did right or not. I know 't isn't proper to say too much about other people's affairs, but sometimes an outside person can do it better than they can themselves. If I've made a mistake this time I hope you'll come right out and tell me, and I'll do my best to set matters right.

MRS. W.: I—I hope you haven't said anything about the things I told you of.

MRS. H. (*looking up quickly*): Yes, that's just exactly what I did. (*Collapse of the Ward family*). I was over at Mrs. Humphrey Smith's just after I left here, and I'd been worrying over what you said about your needing a little ready money. She and I are pretty good friends now, you know, since that acci-

dent to her dog Tootles. So, almost before I knew what I was saying, I told her all about Mr. Ward's money troubles.

MRS. W. (*anxiously*): Oh, Mrs. Hood! You can't mean it!

MRS. H.: Yes, that's just what I did. I told her your husband was a little embarrassed just at present, but that you thought things would straighten out soon.

MRS. W.: What did she say to that?

MRS. H. (*smiling*): Oh, she seemed to understand. She said all the men in the money district had such troubles. Her husband used to get into the same fix once in a while.

MRS. W. (*much relieved*): I'm glad she did understand. I wouldn't have had her think for the world that it was anything permanent. Of course we'll come out all right in the end. (*Looks for confirmation of this from Mr. W.*)

MR. W.: Yes, it is bound to come out all right after a while. But that doesn't make it any better now. (*Despairing again.*) When you're in trouble, you're in it, and the future doesn't help much at the time.

MRS. H.: That's just what I told her. Then I told her all about how Elsie needed her vacation this year and I just suggested to her that perhaps she might be willing to loan a little money to a neighbor for a while.

MRS. W.: Oh! Mrs. Hood!

MRS. HOOD: She said she would be glad to do so, particularly since I asked it. She said what I did for Tootles was worth more than a thousand dollars to her, and she would be pleased to let me take that much money over to Mr. Ward, and more if need be. She just sat down and wrote out a check, and here it is. (*Mrs. H. digs into the folds of her house dress and brings forth a crisp slip of paper, with perforated edges, and extends it toward Harrison Ward.*) You can just give me your note made out to Mrs. Humphrey Smith. (*Harrison Ward rises hastily, takes the check and smiling, grasps the hand of Mrs. Hood warmly.*)

MR. W.: Indeed I will make out a note to Mrs. Smith, and I want to thank you most heartily, Mrs. Hood! Why, you are a neighbor, aren't you? (*Mrs. Hood's reply is stifled in two pairs of feminine arms that go caressingly about her. Looking up brightly*

into the faces of Mrs. Ward and Elsie, bending over her, tears come to her faded eyes.)

MRS. HOOD: There, I knew it right along! City folks do have hearts, if you know how to get at them!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

SAME AS SCENE II. TWO WEEKS LATER. AFTERNOON

Elsie is sitting on the north-shore couch, a young man, straw hat in hand, is standing talking to her. Mrs. Ward is knitting on the window-seat almost hidden by the heavy draperies. A slight pause, then the young man speaks in pleading tones.

H. ALLEN: But I don't understand why you won't come out with us to Fairpoint, Elsie. Your father finally said you could, didn't he?

ELSIE: Oh, yes, Father said I could, since — well things have been going better in a business way with him lately, I guess. He made a lot of money out of Zinc Consolidated, or some other stock, after the market suddenly turned. He's so tickled, he said Mother and I could go to Newport if we wanted to.

H. ALLEN: Well — Ethel Brighton isn't going after all. If that's what is keeping you away — well — it needn't. (*Here Elsie gives a little gurgle of pleasure.*)

ELSIE: Why, that wouldn't make the slightest difference to me, Hughey. I don't understand you at all. What possible interest could I have in Ethel Brighton and her affairs?

H. ALLEN (*nodding his head in vague bewilderment.*): I don't know, I'm sure, but — but I thought you didn't like her. (*Again Elsie laughs and the sound seems to irritate Hughey.*) Well, I can't see what you want to go poking around in that stupid country place for. It really isn't a first-class resort, Elsie. Nobody goes there —

ELSIE: Nobody goes there! I don't know who was there last year, but I'm sure it is going to be very pleasant this season. Why *we're* going; even Father is going to run out for a few days if possible. And Mrs. Humphrey Smith is going! She said

she was getting horribly sick of the fashionable places and would like to get out in some quiet place among congenial friends and neighbors. And then there's that dear little Mrs. Hood, and Frank — (*Elsie's tone softens unconsciously*).

H. ALLEN: See here, Elsie! It seems to me you're seeing an awful lot of that — that Frank Hood lately.

ELSIE (*angrily rising to her feet*): Why, Hughey Allen, what right have you to say whom I shall see? It seems to me I'm still free to choose my own friends!

H. ALLEN: Well, probably you are! At any rate, it doesn't make any difference to me! (*He stalks fumingly from room by center door. Mrs. W. rises from her seat in surprise and clasps Elsie in a firm embrace.*)

ELSIE: Did you hear what Hughey said, Mother?

MRS. W. (*looking questioningly into her daughter's strangely lighted features*): Yes, I heard.

ELSIE: I don't know what came over me, Mother, when Hughey spoke that way about Frank Hood. It made me angry all over. I *do* like him! I've always liked him from the moment I fell off the street-car that time right into his arms. I don't understand it at all, Mother!

MRS. W. (*looking down into her daughter's flushed features softly says*): Don't try to understand it, dear. It's one of Mother Nature's strange ways. It's the spring of life, that you have reached. It is the melody of youth.

CURTAIN

Patrol

HERE the beach is long and blessedly bare,
Uncurled by feverish humanity,
White sand, dry and cold, sloping into the sliding waves,
Waves, brown and sliding, reaching and gathering again;
Little pebbles, larger pebbles, scattered like dull gems,
Washed as clean as they can be by the cold water.
Here the wind roars a story in my ears.
Come, let me remove my hat, so that the wind
May strenuously tousle my hair and tangle it —
Oh, the grey and dark green waves ride in to me
Each one showing white lips as it nears the shore,
White, torn lips, shaken and tattered and hissing.
The wind pushes urgent behind me,
As when, in a mass of folk, you feel the touch
Of some eager person in the bend of your knee,
In the small of your back or on your shoulder.
I like this touch; it is comradely and assuring;
“Keep on, keep on,” it says, “for I am behind you, fresh and
strong.”

Here is a salty old log — I think I'll go up and rest on it. —
No, I will still go on a bit farther,
So that I may feel the tired pain of physical effort,
The sweet, gracious insistence of weariness of body.
The seagulls rise in white, and droop and glide,
Swooping, like merry mad ghosts over the green and dark waves.
Oh, I wish I could follow them, it must be glorious
To fly low and look down and see nothing but water, water, water,
Green and gold and white-lipped always, always.
Off yonder are black rocks, responding to the push of the waves
With straight, wet strength, with features tender and noble.
I wish I were naked and white and tossing among those rocks
To be killed there, battling with the stern green floods,
Do you call that a fearful death? No, no, I say,
So long as I could fight, fight until I was drowned —

Here is another log, now I'll sit down to rest.
Yes, I'm tired, and it is all that I anticipated. Sweet, sweet,
My face cold with the white winds, I dreamy and diffused.
Watching, as tho' it were a terribly lovely drama, this movement
of sea,

This flood of wind, these errant gulls, grey and white,
With orange-red claws hooked under them —
Blue, blue, blue I see the sky, with ardent clouds
Moving, as in a dream, tremendously, awfully, slowly.
I recognize in them cities and city-gates and white peaks,
All surrounded by the heathen, pressing blue, blue, blue
It is nearly too beautiful; I turn my gaze down to the horizon
Where purple barges steadily grope to the end of the sea.
Long I sit, half-lying back against my log, and forget,
(Or try to forget) the quick flight of my few hours left to me.
Then, rested a little, and eager again, I rise
And face the place from which I've walked. The wind
Strikes me full all up and down my body;
Ah, this is even better than before. I like this ardor,
Like a crowd of lovers, jostling to present themselves to me,
Strong and wilful, fluttering and insistent.
Ah, you winds, I am yours — of whatever and whoever
You are composed — I will not attempt to guess —
I only know how I like your impatience,
Your frank treatment of me. Urge, urge, urge;
I with pressing, swinging legs go forward
Into the riot of it all. I am lost.
My thoughts, it seems, are skyward tossed, are lost.
Flitting, ephemeral bits of pictures here and there,
But all so completely chaotic, so meaningless withal!
Good then! for the present I am no more responsible than the
winds,

I am no more virtuous or human than the clouds,
No kindlier or warmer than the dull clean pebbles.
I am all abandoned to my lovers, the winds.
Urge, urge, urge, I feel the push on my thighs,
The refusal to stop a moment, to pause or to listen,
And I am glad of this touch of tender brusqueness.

Well, I am here again. The coming back seemed short.
For was I not wooed? And wooing goes too soon;
Is all too soon finished.

Afternoon, you have been kind,
I, about to enter life for awhile, again, salute you.

F. HARRISON DOWD

An Oriental Wedding

UNDOUBTEDLY this topic seems to deal with a thing most unusual and interesting. Indeed it is very true that even in China the people also have a keen interest in this ceremony; so I presume that this subject may in some measure interest the readers, especially those who have never known that before.

A son, when coming to his maturity, or only a few years old sometimes — no matter whether he can stand for anything in the future or his ability can bear a household burden — will be engaged to a young lady of about his age in accordance to the will of his parents, who never care to talk over with their son about the agreement made between the girl's side and theirs, as they have the absolute power to do so. The reason why they like to do this is because that people seem to deem it a joy to see their sons marry, and a glory to be father-in-law and mother-in-law themselves, while for a mother of middle class, she gets a young worker to assist her and to attend her. Following the old customs and also because of the strict confinement of the Chinese girls, all marriages are generally arranged by the match-maker who is usually a blessing to all and likewise a curse to all — a blessing, because the couple are made happy in their future lives, and a curse, because an unquiet home is sometimes produced. A visit to the proposed lady's house by the mother and some other relatives of the family is generally necessary for to see the lady's household and herself. If this inspection proves to be satisfactory, then an agreement between both sides will follow. A detail of the young man's name, and his forefathers' names; and the date of his birth are then to be sent over to the lady's side by a maidservant who in return brings back those of the bride's in the same manner. However, superstitious as they are, an asking of the fortune teller, usually a blind man, whether the young couple will be harmonious in the future, is made. In case of any objection from the fortune-teller, the proposal is instantly put off by a courteous pretence through the match-maker; otherwise a kind of more formal bond is exchanged.

Thus without their ever seeing and understanding each other, the engagement is completed.

Immediately following that the ceremony of presenting the betrothal jewelry takes place. Bracelets, earrings, hair-ornaments, gems, and other precious gifts are presented by some ladies of the boy's family with maidservants to the house of the bride, who, dressed in a new suit, shall stay in her room waiting for the arrival of them. The visitors are politely treated and all the gifts will be accepted by the bride's parents as a token of the coming marriage.

The date of this coming great event, which is considered to be the most important thing for the couple's future prosperity, is settled suitable to both families. A few days before that dowries consisting of clothing, toilet articles and all kinds of household furnitures are amply and properly furnished by the girl's parents, showing their affection toward their daughter. Some even spend thousands of dollars for this only. During this time, both families are kept busy to complete the necessary preparations for the coming selected date. The bridegroom's parents send out the invitations to all their relatives and friends while they receive presents and congratulations in return. According to the custom both families' gifts are interchangeable, especially a pair of shoes, socks, hats, and things used for dressing purposes, made by the bride's own hands to show her ingenuity, must be presented to the bridegroom's side.

When the wedding day arrives, the bridegroom, dressed in a most beautiful and graceful fashion, sits in a sedan-chair to the lady's house while the bride, equally decorated as elegant as possible, with a silk veil covering her head, waits to receive her future husband. As soon as the bridegroom arrives at the house, the girl then takes leave of her parents, brothers, sisters, and relatives present, sitting in a red sedan-chair of larger size than that of the bridegroom. As a rule she must weep loudly to show her disinclination to leave her home, though her heart may be elated with joy. During this interval crackers are fired and music is played. When the red sedan-chair appears at the door, the bride will be immediately led out by two maidservants to a hall richly adorned with red and lighted by red candles, where the

couple kotow to their ancestors, parents, relatives and all the guests present. Money for the couple's private use will be presented by these members during that time. After that they will salute each other and sit before a table to take the "son's pies" which means the future thriving of their children, and to drink from the same vessel, which signifies that they will unite into one henceforth. Then the couple are conducted to their own bedroom in which the bride will be seated on the bed, still with her head covered, while the bridegroom comes forward to take away the cover for her so that he may get the first chance to see her before anybody else. Then all others will press up to get a glimpse of her, and begin to make all sorts of jokes. In the following three days the couple's room is the central place for the guests and entertainments are continually served in there. After this the great event is over, and the bride becomes a regular member of the family.

The above mentioned fact is simply a general sketch of the old Oriental wedding ceremony. There are of course many other peculiar customs in addition to these in different parts of the country. The system of marriage in China has been gradually changed since the revolution and I hope the good points in this will be preserved as well as that these of the West be adopted.

CHICHUAN YU

That Spook!

WE arrived at the old camp late in the afternoon. It was a one-room affair which had been built by a city man on the shore of a small lake. When the owner had been killed there on the fourteenth of July, 1914, no one else cared to take possession, and the place fell into decay. How was it then, you ask, that two boys should choose such a spot as their headquarters for a three-day fishing trip? The building had at one time been fitted out with many of the luxuries of home. There were two comfortable bunks, a comparatively tight roof, and rusty, although serviceable screens in the windows for the especial benefit of the mosquitos, which, memory tells me, were even larger than the New Jersey brand. These were our reasons for making such a choice.

The weather was ordered for our trip. A slight breeze sprang up but was not enough to clear away the gathering clouds. As a shower was threatening, we set about arranging the camp before preparing supper. This made it quite late when we finished, so we decided to turn in then, that we might get an early start next morning.

About midnight, my friend, who was sleeping near a window which opened on a rude porch, was suddenly awakened by a queer noise. He sat up and listened. Thump! . . . Thump! . . . Thump. Something was coming toward him along the porch. He looked out, but, although it was not pitch dark outside, he could see nothing. The noise continued: thump! . . . thump! . . . thump! He leaned forward for a closer view. Crash! Something struck the screen in front of his face! And still he saw nothing! What could it be? He waited in silence. Soon the thumping sounds began again; this time they were going toward the lake. He heard them cross the porch — and stop.

He awakened me.

"What was it?" I asked.

"Sam, do you know what day this is? It is the fourteenth of July!"

"What! You don't think it was Old Joe's ghost, do you?"

"No; I don't believe in ghosts, but it certainly sounded to me like footsteps."

"Get a club while I light the lantern, and we can take a look around. There may be some tracks."

He got a club for each of us by smashing up an old chair, and we started.

"Well, where are your tracks?" demanded my friend.

I soon had to admit that there were none. The earth around the camp was damp and soft from the shower the day before, but there was not a single depression anywhere that we had not made ourselves on our arrival.

We finally went back to the house. For the rest of the night we sat up near the stove and talked, we knew we could not get to sleep again. The Thing was either natural or supernatural. If it were natural, where were the tracks, and why couldn't it be seen? If it were supernatural, ——

That day we carried out our plans about going fishing. The weather of the last few days had brought all the fish to the surface, and we caught as many as we wanted by the middle of the afternoon. Then we returned to the hunt for the tracks.

This time we examined all the ground within one hundred feet of the old camp — in vain. The Thing could not be an animal, because it had not crossed the open space surrounding the house.

"We can be prepared for it if it comes back to-night," said my friend. "Why not string some cans from sticks about a foot high all around the place? Then the Thing will make a noise before it gets near us."

"That might scare it away before we could find out what it was," I suggested. "I can sit up near the window with a club and my flashlight. I could waken you as soon as I heard anything."

He finally went to bed (but not to sleep), and I began my watch. There was a moon, but it was often behind the clouds. The wind had died down, and I knew I could hear the slightest sound. With my club in one hand and the light in the other, I waited.

Ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock passed. My friend dozed and I was beginning to nod when I suddenly heard a noise at the other end of the porch. I poked my companion and we waited.

Thump! . . . Thump! . . . Thump!

The moon had just come out from behind a cloud, and I could see almost the entire porch distinctly. There was nothing there, and yet there was something. I flashed my light back and forth — still nothing. Thump! . . .Thump! . . .Thump! I leaned forward against the screen as my friend had done. Crash! The same thing happened as in his case! Crash! . . . Crash! . . . What was it? This time I turned my light on the spot directly below the window — and the ghost was discovered! Our spook was nothing but an old bullfrog that had come from his lake to catch mosquitos on our screen.

DANIEL PINKHAM

The United States of the World

This article was written before the state of war with Germany.—ED.

THE United States of the World! The Great Republic! These words have an incomprehensible meaning to very many people. To these people it seems that the purpose and intent expressed in the words will never be realized in a practical and world-wide sense. The idea of a world-wide government with each nation as a state under its supervision does look like an impossibility. For a nation to be so unselfish as to honor a world flag above its own is an ideal which is still to be sought after and developed. What an advancement in education must nations make, in order to submit their disagreements and controversies to a judicial trial by an international tribunal! But with some thought and consideration one can perceive that such an ideal of unselfishness and mutual understanding is not a mere dream. Some of the best present-day thinkers absolutely believe in a common nation of the future. Men with advanced ideals and education believe in this ultimate state. People will say: "But the ideals of the whole world must grow and every nation must be highly educated." They are correct! Indeed, it is not expected that this change for lengthened peace will come after this war or even for a century or more. But it will come! At the rate men's ideals have advanced and are advancing, such an end is inevitable. People will argue that ideals have been at a standstill and have even fallen back in the years of this war. Some people's have, but, after the war, theirs will be raised to the standard of the majority.

A step is even now being made toward the goal of a common nation composed of nations. The League to Enforce Peace, just recently begun, takes on the primary characteristics of a world-governing body. The league was founded in the United States by men with ideals further advanced than those of most people of the present generation. The idea of the League is that all nations should join in a common bond to agree to submit all controversies to an international tribunal, and that, if any nation goes to war without submitting to a judicial trial of the disagreement, this nation shall be forced to keep peace by the

combined economic and military power of all the signatories in the League. It is easily seen that, if the largest powers are joined in this League, no nation will be physically able to break its bond and agreement. The object of the League is to maintain peace by military power, but, if peace be maintained, education and ideals will have their chance to develop and in time the compulsory system of peace will be replaced by the voluntary forming of a world government which will supervise over the nations and give its decision on the questions which arise. Thus, arbitration will be resorted to, and, instead of a mad plunging into war, peace will ensue.

In some ways this scheme seems unreasonable and arguments could be brought against it; still men will listen to it, not now perhaps, but in the end. Monarchies fall and are forgotten, but great ideas, once they are begun, never fade away into oblivion. Finally this world-republic, the sensible way of governing the world, will be as sure as the day follows night, and, when this ideal is attained, men will be real Christians and nearer to their God.

GEORGE V. SMITH

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Editorials

RUSSIA

We read that there has been a revolution, a change of government in Russia. Now how many of us really realize the true magnitude and importance of this event. Russia, the greatest autocrat of them all, has risen in her anger, and has ruthlessly brushed aside the traditions of centuries. Of course, such distant events lose their significance in the eyes of dwellers of such times as these, when revolutions occur daily; and little news filters in past the combined vigilance of all the warring nations; but from what does get through, we learn that Russia is in a chaos not dissimilar to that of the French Revolution. The throne is overthrown but the ruins still smolder and may any moment be fanned into flame, and three separate parties strive for the seats of the mighty. Each seeks absolute control over the other two. Whoever wins, the other two must suffer. The imperial family having been imprisoned for a short time are free, and on their way to England. The nobles are in flight, and any moment the people may decide to stop them, that they may amuse themselves by watching their former masters pay the piper. German intrigue increases hourly; busying itself with trying to persuade the new government officials, by bribery and flattery, to make a separate peace with Germany. Russia's ablest generals are

being forced to resign, or submit to the control of ignorant government officials. The very armies themselves are revolting, and going back to their homes by the hundreds. Further developments should be followed with interest, if only to save relearning World History later on, for this is History in the making.

H. M. G., *Assistant Editor*

The Mirror in a Merry Mood

DIFFERS WITH SHAKESPEARE

TEACHER: What did Caesar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?

BRIGHT BOY: Ouch! — (*Boston Transcript*)

THE REAL SURPRISE

The Pessimist says that the Ford party has broken down. The Optimist avers that it has broken up. For the man on the fence, the only real surprise is that, considering its sources of supply, it has gone broke in either direction.

SOMETHING MUST HAVE ANNOYED PA

"Pa, what is a diplomatic victory?"

"A diplomatic victory, my son, is a victory won by Washington."

"George Washington?"

"Good Lord, no!" — *Times*

HEROISM

Sign in the window of a certain laundry in N. Y. City:
"Woolen underwear washed without shrinking."

Some of these laundry people shrink at nothing!

EXAGGERATED PEACE

"Of course you are in favor of peace."

"Certainly. But I don't want to be equipped with nothing but arguments in case I meet a man whose one idea of peace is to have all his enemies stowed away in a graveyard." — *Star*

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

WAITER NO. 1: What were the last words of Waiter No. 1½?

WAITER NO. 2: Don't give up the tip. — *Times*

LOST

JUDGE: "Madam, have you anything to say?"

PRISONER'S HUSBAND: "Lord, judge! Now you've done it!— *Life*

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

CORPORAL (*instructing awkward squad in rifle practise*): "I told you to take a fine sight, you dub; don't you know what a fine sight is?"

ROOKIE: "Sure, a boat full of corporals sinking." — *Judge*

HE GOT HIS

HE: "The artists whose paintings show that angels are all women certainly didn't know women."

SHE: "That is perhaps true. It may be that they only knew men." — *New York American*

PONDER THIS

Happiness comes to us by degrees. We have to bite through the bread before we reach the chicken in the sandwich. — *Star*

BITTERSWEET

"Am I good enough for you?" sighed the fond lover.

"No," said the girl, candidly, "you're not, but you are too good for any other girl." — *Times*

AN IMPROVEMENT

"He left his home all for her."

"Why so?"

"Well, you see, hers was the better home." — *Penn State Froth*

EFFICIENT

HE: "I want you to help spend my salary."

SHE: "Am I not doing that?"

HE: "No, no; I mean forever and ever."

SHE: "It won't take me as long as that." — *Lamb*

ONLY CAUTIONARY

He wondered why his wife suddenly turned cold on him and had remained so for several days. For all he had said in remonstrance was:

"My dear, you'll never be able to drive that nail with a flat iron. For heaven's sake, use your head." — *Ladies Home Journal*

HE WON

An Irishman, passing a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was sold by the yard, thought he would play a joke on the shopman, so he entered the shop and asked for a yard of milk. The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipped his fingers in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter. Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"All right, sorr," said Pat. "Roll it up; I'll take it." — *Tit-Bits*

HOWARD: "Do you believe in signs?"

COWARD: "Well, I don't know! The fire-alarm went off three times while the minister was preaching Wildway's funeral sermon." — *Life*



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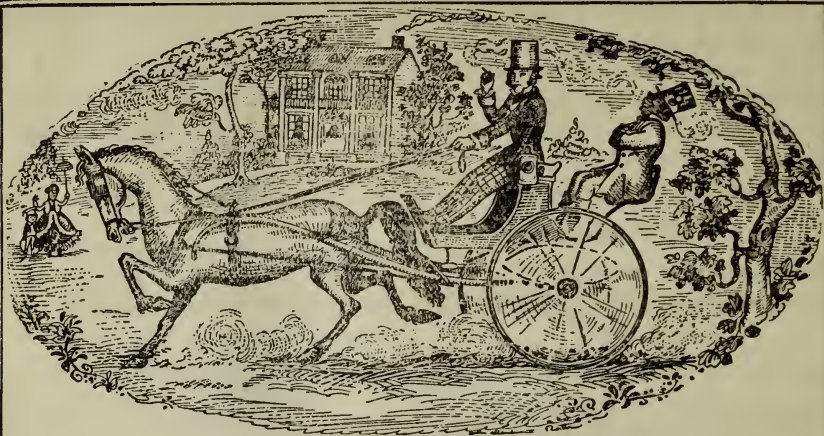
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CONTENTS

BLOWN BUGLE — Class Poem	<i>F. Harrison Dowd</i>
IL MALVAGIO OCCIO — A Tale	<i>Quelqu'un</i>
THE MEETING OF LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE	<i>R. C. Wilde</i>
CALL IT A DAY	<i>Daniel Pinkham</i>
EDITORIAL	<i>F. H. D.</i>

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Blown Bugle

CLASS POEM, BY HARRISON DOWD

Blown bugle, a flag in the summer sun,
Marching limbs, lusty throb of a drum —
Let these, then, be the prelude to my song;
Bright scenes of to-day are they. What I shall sing
Is old, and echoed near and far these days
Of limitless sacrifice, glad blood spilt in streams —
As prelude then, I set familiar things:
Marching limbs, lusty throb of a drum,
Blown bugle, a flag in the summer sun.

There was a good grey man a few years past,
And he and I throughout the afternoon
Would walk, and watch the sunset come,
Or sit and talk of living, or the world.
And once one glowing summer day, to me,
"Youngster," he said, "I've met problems in my life,
I've seen a lot of puzzles solved, and mind,
It's very nearly always been you youths
Who've had the biggest hand in doing them —
Youngster, we older ones will raise stern brows
When youth comes up with some wild task to do,
But in our hearts, we're wagering ourselves
That you with untried strength will do the thing.
See, yonder on Europe's bloody shore, it's they,
The gallant lads, who're going straight to death
To gain an end they'll never see, but which

They know is coming by and by. Ah yes,
It's youth can fool the evil one himself, I say.
We count the world on you, we older folk;
See, son, up above the hills, those clouds,
They roll and roll and never seem at rest —
I think that over them, above the earth,
Are marching all the hero throng who've died
On Europe's ghastly fields since war began;
I think they're marching to a deathless tune
That only heroes march to. Ah, I think
That they are marching, marching into light,
Into the glorious judgment rooms of heaven.
Blessed are they, oh many million souls
Who've risen, pure and sacred from a death
Of bloody pain and suffering and gloom
Into yon glorious space where now they rest.
Boy — in my dreams I see new lands arise
Fair and unspoiled by war's unearthly scars.
Sweet winds blow on it endlessly, and there
Rest all those blessed heroes that are ours,
Forever marching, marching into light.
See, you may view them if you gaze afar
Over our fields and farms and purple hills.
There they are going to a peaceful land
Which I have dreamed of many times before.
Boy, once again I tell you of the faith
That all the world has in you ardent youths.
Your eyes will see ahead, beyond the place
That our old eyes can cling to now.
Your minds conjure new schemes for human good,
Things that we never dared to dream before.
Your feet, youth shod, will stride in newer places
And take possession still of unknown things.
And oh, your hearts will beat a braver tune,
Diviner harmony than we have heard
As yet — And hark! Throughout the centuries,
I hear great voices chanting a great hymn
Of new life for this earth — of new ideals

Founded by toil and struggle, heroic blood
Of you brave youth who've fought and died,
Boy, and the voice is singing of that day
We've dreamed about of late, and all the song
Says o'er and o'er, 'Our youth will do all this;
Our youth will conquer frightfulness and greed,
Will build new castles marvelously wrought,
Foundations strong with courage, fast with hope
And gleaming with a radiance of heaven!'
Boy, take my hand, I see new worlds ahead
Where war comes not, where beauty moves unhid,
Where truth and justice spread abroad their light
And hearts of humans sing a hymn of love,
Boy, go with your youth and set your step
Upon the great highway toward these new worlds
I've seen before me in my dreams of late.
You youth alone can tread that stern highway —
March on, step out, be unafraid of death!"
Chanting me thus, the good grey man at last,
In the bright summer afternoon, went forth,
And I with him, and stood upon a hill.
We looked across a riot of rolling fields,
A gentle sea of fair green fields; in the air
Stirred all unseen, the legions of those dead
That he had sung about.

America!

What meaning will your name bear later on
When wars are settled, peace again fixed fast,
Will honor cling to the memory of your deeds
When you were toiling with the world for right!
Or will some petty, little tale be told
Of how you dodged your problems, shirked your task,
Or put before your duty selfish hopes?
America, we trust in you, we sons of yours,
And we are here with ready lives to give
In contest for that better world we sing.
We sing! Yes, and we must do more than sing.
Ours are the sacrifices, hopes and fears,

The patient giving without stint; the land
 To till, great harvests to amass. Our mills
 To fill with workers, lasting strength to give
 Our sister countries in their fight for peace.
 How shall we do it? School-mates, you and I,
 Are we not those on whom the new world rests?
 Have we not sturdy hearts to brave defeat?
 Eyes that see on within a night of war?
 Limbs that shall run a swifter, surer way
 Than ever run before?

. Have we not lives
 To give for justice, truth, democracy?

* * * * * *

Blown bugle, a flag in the summer sun,
 Marching limbs, lusty throb of a drum —
 As well as prelude these may postlude be —
 And say, when all the fight is done and won,
 Laurels heaped high upon the living brows.
 Guns stacked for good, war banners hung away,
 What matter then, democracy on earth,
 If bugle blown shall sound above the graves
 Of you and me, and flag shall wave so bright
 Over us as we sleep under the summer sun?
 What matter, then, if marching limbs shall pass
 Along some road, upon whose meadowed side
 White, nameless stones shall mark some little lives
 Thrown down upon the counter of our land?
 What matter, then, if throbbing drum's brave voice
 Shall roll up to the peaceful evening sky
 Whose timeless, twinkling eyes may then look down
 Upon the nameless graves of you — and me?

FINIS

Il Malvagio Occio—A Tale

(After Poe)

I FIRST met M—— on his thirteenth birthday. He was a remarkably cheerful fellow most of the time, but his cheerfulness was mixed with certain fits of depression which seized him from time to time. On these occasions he would go off by himself, either into the country or to his room, and for hours at a time, and sometimes even for a day or so, he would keep absolutely alone, speaking to no one. It was invariable that after one of these periods his eyes would have a peculiar expression, which, though it was hardly noticeable unless you looked for it, yet to me, who was ever with him, and who soon became as attached to him as to a brother, it clothed his kind face with a sinister expression which held me fascinated every time I saw it, and yet which filled me with a sort of vague terror. But these attacks were so infrequent that his family paid little or no attention to them, and, though they had all but adopted me into the family, as I had no close relatives living, yet I did not feel free to express my opinion as to what should be done, and so I kept silence about the matter.

On his eighteenth birthday, the great catastrophe of his life occurred — a catastrophe which threw a shadow over his whole life, and finally brought about his death only a short while ago. It happened in this way:

He was driving with his mother and father in the country. They had had a long ride, and were returning home a shorter way. When they were nearing their home they crossed a side road which they had never noticed before. They wanted to see where it led to, and so turned down it. This little by-lane, like many in country districts, was very rough and unkept, and the deep ruts, and frequency of large stones and rocks, made it very hard pulling for the horses. They turned about. Just as they had started back M—— noticed a flock of remarkably large crows — thirteen in number — which were flying slowly overhead, and keeping up with the carriage, neither going ahead of it nor dropping behind it. He drew his family's attention to them, and no sooner had he done so than the crows began cawing

in a strange way, and so loudly that the horses were frightened. Before they could be entirely calmed, one of the crows — the largest of them — swooped down and darted directly in front of the horses' heads, screaming in a shrill and very human tone. The horses shied, and then, under the impulse of fear, dashed forward. Suddenly there was a sharp crack, and one of the rear wheels was split off the axle by a large stone which stuck up almost three feet from the level of the road. The carriage lunged, straightened up, and then toppled over on its side. M—— was thrown out of it to the side of the road, by some miracle, but his father and mother were both killed — crushed to death under the overturned carriage.

The terrible shock of such a loss — for never have I seen such perfect love as there was between that mother, father, and son — affected M—— terribly. After that shocking event he would see no one but myself, and became more and more moody. He had all the curtains in the house pulled down, and never let them be raised to let in a ray of cheerful sunlight, and that once beautiful, light dwelling was changed into a dark, mournful one. I did my best to fight off this constant melancholy on his part, but imperceptibly I felt it creeping over me too. I felt myself becoming more and more fond of secreting myself in the library, and of being alone. As the desire grew in us, for it visibly grew in him, we slowly drifted apart. At the end of two years we saw each other only at meals, though we lived together under the same roof. Daily I noticed that he grew more pallid, and every time I saw him it seemed that his eyes became more sunken and shone more brightly with that hateful, sinister expression which used to come into his eyes at times, when he was a boy. His long black hair, his black moustache, his heavy, dark eyebrows and eyelashes contrasted strangely with the deathlike pallor of his face, and when he would sit at the head of the table, in the great black walnut dining-room, not moving a muscle of his white face — so sharply in outline against the black and gold leather back of his armchair — I often started and wondered whether he was alive or dead. During the meals we hardly ever talked to each other, and the two servants whom we kept never spoke to us. It was not long before we ate at different times,

and seldom saw each other for a week at times, or even more. He spent all his time in his den, reading, studying and writing, while I all but lived in the library among the innumerable treasures of literature which were stored there.

But I will speak about this den of his. It was a medium-sized room, but it seemed quite small because it was literally choked up with furniture. There were inlaid teakwood tables of extreme beauty, and of very delicate workmanship; there were exquisitely lacquered chairs, perfect to the tiniest detail of the little blood-red figures which were pictured, against a black background, fleeing from blood-red giants, skeletons, and weirdly distorted animals. There were, in nooks and corners, ebony stands, beautifully carved, holding black marble busts of the great men of antiquity. In thirteen little alcoves, specially draped in red silk, were thirteen beautiful, large, Chinese vases of so pure a red that they looked as if they were made of opaque rubies. On each of these was painted a single black crow with outstretched wings. Lastly there were several ebony cabinets containing very rare trinkets of ivory, silver, gold, and precious stones. The wall-paper was of the darkest red but it was almost entirely covered by oriental tapestries, woven, out of gold and silver, into fantastic animals and greatly distorted human shapes. The floor was covered by a priceless Persian rug — black with the most intricate of designs on it in blood-red — but because of the constant gloom in the room the real beauty of the rug was lost, and it looked entirely black. In an embrasure was a divan heaped high with cushion of red silk embroidered with gold. Above this were two stained-glass windows of great age and remarkable beauty. There were two other such windows in the room, but they also were small and high up, and those few beams which succeeded in getting through the jewel-like panes were lost in the gloom of the room, and on the dark objects with which they came in contact. At night the room was lighted less brightly than ever. There were only three lights in it. One, which hung over the divan, was encased in a beautifully wrought globe, and gave forth, through the delicate filigree work, only enough light to read by. The second was reflected to the ceiling out of a large bowl of pure onyx, suspended from the ceiling

by gold chains. This light illuminated the curious gold design on the ceiling, but the reflection from the ceiling cast only a faint light over the center of the room, and none at all in the corners. The third was suspended in a globe of Venetian glass of great beauty. This was hung from the ceiling by invisible wires, which made it seem as if it were floating in mid-air. The ruby-like beams which shot forth from it fell full on the silver face of the great clock which stood opposite the divan, and made the curiously wrought silver design seem like trickling blood. The whole aspect of the room was that of gloom and morbidity, which seemed to increase on each of my infrequent visits to it.

And this room in which M—— spent most of his time, was having its effect on him: its gloom spread around and engulfed him, and each time I saw him his expression was more sinister, his looks strayed more and it seemed as if he were losing the strong control over his mind he used to have.

I came in one day and found him so engrossed in a book that he did not notice my entrance. He was mumbling to himself, and I caught a few scattered words of what he was saying. I shall never forget them! He murmured: "Yes, I'll do it, he'll not slip away from me as he is, he will be mine." There was a long silence during which he seemed to study the book very hard. Then in a lower tone, so that many of his words were inaudible, he began again: "For the first three hours after death . . . —tizing influence . . . have to wait . . . sure that . . . will affect rightly . . . then . . . be yours . . . if you ever attain. . . insanity," I did not understand, at all, the meaning of his words, but at the sound of his voice — so low, so hollow, and so melancholy — that vague terror, which used to assail me when I first knew him, flooded back into my soul again. I quietly withdrew without any noise, and for a week I did not see him again.

On the eighth day after this I was at lunch in my usual place, with my back to the passage which led to M——'s den. All was quiet as usual, and nothing was in any way changed. My mind was busied over the possible outcome of a book I was reading, and I had several gruesome ideas which were no doubt prompted by the facts that for the whole day the house had seemed more

gloomy than ever, and that into my spirit had been slowly creeping an inexplicable, indefinite fear. Suddenly I was conscious that something was behind me. There hadn't been a sound to indicate the presence of anything, but yet something inside me told me that I should look around. I turned and there, standing at the entrance to the passageway, stood M—— with an inimitable expression on his face. It was calm and terrible, and out of the deep-sunken eyes burned a fire of hatred. At this apparition, I rose, and the spark of indefinite terror which had been smouldering in my soul all morning broke out into a flame of fear. I was just going to turn to go out when from behind his back he held out the blood-clotted body of a large angora cat. Its staring eyes — great yellow orbs with a terrible malign expression — fastened themselves upon me, and I stood as if fixed to the spot. They seemed to hypnotize me, and I couldn't take my eyes off those of that hateful cat. I remembered what I had heard M—— read: . . . "have to wait . . . sure that . . . will affect rightly . . . then . . . be yours." I was overcome with terrible fear; I felt faint and shut my eyes. A dizzy sensation came over me; it seemed as if those menacing yellow orbs were staring at me through my lids. A moment later I opened my eyes again. M—— had disappeared. My terror was so intense that I was beside myself. I rushed out of the house and ran till, from exhaustion, I was forced to stop. The rain poured down in torrents, and I was drenched and chilled. Though the thought of returning made me tremble, yet cold and utter exhaustion — both mental and physical — forced me to turn back. I had run quite a distance, and the gloom of the grey clouds so spurred me that I even hurried on my return to that cursed house! Just as I came in sight of it, the heavy clouds directly above the roof broke, and through the opening the sun leered a single beam at me — just for a moment — and then was again engulfed in the masses of vapor. No sooner had it disappeared than just above where the sun had sunk a great flash of lightning lit up the sky, and then leaping across itself, resolved itself into a mighty shimmering cross. I had ever been quite superstitious, and such a bad omen as a cross made by lightning threw my already greatly disturbed mind into a frenzy. I felt

that, if I couldn't be with another human being — no matter who — I should go mad, and so I again hurried toward the house.

I entered the great sombre hall. In the darkness I stumbled over something soft. I groped to the light and turned it on. In the half gloom of the room — for the one light at the further end of the large room served only to lighten the darkness a little — I saw, stretched in the middle of the floor, the terribly mutilated body of one of our servants. His eyes had been cut out of their sockets, and his throat had been terribly gashed. Out of that fearful wound the blood still flowed freely. His skull had been crushed by some heavy weight, and the poor fellow's brains were mixed with his blood on the dark blue Persian rug. As I stood transfixed at the awful sight, I heard a low moan, a sort of sigh, in one corner of the room. I looked in that direction but I could see nothing but a bundle of something which moved slightly. I went over to it. The bundle was the body of our other servant which was also terribly gashed and torn. He was still alive, and as I approached his lips were moving. I knelt by him, and I heard him whisper faintly, as if in a reverie: "Oh, the eyes! God! the eyes, and the knife!" His eyes opened, and for a brief moment, as he saw me, a faint smile stole over his countenance, though it was tense with the agony of his sufferings. He tried to speak. The words came slowly, painfully, and were filled with a note of profound terror,— "Beware," he whispered, "he's mad — and his eyes ——" The whisper died down, a thick, bloody foam appeared on his lips, and forever his agony ceased.

The two corpses, the gloomy surroundings, the events earlier in the day, made me for the time almost lose control of my mind. A great burning, consuming hatred and anger awoke in me against M——. Murder! The thought that he, whom, for thirteen years I had loved as a brother, he who for these long years had meant everything to me — the thought that he had committed murder froze my blood. For a brief moment I hesitated, and then my decision was made. I was going to be the avenger of the death of those two innocent men. I ran straight to the den, and burst into it. Only the red light was on. The long, sombre shadows of the hangings intensified tenfold the gloom of the

room. In front of the clock, his pale features bathed in the blood-like light, stood M——. I started forward toward him, with hate burning in my heart, when I stopped short — the eyes looking at me were no longer his, they were the cat's! As they stared down at me so full of hate, so sinister, so awful, a terrible feeling of weakness and bewilderment held me fast; I could do nothing; I couldn't move. Then in a dull, monotonous voice, in a voice which made it seem as if Death himself were speaking to me, M—— began: "I have been waiting long, but now I have succeeded; you will never be separated from me; you are mine forever: I will command you and you will obey me, and slowly I will kill you. You are mine, *mine*, MINE!" His voice rose slowly as his terrifying enthusiasm rose, but I heard no more. For a brief moment he took his glaring eyes off me, and that brief moment saved me. I turned, and rushed out of the den, through the dining-room, into the hall, over the terrible corpses, and out of the house. I thought I could still hear his voice behind me, rising, rising, ever rising, until suddenly everything went black around me, and I fainted.

* * * * *

When I awoke the dawn was touching the disbanding clouds with delicate tints of pink and gold, and behind me no longer stood the house, but a still smouldering ruin.

The Meeting of Lancelot and Guinevere

Sir Lancelot, of all King Arthur's court
The best in tournament or tilt, had come
To meet in secret Guinevere, who though
The Queen of Arthur, yet belong'd to him
Through love. Their trysting place was by the lake
Where, mounted on his tall black steed, his shield
And armor glistening in the pale moonlight,
He sat, and gazed across the silvery path
Made by the moon. It seemed to him to be
The road which led into his future life —
A road, which he could clearly see, but could
Not know what things were hidden there, nor whence
It led. And as he sat there pondering,
The love he bore towards Guinevere fought with
His love for Arthur and his duty as
A knight. Nor could his love for Arthur, though
Allied with right and duty, quite subdue
His passion and his longing for the Queen.
Then softly came Queen Guinevere so light
That he, deep lost in thought, was not aware
Of her until he felt her soft warm hand
Pressed close to his. He turned and gazed into
Her eyes, which, filled with love, were like two dark,
Unfathomable pools, and as she leaned toward him
And softly spoke his name, enchanted by
Her mystic charm, the fragrance of her hair,
He seized her in his mighty arms and pressed
Her to his breast. Then ceased the conflict in
His heart, for love, his love for Guinevere
Had won, and as he kissed her full red lips,
He whispered low to her, "My Guinevere."

R. C. WILDE

Call It a Day

“A LL ready?”
“Yeah!”
“Shoot!”

The scene is laid in Wyoming on one of the big ranches. The time is late in August. It is mid-afternoon of the hottest day of the month.

A herd of steers is out on the open range with half a dozen cow-punchers to hold it. The beasts seem very nervous and excitable to-day, either on account of the heat or because of their unusually perverse natures. Every now and then, a bunch of perhaps a score breaks away from the main herd and starts off across the plain, only to be rounded up and driven back by one or more of the watchful guards.

The youngest man there has worked as hard if not harder than the others. He has already ridden two horses off their feet that day in the course of his duties, and is now on his third and favorite. It will be a couple more before the night shift comes out to relieve them, so he is saving his mount as much as possible.

Suddenly the largest and wildest steer in the herd gets away from the rest and gallops off over the prairie alone. It is some distance from the young puncher, so he decides to let it go. His horse is worth more to him than a single steer.

But what is that? There is a small white spot directly in the path of the great beast. It is a child! The steer has seen it and stampeded!

In less than a second, the rider has wheeled his horse and is in pursuit of the runaway, which has a start of nearly one hundred yards. The man gains rapidly upon the maddened beast. He has no time to lose. Little by little he cuts down the lead of the big monster. Now he is twenty yards behind, now but ten. In a few more leaps he is at the animal's flank. But they are not fifty yards from the child! Slowly he presses against the side of the brute. Can he turn it! No; the steer pays no attention whatever to his efforts! Can he do anything? He seems to have given up, for he is contenting himself with keeping abreast of the beast. The frightened child, now less than twenty yards ahead,

tries to run away, but cannot. Ah! That is it! The rider has suddenly put spurs to his horse and is dashing forward in front of the steer. Quick as a flash, the horseman leans from his saddle, trying the old trick of the cowboy; this time in a more urgent cause than ever before. He grasps the baby by the waist and swings it up before him on his horse, just at the instant that the plunging beast dashes past. The child is saved.

"Cut!" yelled the director. "Did you get it all on the film?"

"Sure! This will be the best thing yet."

"Well, bring in the boys now. It is late, and I want to get back to the studio. We can finish the rest of the scenes tomorrow. Guess we'll call it a day."

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Editorials

And now for the summer! What shall it be? The question may be put in this form: how much self-indulgence can I allow myself and still have an easy conscience? It is no time now for self-indulgence. The world and its people are demanding more of personal responsibility and earnestness than ever before. The man who idles this summer is not only lazy but viciously negligent.

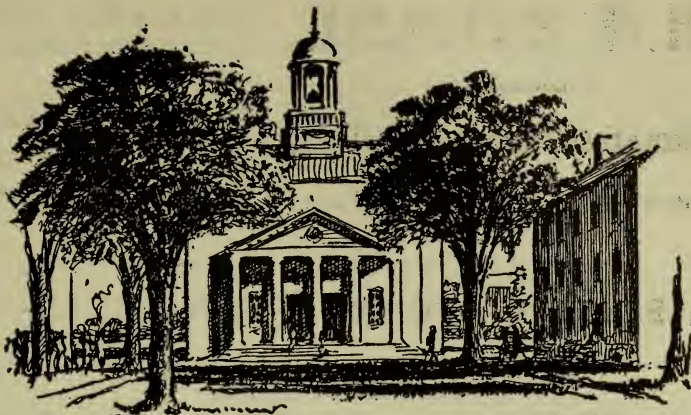
A wail arises—"Oh, we've heard this 'responsible stuff' so much all during the school year — give us a little pleasure, a little freedom to do as we please!" — It is hard to ignore that wail, indeed "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a motto not to be entirely overlooked. Perhaps the problem is to find a compromise. Again, the question, "What shall it be?" Let us investigate.

If you go out for a military vacation, you are practically "signed up" for the summer. The time left over from such pursuits can very rightfully be claimed by you as yours, in which to do whatever you wish.

If you do not take up military training, you will probably farm or join some ship or munition concern. A dreary outlook? No country clubs — no beach — no dances? Perhaps. More wails: What then, in Heaven's name? The only answer is true

patriotism. With this firmly fixed in your heart, you'll be glad to give up the pleasant little things that heretofore graced your summer vacations. Get into the game, feel the urge of the universal self-sacrifice that permeates the world to-day. And who knows but what many unexpected little pleasures will arise as you "do your bit?"

F. H. D.



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